Dec. 7, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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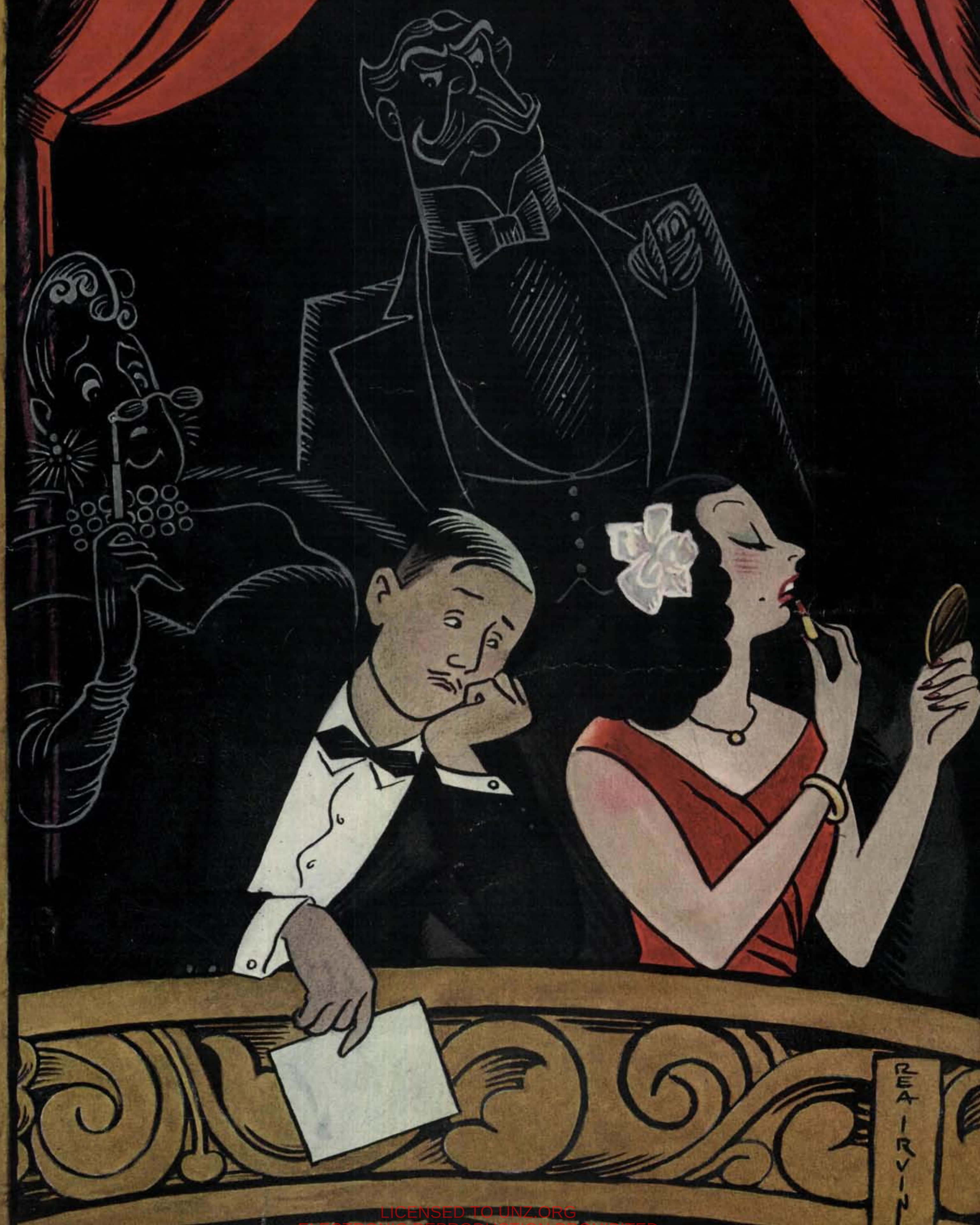

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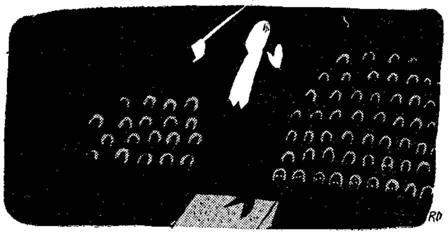
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

THE THEATRE

(As noted below, some managers are substituting Sunday-night performances for their Monday ones, and some aren't. There may be changes of mind in either direction, so, before making plans for those evenings, you'd do well to phone the box office. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—Roy Hargrave still turns in a fine performance in this revival of the 1935 melodrama about a gangster who is driven to suicide by psychoanalysis. The play itself may seem a bit dated. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat. Closes Sat., Dec. 7.)

Charley's Aunt—This old relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's superior acting. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart present a very diverting explanation of what people who move to the country can expect. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Now in its eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Every night, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Twelfth Night—If somebody really had to dig up this piece of work, Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans were probably the people to do it. Margaret Webster's direction is a great help, too. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Delicate Story—A new play by Ferenc Molnár, translated and staged by Gilbert Miller, who, with Vinton Freedley, is producing it. Edna Best and Jay Fassett head the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 5, and Sat.)

Romantic Mr. Dickens—A play by H. H. and Marguerite Harper, with Diana Barrymore and Robert Keith. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is practically all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a little elaborate. Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her handsomely. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Every night, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," and almost anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, sponsored this skating show, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A superior musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mum's the Word—Jimmy Savo's one-man revue. Opens Thurs., Dec. 5. (Belmont, 48, E. BR 9-0156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Every Man for Himself—Lee Tracy in a comedy by Milton Lazarus. Opens Mon., Dec. 9. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Mask and Wig Show—The University of Pennsylvania's theatrical society presents "High as a Kite," its fifty-third annual production: Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114.)

Children's Entertainment—"Hansel and Gretel," adapted for the stage by Terry Morgan and Jeanne Elgart, and produced by the Hilltop Theatre: Fri. Afts. at 4, Sat. Morns. and Afts. at 10:30 and 2:30, and Sun. Afts. at 3. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal. GR 5-8515.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Cinderella": Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up. Bob Knight's orchestra plays at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Jack Towne's orchestra, too, and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come. Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The dine-and-dance crowd likes this place, and so should you. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—The Tapestry Room will reopen on Fri., Dec. 6, with Herbert Hagenor's orchestra playing at dinner.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, the De Marcos are there at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band stay around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Elvira Rios and Gali Gali. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde will replace Dwight Fiske in the Café Lounge on Fri., Dec. 13. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Mitzi Mayfair is there, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra and a couple of sprightly Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos are in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is now informal, too.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new stage arrangement that gives everybody a little more room. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): old-fashioned movies and songs by Spivy, on top of an office building. . . . **ALGONQUIN**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller playing hostess and Bela Bizony playing violin. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen are here now, and so are Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

Miscellaneous—At the **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the latest—and one of the nicest—additions to the local tropics, with albino palm trees, Pancho's orchestra, and a small show. . . . **MONTPARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Val Ernie's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Leo Reisman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **CLUB CUBA**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. Charlie Wright's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a fairly new place, with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800):

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Gift Presentation, Face Powder (Beige), Bath Powder, Sachet, Soap, 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet and ½-oz. Perfume. Tweed or Miracle **$9.50**
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Gift Presentation, Bath Salts, Bath Powder, and Bouquet in new 8-oz. atomizer presentation. Miracle, Tweed, Shanghai or A Bientôt **$5.00**

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"***Birds in a Gilded Cage***", gift flaconette each of Miracle, Tweed, and Confetti, or A Bientôt, or Shanghai . . . **$4.00**

Tweed Presentation, Bath Powder and Bouquet in new 4-oz. Decanter. This set, with etched crystal decanter, in Miracle, Shanghai, or A Bientôt **$3.75**

MIDDLE ROW—*Left to Right:*

"***Three Silent Messengers***", three 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet, in Miracle, Tweed, and Shanghai, or A Bientôt **$1.95**

Gift Presentation, Bath Salts and 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet. In Shanghai, Tweed, Miracle, or A Bientôt **$2.50**

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"***Triplikit" Vanity,*** two-tone gold-plated. Contains full-sized lipstick, rouge and loose powder compartment . . . **$6.50**

"***Family Album***", perfume trio, in A Bientôt, Tweed, and Confetti **$4.00**

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Etched Decanter, 8-oz. Bouquet Shanghai. Also in A Bientôt, Miracle, and Numéro Douze **$3.50**

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Perfume Tweed .... **$4.00 to $40.00**

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New De Luxe Perfume Presentation, Miracle. Also Confetti, A Bientôt. Tweed or Shanghai **$10.00**

New Decanter Presentation, Tweed Bouquet .... **$2.25 and $3.50**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively Village late spot for the sturdy.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere and, except Mon., Ernie Holst's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **HAVANA MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs place, with Havana-Madrid entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is on hand with her harp, and the Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Ida Cox, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, which includes J. C. Higginbotham and Sidney Catlett. Closed Mon. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band moved in here recently. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMINO AND LECHAY—Suavely stylized sculptures by the first; alert, luminous water colors and gouaches by the second: Artists', 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

COURBET—Twenty-five paintings by this nineteenth-century French master—the most comprehensive showing of his work we've had in twenty years: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

DE CREEFT—New sculptures, ranging in treatment from the archaic to a rather startling rococo: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

DOVE, MARIN, O'KEEFFE—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

EUROPEANS—At the **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in a collection mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . **KOETSER**, 71 E. 57: flower paintings by such seventeenth-century artists as Jan Breughel and Jan van Huysum, from the Eugene Slatter collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

GROUPS—At the **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: lively, richly contrasted show of oils, photographs, and sculptures by a variety of artists, all more or less "advanced" in style. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: nice things by Maurice Kallis, Marko Vukovic, and Katharine Bancroft in this gallery's annual roundup. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

HIDALGO—Amusing wax sculptures in color, smart in style and very Mexican in feeling: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

JONES—Further paintings by one of the most vigorous members of the social-protest school, proving again that he can handle big subjects and big canvases with distinction: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

LEHMAN—Boldly patterned water colors, including some attractive marines: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

MACIVER—Wittily whimsical paintings, somewhat Kleelike in manner but enhanced by a brilliant personal fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

MARC—First comprehensive exhibition in this country of paintings by an early and very talented German abstractionist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Works by a group of American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Penrod Centurion. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

NELSON—Brightly colored, semi-Expressionist child studies, among other things, that have a good deal of freshness about them: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

SAWYER—Oils, water colors, and drawings, including landscapes indicating an alert observation: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

SHEELER—New paintings, industrial in theme and impeccable in style: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

YOUNG—Retrospective of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in which the honesty of intention makes up for the slightly dated manner of most of the pieces: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

HERE AND THERE—At the **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils by Manfred Schwartz. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 20. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE**, at 57: recent paintings by Robert T. Francis. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 14. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: water colors of the Virgin Islands by Jo Davidson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by Simkhovitch. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21. . . . **WALKER**, 108 E. 57: drawings and water colors by John Steuart Curry, and drawings in color by Richard Taylor. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Pk., at 4 Ave.: an exhibition by the Society of American Etchers. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: group show of sculptures in stone. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and oils by Joseph Margulies. Tues. and Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Dec. 23. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils and water colors by modern French and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: landscapes by Boudin, Courbet, Corot, and other nineteenth-century French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

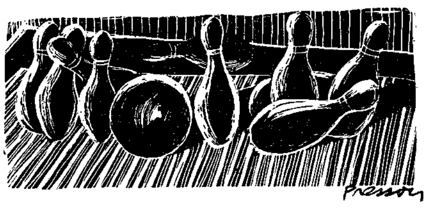
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:45. (Soloists: Gitta Gradova, Dec. 7-8; Benny Goodman, Dec. 12-13; Corigliano, Dec. 14.) . . . Young People's Concerts, Ganz conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Dec. 9, at 3:45; and Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11.

TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 3.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:45.

ORCHESTRETTE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:30.

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Kolisch conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)



N.Y.U. GLEE CLUB—Greenfield conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Jascha Heifetz, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3; Robert Casadesus, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:30; Marjorie Lawrence, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Leo Smit, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:30; Ruth Slenczynski, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 3; Iso Briselli, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Gordon String Quartet), Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 5:30; Gregor Piatigorsky, Mon. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:30; Ray Lev, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:30; Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:30; Arthur Loesser, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30; Guy and Lois Maier, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14, at 3.

ELSEWHERE—Georges Barrère and the Barrère-Britt Ensemble: Junior League Clubhouse, Wed. Morn., Dec. 11, at 11. (221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Madama Butterfly," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5; "Samson et Dalila," Fri. Eve., Dec. 6; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, and Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Dec. 7; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., Dec. 9; "Louise," Wed. Eve., Dec. 11; "Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 12; "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Dec. 14; "Lakmé," Sat. Eve., Dec. 14. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

BALLET

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Swan Lake," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5. . . . "Carnaval," "The Firebird," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 7. . . . "Carnaval," "Paganini," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Dec. 7. . . . "Cotillon," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Dec. 8. . . . "Cotillon," "The Prodigal Son," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Dec. 8. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "Paganini," and "Aurora's Wedding," Mon. Eve., Dec. 9. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Eternal Struggle," and "Aurora's Wedding," Tues. Eve., Dec. 10. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," "Suite des Danses Classiques" (with Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin as guest artists), and "Graduation Ball," Wed. Eve., Dec. 11. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "The Prodigal Son," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Dec. 13. . . . "Swan Lake," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Dec. 14. . . . "Swan Lake," "Destiny," and "Schéhérazade," Sat. Eve., Dec. 14. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden: City College vs. Oklahoma A. & M., and L.I.U. vs. Oregon, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:15.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, for the middleweight title, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun., Dec. 8; Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Dec. 12. . . . Amateur game, Sun., Dec. 8, at 1:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Championship game, Washington vs. Chicago, at Washington, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 1:30.

OTHER EVENTS

ICE FOLLIES—The annual visit of this figure-skating carnival: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 5-7, and Mon. through Wed. Eves., Dec. 9-11, at 8:30; also Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 2:30.

FASHIONS—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

BENEFITS—The Grosvenor House Ball (formerly called the December Ball): Ritz-Carlton, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, at 10. . . . Waltzing Party, for the Community Service Society: Hotel Ambassador, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 9. . . . A Stump the Experts Dinner, with Claire Boothe, Ogden Nash, Frank Sullivan, Frank Case, Jo Davidson, George S. Kaufman, and Wilfred J. Funk as the experts; for the American Field Service: Hotel Plaza, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the **HOTEL PLAZA**—Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach is in charge of a committee which will auction off rare books, illuminated manuscripts, and old prints and drawings for the benefit of the Red Cross: Mon. and Tues. Eves., Dec. 9-10, following benefit dinners at 7.

ARDEN GALLERY, 460 Park, at 57—Paintings and

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Barbara Lee* Robe and Bedjacket

Downy, lush robe and jacket made to match and keep you snug as a kitten on a hearth. A fabric concocted of rayon and cotton to simulate the luxury of ermine. *Exclusive in Manhattan.

Breakfast in Bed. A short jacket in gardenia white, roseblush, heaven blue. Small, medium and large. **6.95**

Up for Breakfast. Long robe in gardenia white, roseblush, heaven blue. Sizes 12 to 20. **16.95**

Negligees—Second Floor

Lexington at 59th, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures by Maillol, Dufy, and Klee, among other works donated by dealers and private collectors, to aid Belgian refugees in Britain: Mon. Aft., Dec. 9, at 5.

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—The sportsman's library collected by William Mitchell Van Winkle: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 5, at 2 and 8:15. . . . Persian, Egyptian, and Chinese art, belonging to Mrs. Godfrey Goldmark and Seth B. Robinson: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Dec. 5-6, at 2. . . . Italian, Flemish, and British paintings by Del Sarto, Van Dyke, Reynolds, and others, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Aldred: Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:15. . . . Gothic tapestries, Chinese art, and furniture and rugs, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Aldred: Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 2:30. . . . First editions of works by Dickens, Thackeray, Wilde, and others, and autograph letters and manuscripts: Wed. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:15.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—English and European furniture and decorations, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. Clara S. Graves: Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Le Nozze di Figaro," with Rethberg and Pinza: Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 1:55, WJZ.

PADEREWSKI—Explaining why he feels the Alien Registration Act is a good thing: Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 2, WABC.

FOOTBALL—Notre Dame vs. Southern California: Sat. Aft., Dec. 7, at 5:15, WJZ. . . . Professional game: Washington vs. Chicago: Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 1:15, WOR.

BOXING—Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, middleweight title bout: Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 10, WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, and, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Aft., Dec. 13, at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC; Young People's Concerts, Ganz conducting, Mon. Aft., Dec. 9, at 3:45, WQXR, and Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11:05, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ARISE, MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, the war in Europe, and, of course, love and liveliness. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Thurs., Dec. 8-12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 10-13.)

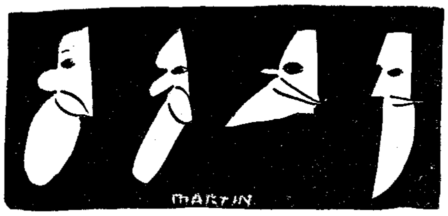
THE BAKER'S WIFE—Life, or very close to life anyhow, in a French village of other days, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BLACKOUT—Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt in a British thriller of London, spies, love, and adventure, and not a dull moment. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

BOOM TOWN—An all-star Western of the old type, with Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 7-9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 9-10.)

DAYBREAK—If you're a Jean Gabin fancier, here he is in another French film, as a murderer with a likable streak. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 7.)

ESCAPE—An adaptation of the Ethel Vance best-seller, with much of the same excitement and high sense of terror. Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; starting Wed., Dec. 11.)



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

FANTASIA—Walt Disney takes another hurdle, with the aid of Bach and Beethoven and Stokowski. The movie that gave Dorothy Thompson the screaming-meemies. (Broadway, B'way at 53; *daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Spies, planes, blackouts, assassinations, and the war in general as background for true-blue melodrama. Alfred Hitchcock's latest thriller, with Joel McCrea. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Dec. 5. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 6-8.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty of the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Bette Davis, with Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson, in the famous Maugham drama of Singapore society. Enthrallingly performed and presented. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—John Ford's adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays—a fine film of the sea and the men of the sea. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 9. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Tues., Dec. 10. . . . State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Dec. 11.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—Hollywood has not tampered with Miss Austen's story, and there's a fine cast headed by Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Dec. 5.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy, both let loose on a South Sea Island, and full of trouble and some tunes, too. Lively. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Nicely worked-out drama of the grape ranches in California, with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. From Sidney Howard's play. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Dec. 7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 11-12.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Especially for children—restful for their nurses—with lots of pretty, Technicolored "Arabian Nights" incidents. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THE WESTERNER—Our plains and the homesteaders and saloons and even Lillie Langtry. With Gary Cooper and quite a bit of excitement. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 6-8. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 6-9. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Dec. 9.)

REVIVALS

THE BEACHCOMBER (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of South Sea doings. Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—Riviera high life. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 7-10.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's Western, with Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 10-11.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 8-9.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 10-12.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA (1940)—French life during the last war. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 8-9.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 9-10.)

THE ROAD BACK (1937)—Remarque's story of Germany after the first World War. John King and Richard Cromwell. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 6-7.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS (1935)—Claudette Colbert as the secretary. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 10-11.)

STAND-IN (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 5.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 8-11.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 6.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—From the Hecht-MacArthur play. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 8-9.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Dec. 5.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., DEC. 5:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, and Jack Pickford. **FRI., DEC. 6:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **SAT., DEC. 7:** "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim. **SUN., DEC. 8:** "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Eric von Stroheim. **MON., DEC. 9:** "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **TUES., DEC. 10:** "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **WED., DEC. 11:** "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. Al McCoy, for the heavyweight title, at Boston, Dec. 16.

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—At Grand Central Palace, Jan. 10-18.

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through Dec. 15; Mitropoulos conducting, Dec. 19-Jan. 12; Walter conducting, starting Jan. 16. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Dec. 17 and Jan. 7 and 28. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Dec. 28. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 9 and 11 (Aft.). National Orchestral Association, Barzin conducting, Dec. 21 and Jan. 25. New Friends of Music, Stiedry conducting, Dec. 15, 20, 29, and Jan. 5. Recitals: Kreisler, Dec. 15; Anderson, Jan. 3. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Maynor, Jan. 8; New Friends of Music, Jan. 12, 19, and 26; Gorin, Jan. 22.

RACING—Tropical Park, Fla., Dec. 20-Jan. 7. . . . Santa Anita, Calif., starting Dec. 28. . . . Hialeah Park, starting Jan. 8.

THEATRE—Some of the early-winter productions scheduled are: "Hi'Ya Gentlemen!," a musical comedy, with Max Baer and music by Johnny Green; "The Old Foolishness," a comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, produced by John Golden; "Cue for Passion," a comedy by H. S. Kraft and Edward Chodorov, with Gale Sondergaard, produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers; "Retreat to Pleasure," a play by Irwin Shaw, produced by the Group Theatre; "Flight to the West," a play by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field, produced by the Playwrights' Company; "Old Acquaintance," a comedy by John van Druten, with Jane Cowl, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman; "Pal Joey," a musical comedy by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, staged and produced by George Abbott; "My Sister Eileen," a dramatization by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph A. Fields of the Ruth McKenney book of the same name, staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon; "Out West It's Different," a comedy by Bella and Sam Spewack, with Claire Trevor and Sam Levene, produced by Max Gordon; "Off the Record," a comedy by Parke Levy and Alan Lipscott, with Bruce Cabot and Mary Brian, produced by John Shubert; "The Cream in the Well," a tragedy by Lynn Riggs; "Battle of Angels," a play by Tennessee Williams, with Miriam Hopkins, staged by Margaret Webster, and produced by the Theatre Guild.

YACHTING—Midwinter Championship and Bacardi Cup Series, Havana, Jan. 25-Feb. 1.

OTHER DATES—Star Spangled Ball, Hotel Astor, Dec. 20. . . . Lambs' Gambol, Waldorf-Astoria, Dec. 31. . . . Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, Dec. 31. . . . Musicians' Emergency Fund Benefit, Waldorf-Astoria, Jan. 5. . . . Actors' Fund Show, Winter Garden, Jan. 26. . . . Sonja Henie Ice Show, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 20-25 and 27-28. . . . Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Dec. 15. . . . Christmas falls on a Wednesday.

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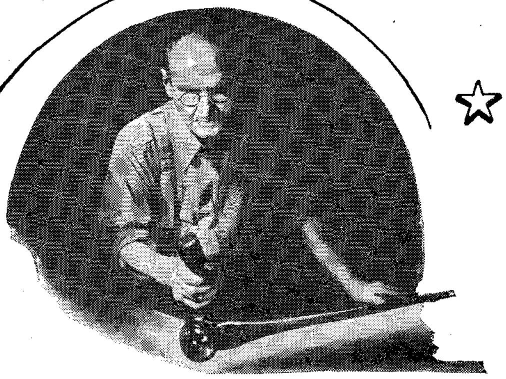

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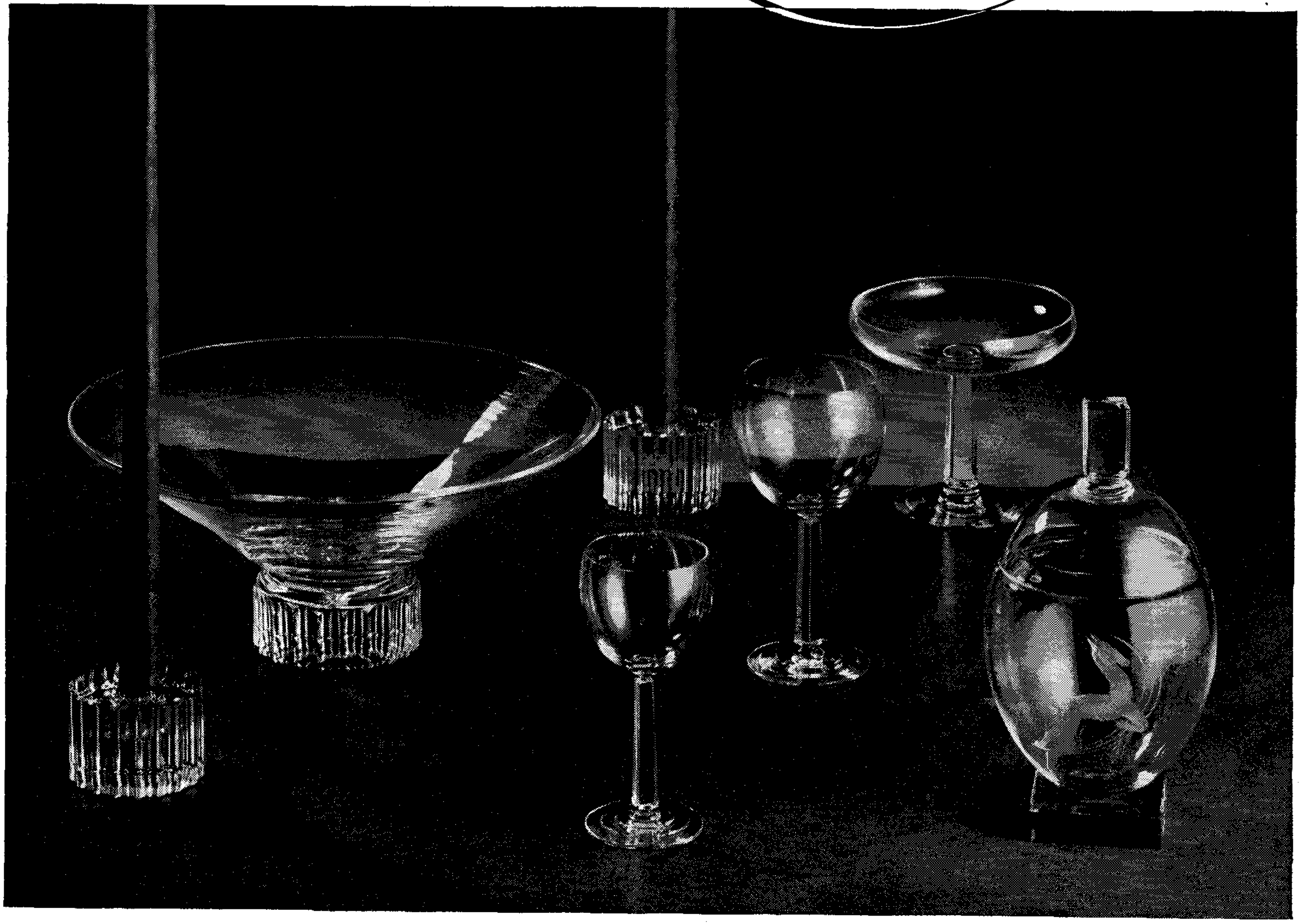

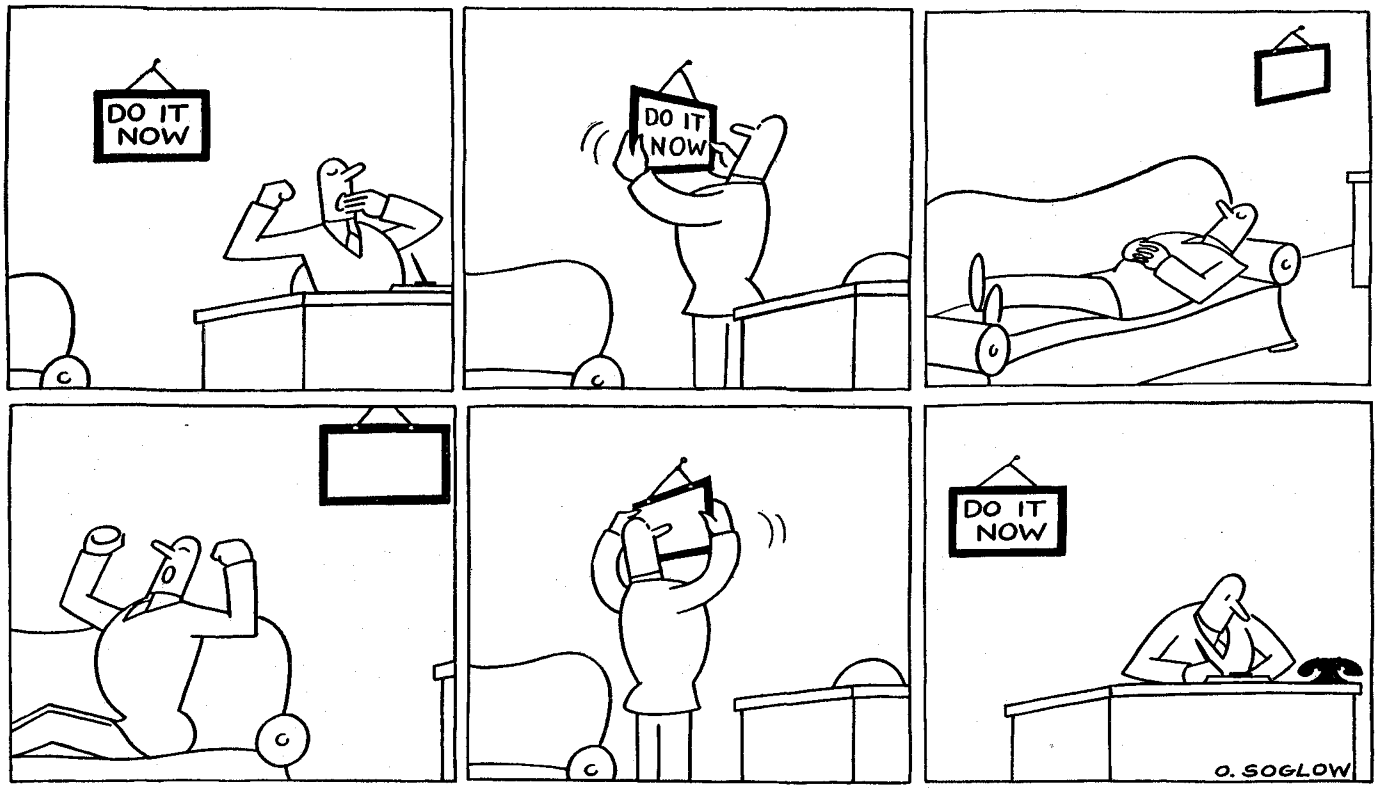

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Decide to do something about your Christmas list *today.* A smart way to take care of several people easily and quickly is to send them a year's subscription to The New Yorker. You may have to hunt a long time to find another gift as acceptable. Look over your Christmas list and you'll find many persons who will be pleased to get The New Yorker fifty-two times a year. Send us their names and addresses and we'll do the rest, including the mailing to each of an attractive announcement card to be opened on Christmas Day. Please notice that you'll be buying these gifts at very special Christmas rates.

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It's a big car, yes—a longer, roomier, broader beauty than ever before—yet so nimble and nifty in action you'll think it has wings on its wheels.

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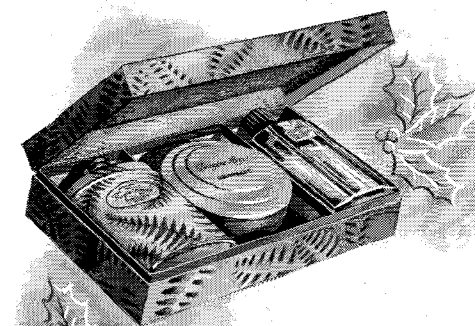
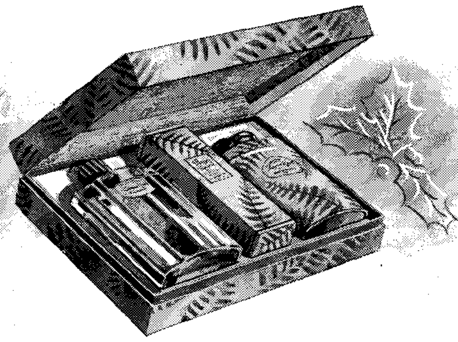
What can you give a sportsman?

Another sweater?!! The unhappy, *wrong* gadget?!! Why risk the silent storm signals of strong men... when you have only to say, "Fougère Royale," across your favorite counter?

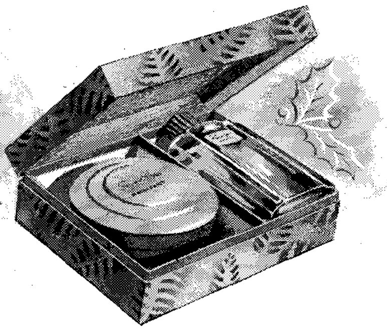
Because: Fougère Royale shaving kits are the breath of a sportsman's life... fragrant with the bracing aroma of wood and field and wild fern. Like hunting and fishing, they get into a man's blood. For a modest sum you can turn a man's daily shaving-chore into an indoor sport ... and if your purse is as big as your affection ... you can give him sheer luxury this Christmas. Luxury that will last for days to come!



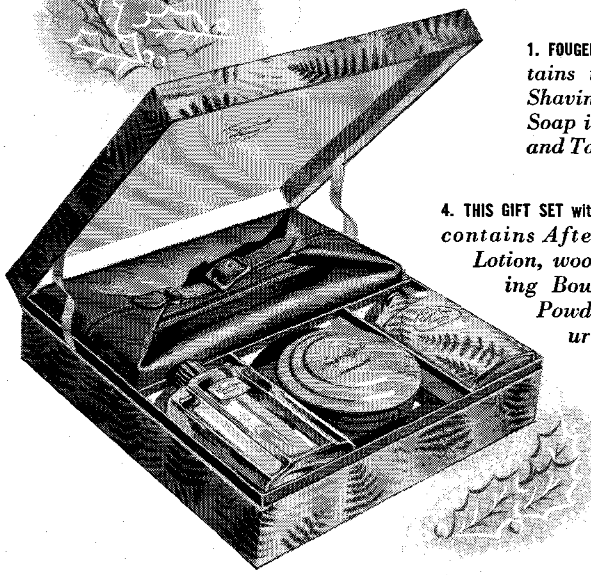
1. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl and Talcum Powder. $2.75*



2. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Cream and Talcum Powder $2.25*



3. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and wooden Shaving Bowl . . $2.00*



4. THIS GIFT SET with LEATHER KIT *contains After-Shaving Lotion, wooden Shaving Bowl, Talcum Powder and luxurious leather kit for traveling. $6.75*

Fougère Royale

FOR MEN

Opals*

white fire and glowing embers

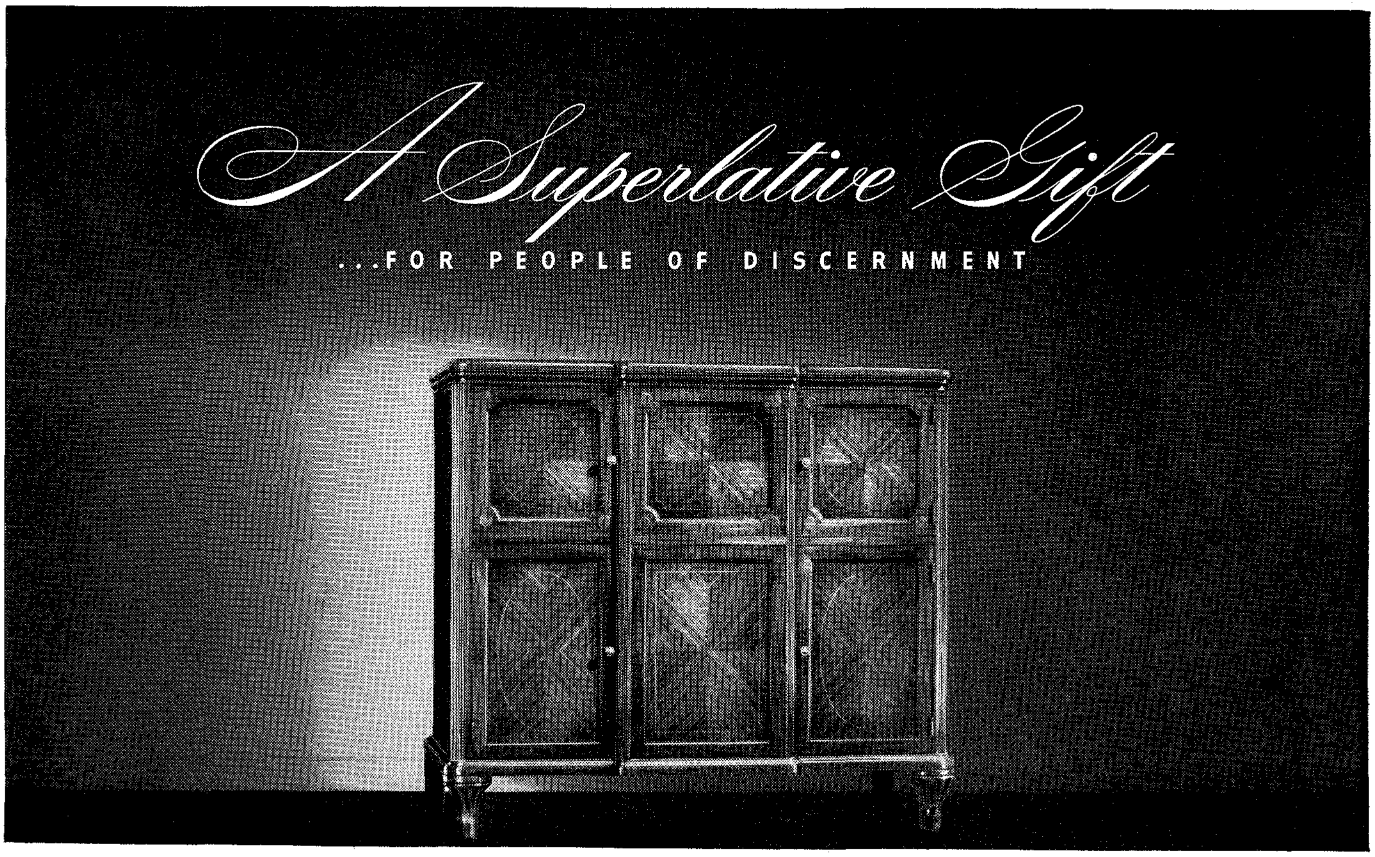
strung like the precious stones…
by Richelieu. Christmas bijoux wrapped in
S.F.A. glitter and tinsel
sun-catching accessory for your southern clothes
Cuff bracelet **4^{00}**
Two-strand necklace **5^{00}**
Drop-earrings **1^{00}** *Ring* **3^{00}**
Single strand necklace **2^{00}** *72 inch knotted rope* **8^{75}**
Mail and phone orders

**Simulated*

New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Salut de Schiaparelli
Sleeping de Schiaparelli
S
Schiaparelli PARIS
Sleeping
parfums de schiaparelli — shocking · salut · sleeping



In fortunate homes throughout America, Christmas this year will be ushered in with the matchless tone of the De Luxe Capehart . . . the world's finest instrument for musical reproduction

Throughout the years to come the Capehart will enrich these homes with a background of great music ... with all its warmth and inspiration for the unhurried hours of living.

This superb instrument is one of the few products built, not to a price, but to a goal of perfection. Not only does it faithfully reproduce the full musical scale; but it has the only record changer that *turns the records over*—playing 20 records (40 selections) continuously—10-inch or 12-inch records, or both intermixed, on both sides, or either side . . . providing three hours or more of your favorite music, without your having to go near the instrument.

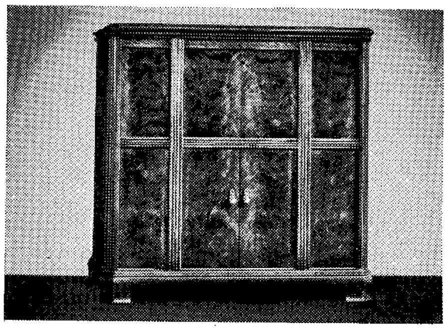
You will admire the cabinet masterpieces in authentic period designs, and the brilliant performance of the radio unit that receives both foreign and standard broadcasts. Equipped, if you wish, for Frequency Modulation. *De Luxe* Capehart models are priced from $495 to $2500.*

THE CAPEHART-PANAMUSE

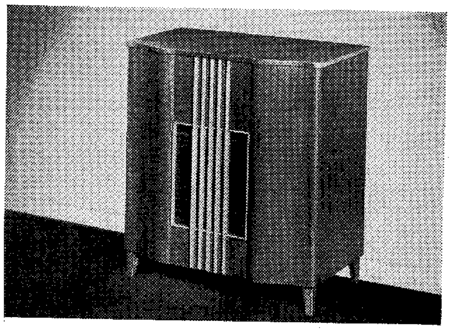
For those who desire a more moderately priced phonograph-radio, the Capehart-Panamuse has been developed in the great Capehart tone-tradition. You will like its exclusive record changer — playing up to fourteen selections automatically . . . nearly an hour's continuous entertainment. As in the Capehart, cabinets are authentic period designs, and the radio unit has advanced features. Models are priced from $149.50 to $299.50.*

The *De Luxe* Capehart and the Capehart-Panamuse may be purchased with a modest initial payment and convenient terms. Visit your Capehart dealer or write for booklets. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Ind.

** Prices slightly higher on the West Coast*



The beautiful instrument at the top of the page is the De Luxe Capehart, Regency period design, at $995. Immediately above is the De Luxe Capehart, Early Georgian design, at $495.



Striking in its simplicity is this Capehart-Panamuse in Modern design, at $199.50.

The **CAPEHART**

THE FINEST IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

Fun-Mates
IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100 % PURE
For Safe washing of fine things
BURDINE'S

**BURDINE'S
Sunshine Fashions
and IVORY FLAKES**

Fun made easy! Burdine's has the right clothes right on the spot where you vacation. And they tell you the right *bright* way to take care of these clothes is with gentle Ivory Flakes washings. Easy on your purse, your time and your temper because you can just suds out these beauties in the hotel wash-basin in no time at all! Fine acetate rayon in shell pink, white, maize, Miami blue. Ivory Flakes are kind to the smooth surface, the soft, tropical colors.

LEFT, new version of the beloved coat dress. 11 to 17 . . . 19.95

RIGHT, a trick, slip-through belt —that's new! 12 to 20 . . 19.95

"Give our fine washables the gentle care of Ivory Flakes" says

$99^{44}/100$ % PURE

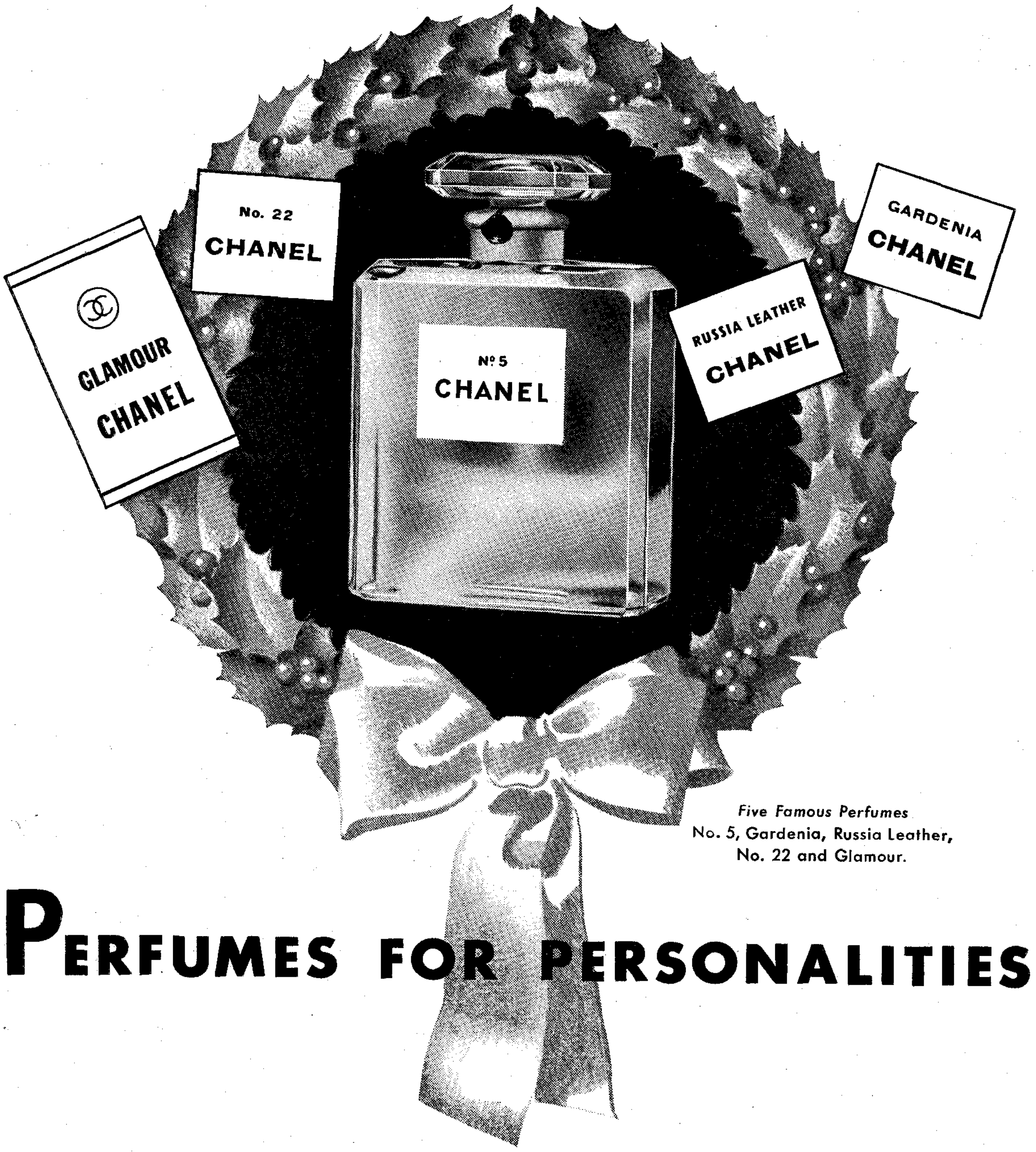
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

SUNSHINE FASHIONS • MIAMI AND MIAMI BEACH

mais Oui
(PRONOUNCED "MAY WE"—MEANS "BUT YES!")
mais Oui
BOURJOIS

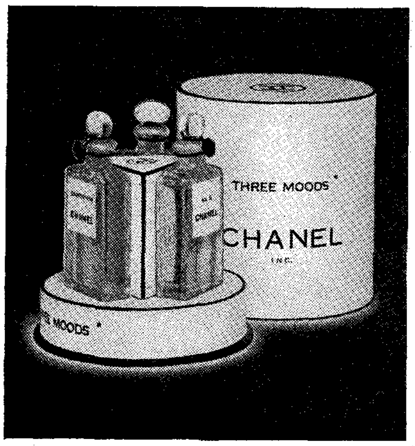
But Yes! . . . Give her the new, irresistible, "Frankly Flirtatious" perfume! Saucy, piquant, daringly different. In a flacon of fashion-wise flair. Several sizes—or in glamorous gift sets.

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK


No. 22
CHANEL
GLAMOUR
CHANEL
Nº 5
CHANEL
RUSSIA LEATHER
CHANEL
GARDENIA
CHANEL

Five Famous Perfumes
No. 5, Gardenia, Russia Leather, No. 22 and Glamour.

PERFUMES FOR PERSONALITIES


THREE MOODS
CHANEL
INC.

Chanel "Three Moods" Set. For varying "personalities." Any 3 Chanel Perfumes—in pedestal box (above), or smart "travelling case."

A sleek, new atomizer, with the vivid Chanel personality, makes your use of Chanel Eau de Cologne easy, irresistible. Choice of No. 5, Gardenia, Russia Leather or No. 22.

Chanel "Companion Set" of Talcum Powder and Eau de Cologne—perfumed with No. 5, Russia Leather, or Gardenia. Comes in 3 sizes.

No. 5, Glamour, No. 22, Three Moods Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CHANEL INC.

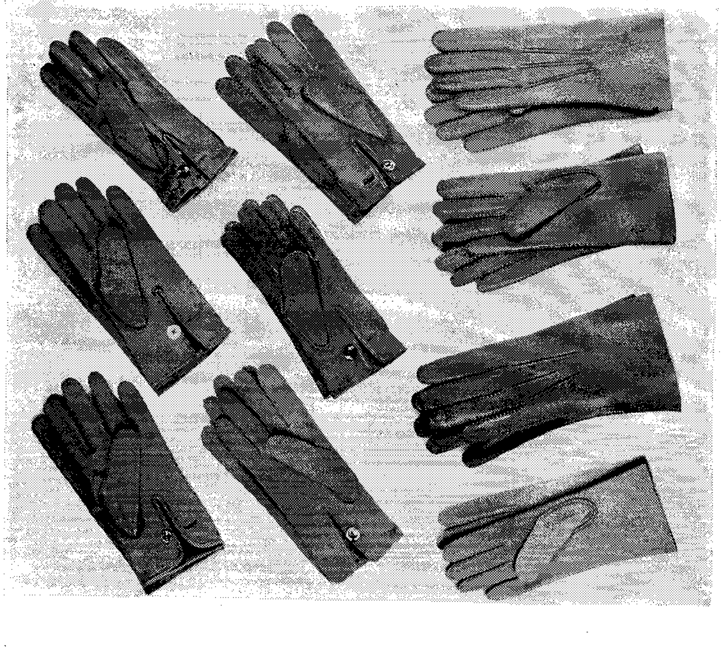
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FROM BROOKS BROTHERS

AUSSEER SKI JACKET—Grey Wool, faced with green on lapels, pockets and cuffs, and lined with plum-colored pattern, $32. SKI JACKET of dark grey, sand, navy or cream Zelan-proofed Gabardine, with knitted neck, wrists and elastic waistband—slide-fastened front and pockets, $14.

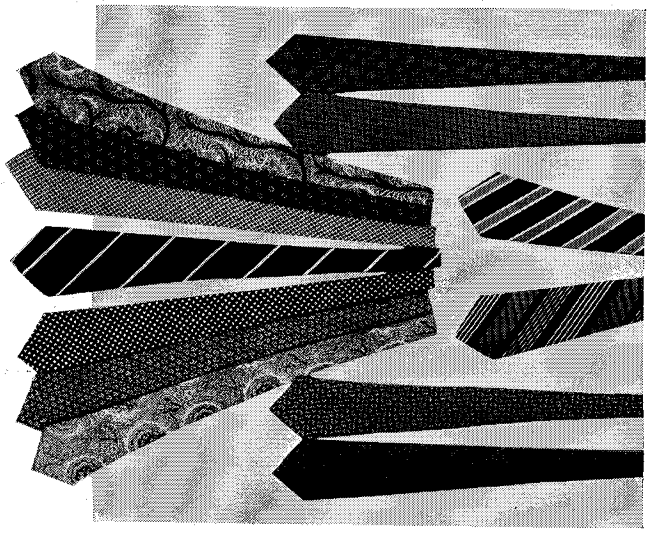
ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET • NEW YORK
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

UNLINED GLOVES illustrated, left (top to bottom) Tan Capeskin, $3.25; Hand-stitched Eitan, $6.75; Red-Tan Australian Deerskin Gloves, $4.50 (Hand-sewn, $6.50). Middle, (top to bottom) Hand-Stitched Tan South African Cape Gloves, $5; Hand-sewn Capeskin, bark-tanned, $6; Grey Antelope (Pullons or Gloves), $6.50. Right (top to bottom) Hand-stitched Pigskin Pullons, $6; Hand-sewn Tan Persian Lambskin Pullons, $6.50 (Gloves, $6.25); Hand-stitched Dark Tan English Goatskin Pullons, $5.50 (Gloves, $5). Grey Suède Pullons, $5 (Gloves, $5).



BROOKS WOOL MUFFLERS FROM SCOTLAND: Illustrated left to right (top) Heavy Knitted Wool in a choice of plain colors, $6; Smaller Plaids, $2.50; and (bottom) Bold Plaids, $2.50; and pure Cashmere in a choice of several plain colors, $10.

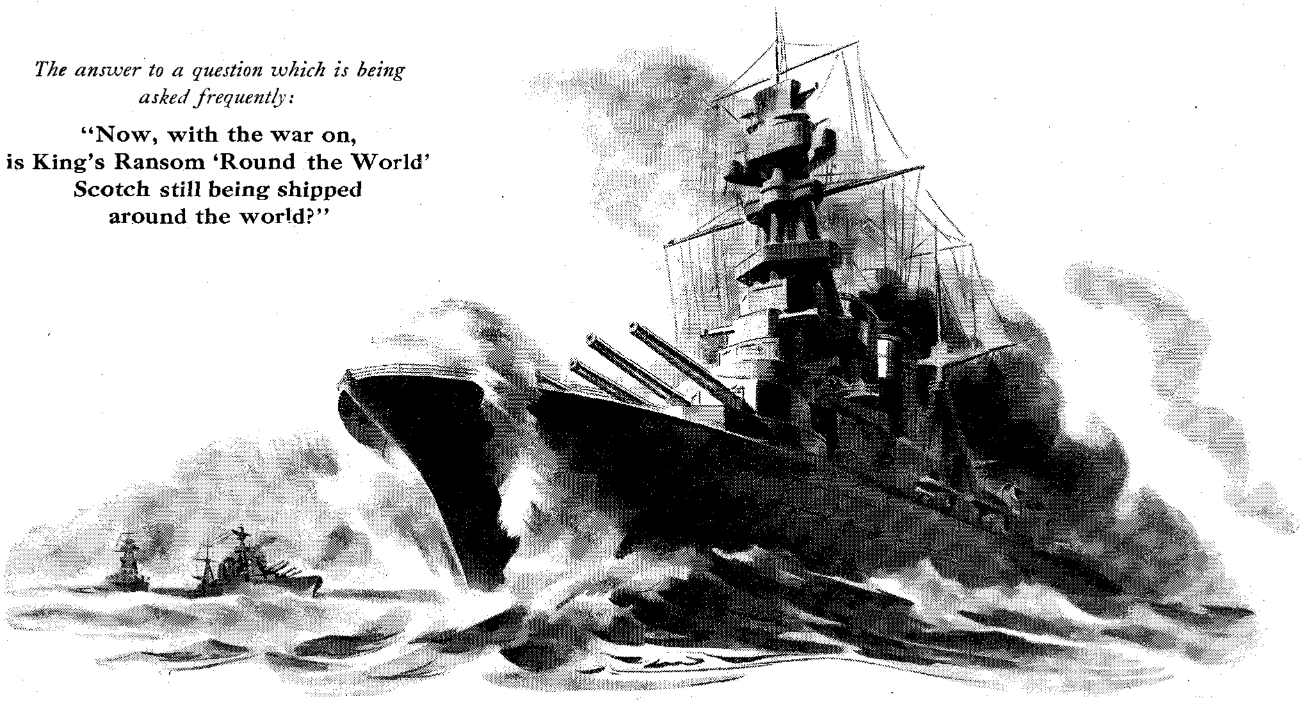


BROOKS NECKTIES in imported silks, wools and cottons, are $1.50 to $5.75. Illustrated (left) Wool Ties in "Foulard" Patterns and Stripes, all $2 each (except checks and plain colors—$1.75). Right (top to bottom) Small Patterns in Silk, $3; Bold Stripes in Silk, $3.50; Narrower Cluster-Stripes, $4; Small Pattern in Silk, $3 and Striped Pattern in Silk, $4.

WOOLLEN SWEATERS (Top) Unusual fancy stitch, round-necked Pullover, natural color only, $13.50. (Bottom) Crew-necked or V-necked chain-stitched Pullover, green heather, blue heather or brown heather, natural or white, is $13.50.

The answer to a question which is being asked frequently:

"Now, with the war on,
is King's Ransom 'Round the World'
Scotch still being shipped
around the world?"



THE BRITISH NAVY IS STILL MISTRESS OF THE SEAS

. . . and the malt whiskies in King's Ransom Scotch are still being voyaged in sherry casks, 30,000 miles around the world to mellow.

THE scene is the London office of the shipping agents for William Whiteley & Company of Leith, Scotland. A sleepy-eyed clerk, who has spent the past night in the underground, is going through his morning mail.

"Hmmm, that's good," he says as he studies a bill of lading from Glasgow. "I see those casks of King's Ransom malt whiskies got off all right on the Bonnie Maid *— and if the truth be known, I wouldn't mind myself goin' along on that 30,000-mile trip around the world!"*

* * *

What an epic story could be written about that bill of lading and about that voyage! What an odyssey of commerce! Besieged, beleaguered but undismayed, embattled Britain, with the aid of the British Navy, delivers the goods!

For many years, it has been the practice of the blenders of King's Ransom Scotch to ship their malt whiskies (which constitute 85% of the finished product) in the hold of ships sailing around the world. Stored in old sherry hogsheads—these cargoes leave Scotland on a voyage that crosses the equator twice and covers 30,000 miles before they arrive back in Glasgow.

And today, with Britain still mistress of the seas, this long voyaging still continues—a course that has taken King's Ransom down the west coast of Africa, across the equator and around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean, to Australia and around Cape Horn slowly back to the home port of Glasgow. That was the course in the old days and with certain minor changes, that continues to be the course today.

Fortunately there are ample stocks of King's Ransom "Round the World" Scotch in America and Scotland today, the malt whiskies of which were shipped around the world many years ago. These supplies will comfortably take care of the present generation of Scotch whisky drinkers who demand the world's finest. It is for the benefit of future generations that we are continuing the old custom of shipping our malt whiskies around the world in sherry casks in order to build up our stocks of this famous product.

* * *

And so tonight, let us drink a toast to the British Navy, under whose protection we are assured a continuous flow of King's Ransom from across the Atlantic. And what more fitting beverage with which to drink that toast than King's Ransom "Round the World" Scotch—symbolic proof of the power of that fleet to help Britain deliver the goods!

If you can afford the finest, why buy any other Scotch?

Round the World
King's Ransom
Blended Scotch Whisky

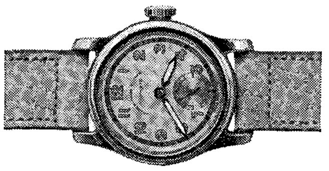
WHITELEY'S

King's Ransom

"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH

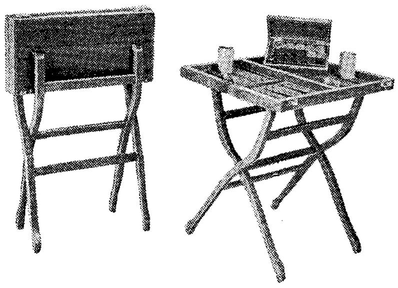
WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY • KING'S RANSOM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 94 PROOF

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

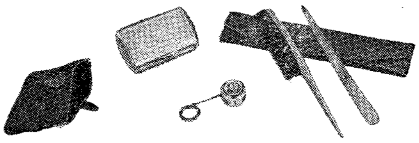


SHIPMATE WATERPROOF WATCH—Stainless steel, shockproof, and dustproof case with radium dial and unbreakable crystal. $25. Smaller model for sportswomen, $30.

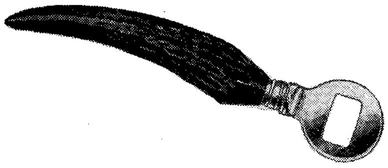
SHOTGUN SHELL JIGGER—One shot out of this sterling silver and gilt shell equals a 1½-ounce drink. Engraved "One Shot." $5.



FOLDING BACKGAMMON TABLE—The right height for comfort. Cork-surfaced board, 1½-inch men, cups, dice, doubling cube. $45.

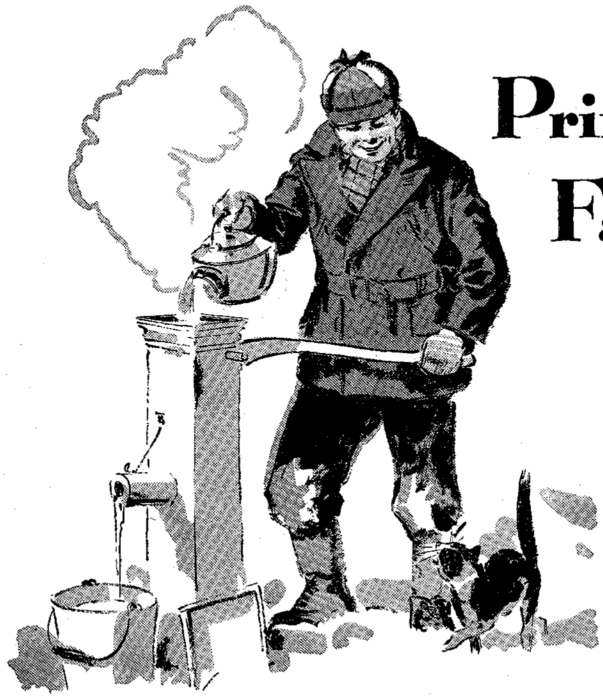


SILK STOCKING GIFTS:
Facile Purse—imported suède, $2.
Lucite Compact—engraved monogram, $3.50.
Coin Clip—for small change. Sterling, $3.
Sterling Comb and Nail File—in leather case. $4.



STAG-HANDLE BOTTLE OPENER—Bites into any cap and lifts it off at the first tug. Chrome head, strong stag handle. $3.50.

SO LITE EXECUTIVE CASE—Removable zipper envelope, sections for papers and overnight necessities. Cowhide, $30. Pigskin, $40.



Prime Favorites!

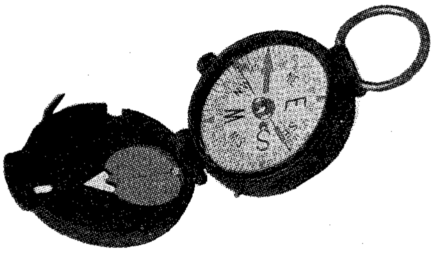
Gifts to warm the heart overflow each stimulating floor at "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World."

Send for "The Christmas Trail," a Gift Shop in a Book

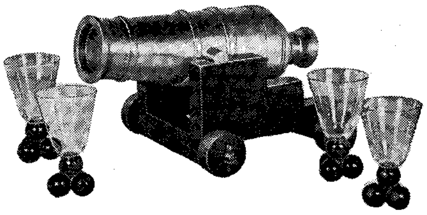
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

CHICAGO: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 33 SO. WABASH AVENUE

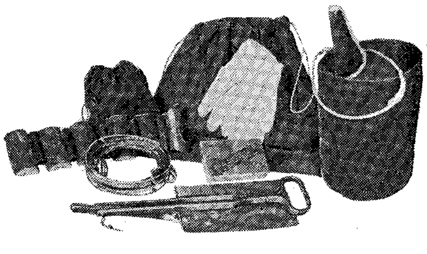


ARMY MARCHING COMPASS—For setting and holding a direct course. Luminous points and needle. Self-locking, floating dial. $5.



CANNON COCKTAIL SHAKER—Bronzed metal shaker mounted on oak carriage. $15. Glasses stand on miniature cannon balls. Each, $1.75.

JAEGER SWEATERS—Direct from England. Famous Jaeger sweaters in natural colors. Vest, $15. Coat sweater, $17.50. Pull-over, $15.



EMERGENCY AUTO KIT—Everything to get the car out of snow, ice or mud, including work gloves and roadside flares. $9.75.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Color of garnet . . . luminous jewelry by Richelieu, who crosses jewel tones as a botanist does fruits, keeping the chief charms of both. Claret red fire of the garnet lit with an opalescent glow . . . to wreathe in double strand about your neck, with rhinestone clasp as shown, or matching cabochon-shaped clasp, 5.00. Bracelet, 4.00; great finger ring, 2.00; earrings, 1.00 pair; spray pin, 5.00. Gifts of great beauty.

Altman jewelry . . . main floor

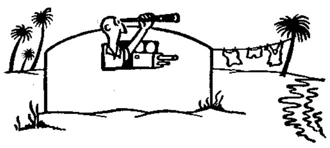
Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York   MU. 9-7000   Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE generally think of the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas as a sort of breathing spell when nothing much happens except Christmas shopping and perhaps a little snow. Last week, however, the life of the nation was full of surprise and gaiety. Picking just a few items at random, we'd like to report that sixteen passengers, among them Fritz Kreisler, were taken up twenty thousand feet in a T.W.A. plane to view a small art collection; the Duchesse de Talleyrand enlivened the social scene by providing a footman behind the chair of each guest at a luncheon; Gertrude Lawrence, an actress, and Frank Shields, a tennis player, hit the *Social Register*; Norman Bel Geddes was retained to streamline the circus; a man in Syracuse figured out a foolproof system to beat the draft; Dr. Tracy J. Putnam of Columbia University attributed epilepsy to the playing of wind instruments; munitions workers in Bridgeport were buying three hundred per cent more champagne than ever before; a Hollywood cameraman was ordered to live in a concrete pillbox on the Florida coast until he could find a hurricane suitable for filming; out in Ashland, Wisconsin, a young woman shot a deer with a lipstick; and, of course, Miss Elaine Barrie sued Mr. John Barrymore for divorce on the ground that he occasionally stayed out all night. Altogether, it was one of the most exciting weeks we can remember. We doubt if we can face another like it.



WE were interested in what a few authorities had to say about "draftee," "trainee," and "selectee," which the *Herald Tribune* described as "three expressive but unattractive new words, formed to meet the emergency." Dr. Isaac K. Funk, editor in chief of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, said he was "very, very favorable to any —almost any—new terms added to our language." Dr. James R. Hulbert, coeditor of the Dictionary of American English, called the words "wholesome additions to the language." Professor Percy W. Long, secretary of the Modern Language Association, observed hopefully that new words were always bobbing up and then dying. Professor Harry Morgan Ayres of Columbia said he didn't like the new words, and Professor Margaret Schlauch of N.Y.U. said she didn't, either. Because we happened to have a copy handy, we looked into "Over Here," a book about the first World War, published seven years ago and written by Mark Sullivan of the *Herald Tribune*. It seems the boys were being called "draftees" about twenty-three years ago. We didn't do any further research because we didn't have any more interest in it than the conscripts have. "Conscript" is a word we made up, by knocking the end off Leonard Lyons' "conscriptees."

A PIECE of hot metal, about the size of a bean, fell from the sky and hit a Nebraska farmer sharply in the foot. Picking it up, he mailed it off to the American Meteorite Laboratory at Denver to find out if it was a meteor, a spent bullet, or perhaps just a fragment from some mysterious and distant explosion. In this tiny episode, we see somehow a symptom of what is wrong with the times. A simple man, ploughing his field, gets a clear sign from heaven. His grandfather would have accepted the miracle at its face value, as a divine warning or prophecy. He would have told his neighbors at meeting and the religious life of the countryside would have been richer for his experience. This man, however, ships the supernatural pellet to a laboratory for analysis. Skepticism, it seems to us, has reached its last frontier when every message from on high is promptly submitted to the scientists. There can be no more wonders when the first instinct of every citizen, confronted with the inscrutable, is to consult a research chemist or a psychoanalyst. Occasionally, at times like these, we understand dimly what the clergy is up against. We don't envy them.

SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

FOR the first time in our life we have read all the way through an advertisement containing 2,018 words. It's a publisher's ad, in the *Times*, for Edward L. Bernays' "Speak Up for Democracy"— one of the longest ads we ever saw. "Now you can speak up for democracy," it says. "No longer need anyone feel frustrated about how to help democracy's cause. Now you can become a leader in a great vital movement. . . . Edward L. Bernays . . . shows you . . . how to unleash the power of your written and spoken word. . . . This plan . . . will equip you to become vocal for democracy, a leader of opinion in your community. . . . You can become a spokesman. . . . Do you think of the answer you should have made hours after the moment for making it has passed? . . . Do you have the perfect answer on the tip of your tongue? . . . Act now. . . . The coupon below . . ."

The familiar lineaments of an old friend are apparent here, of course, or at any rate an old acquaintance. Write in NOW, and learn how you, too, can dominate others. We don't mind thinking of the day when almost everybody in the land will have the perfect answer on the tip of his tongue, so long as he understands it; we *do* mind, however, thinking of the day when large sections of the population will have come to believe that notions of democracy are things that people send away for, like parlor tricks and electric belts. We'd rather not be around when people start laughing with a touch of embarrassment about the time they took up the Democracy Movement.

•

Incidental Intelligence: A local cleaner-and-dyer has been commissioned by one of the New York Willkie clubs to clean their big Willkie banner and keep it in storage until 1944.

There is a sign in the window of a Fifth Avenue florist: "Astors, 50c a dozen."

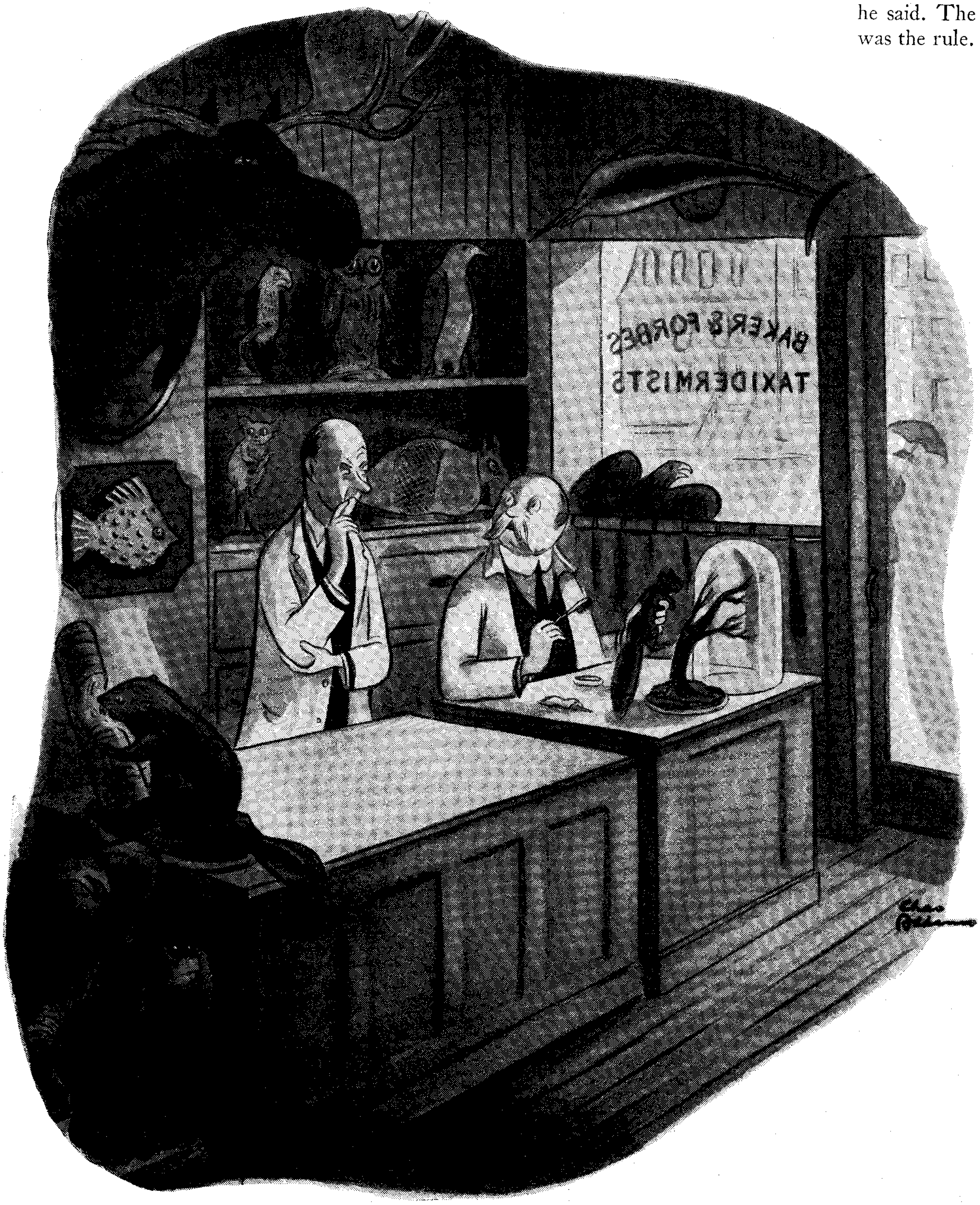
The automobile stickers presented to subscribers to the Fairfield, Connecticut, Community Chest exclaim, "We've Counted Our Blessings and Gave!"

Archibald MacLeish has been in charge of the Library of Congress for well on to a year now, but the Library cafeteria still calls it Tomato Aspect Salad.

Mark Hawley, a radio announcer who once was an actor on the old March of Time radio program, has a three-year-old daughter named Marcia Time Hawley.

Never Shall Be Slaves

A TALL, leathery, tweed-bearing Englishman of the old school showed up at the Army-Navy game. He was accompanied by his wife and two young, and carried an expensive motion-picture camera. The ticket-taker told him he'd have to check the camera. "But I *don't* have to check the camera," he said. The ticket-taker said yes, that was the rule. "Well, I don't have to do it," the British gentleman said, calmly. "I don't have to see the game at all." He didn't, either; tore up his four tickets and stalked off, followed by his unprotesting family.



"Damnation, Forbes, stop looking at me like that!"

New Station

SHORTLY after the Police Department's Eighteenth Precinct moved from its seventy-nine-year-old headquarters on West Forty-seventh Street to 312 West Fifty-fourth, we went over to inspect the new station. We were taken through it by Patrolman Charles McQuillan, who described each feature with obvious pride, "Why, we've got Venetian blinds everywhere—from cellar to roof," he said enthusiastically, then paused and added, "Well, I don't know about the cellar." When we got to the cellar, we looked around, found no blinds, and proceeded to inspect the offices of the Hack Bureau, which has a special entrance from a courtyard, thus making it unnecessary for taxicab-drivers with business to transact to meet more than a few cops. The station is a four-story structure with an exterior of marble and limestone. In front of it are four aluminum stanchions with white lights that take the place of the green ones associated with station-house fronts. Patrolman McQuillan told us that the Department is trying to dissociate its façades from the color green, and pointed out that the aluminum standards, which were made by the WPA at a cost of $550 apiece, have only a little green on them.

We climbed to the fourth and top floor and walked through a spacious locker room, not unlike a country-club room, with freshly painted tall green lockers, wooden armchairs, adjoining bathrooms with gleaming fixtures, and a lot of burly, good-humored men sitting around in their underclothes and exchanging non-occupational jokes. The third floor has more lockers and several dormitories, one of them containing eighteen white-posted beds for men on emergency duty. On the second floor are detectives' offices and a licencing bureau for cabaret and pistol permits. A morgue is in a small annex behind the main building, next to a garage housing the precinct's emergency truck. All these rooms, except the morgue, have loudspeakers in them connected with an apparatus on the ground floor which can transmit either the city-wide police calls or special local messages from the station-house desk. In the old building, there was merely an intramural bell system.

The station desk is on the ground floor, as are the offices of the precinct captain and the captain's clerical staff. Off to one side is a small record room containing papers not more than five years old, which the police might need in a hurry. Older, less frequently consulted records are stowed away in the basement. On Forty-seventh Street all papers were kept together, and finding any one of them was a task. "It was bollixed up then," Patrolman McQuillan told us reflectively. On the east side of the ground floor is a sitting room, where cops can make out reports, have their shoes shined, or just relax, and a double-tiered cell block, where overnight prisoners can relax, or fidget. There were no captives around during our visit. Patrolman McQuillan ushered us into one of the cells, offering jocularly to leave us there. It was furnished with a wooden bench, a washstand, and a toilet, and you wouldn't want a nicer place to be detained in. McQuillan showed us an innocent-looking cord running along the wall of a corridor in the cell block. When touched, no matter how lightly, it starts alarms pealing all over the building. The patrolman explained that this device would come in handy if a prisoner reached through his cell bars and "mugged" a cop; that is, grabbed him around the neck. All the cop has to do now, to summon outside aid, is to throw one leg out and touch the cord. In the old-fashioned station house, there was little the boys could do when mugged but yell.

Birdie Food

A SMALL boy walking in the Park with his mother dropped his chewing gum while attempting to blow a bubble and stooped to pick it up. "Don't pick it up, Herman," his mother said, pulling him along. "Leave it lay there for the birdies."

Author

ONE of the things that are brightening up the lives of Doubleday, Doran, the publishers, is the fact that Miss Gypsy Rose Lee is writing a book for them. Miss Lee is three chapters along in "The G-String Murder Mystery," which is set against a burlesque-theatre background, and in which the first victim among dozens and dozens is a girl who gets strangled by her G-string. When we say dozens and dozens, we quote the author, whom we visited the other morning in her walkup apartment on East Fifty-seventh Street. A Chinese maid, clad in Oriental costume, led us into a small living room furnished with antiques, and Miss Lee appeared after a few moments, wearing a pink-and-white striped dress, two red ribbons in her hair, and red slippers. She sat down in front of a table bearing a typewriter and Roget's Thesaurus, and stated that hers is "a typical murder mystery, with dozens and dozens of people getting killed all the time." "It's just a little biographical," she added. Gypsy started the book last summer in her dressing room at the World's Fair, between strip acts. She works best in noisy surroundings, and although she can hear the Third Avenue "L" from her apartment, helps things along by playing loud victrola records as she types. Her punctuation, she told us, is no good, and she has a friend, George Davis, fiction editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, go over her copy and straighten out her commas and semicolons. She works several hours every day. She has developed a number of literary theories about murder mysteries. "I don't like poison darts emerging from the middle of the Belgian Congo," she said, "and I think there is no sense having people killed before the reader is acquainted with them."

Miss Lee is a natural girl with an earnest manner and a hearty laugh. She attributes her shaky punctuation to the circumstance that she went to school for a total of only two weeks. She started her show-business career in Hollywood in 1917, when she was not quite four, playing in early Harold Lloyd comedies. Later she acted and danced in stage prologues which got audiences in the proper mood for "The Bluebird" and other movies. Miss Lee is candid, and when a census man called on her last spring, she told him she had had only two weeks of schooling. The census man was shocked. "It's against the law," he said. "I'll put down five." Miss Lee is resting up between professional engagements just now, but keeps her hand in by doing several benefit performances a week. She contributes her services on these occasions, and she also has contributed a good many garter belts, which she tosses to the audiences. Her garter belts are bright red and bear her name. Gypsy was taken to a cocktail party last week at the home of a man she had never met and noted with mixed feelings that one of his window curtains was held back by one of her belts. "Imagine!" she said to us. "His drapery was pulled back by one of my garter belts—a total stranger!"

Gypsy, who is separated from her husband, a businessman, has a country house at Highland Mills, near Tuxedo Park. She used to ride horseback, but gave it up when she developed a fear she might break a limb and lose her livelihood and the house. Gypsy, incidentally, is a pet name which was given to her by her mother. She likes to can vegetables and fruit, work on needlepoint screens, listen to the radio, and read Proust. At present she's in the middle of "Within a Budding Grove," which she says is like a drug. In town, between writing and benefits, she attends rummage sales, where she buys old wedding gowns and taffeta dresses for a dollar or a dollar and a half. She brought out two or three of these for our inspection, along with a black plume fan she picked up for a quarter. "They swish," she said. She plans to utilize some of them in future strip acts. She told us that benefit audiences are more demanding than regular ones, and that at a recent hospital benefit the spectators tore several hundred ermine tails off a muff she was carrying as she walked up the aisle.

Miss Lee has not allowed Proust to affect her own style in writing. She let us see a passage from her book before we left, and it read:

> "Look, honey," said Dimples, no more amused than Queen Victoria. "With me it's a job. I got no time to look at audiences. They paid their dough to look at me and I gotta be good to look at. Embarrassed—why the hell should I be? I got a blue spotlight on me all the time, ain't I?"

Electric Shadows

THE Electric Shadow Garden in Peiping would, we gather, be the equivalent of our Roxy or Paramount. A young man in the American Embassy there has sent us a Shadow Garden program, with a literal translation of the Chinese titles attached to the elderly American movies announced as coming attractions. Peiping, it seems, will soon see "Ups and Downs of Officialdom," "The Mysterious Case of the Love Murder," "The Uncanny Man of the Bell Tower," "Gold and Jade Fill the Room," "The Voice of the New-Born Swallow," and "The Alluring Temptation of the Grass Skirt." You'd never guess, so we'll tell you. Respectively, and disappointing as it may seem, these films are what we saw, or *could* have seen, under the titles of "The Magnificent Fraud," "M'Liss," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Babes in Arms," "The Star Maker," and "Honolulu."

Old Tree

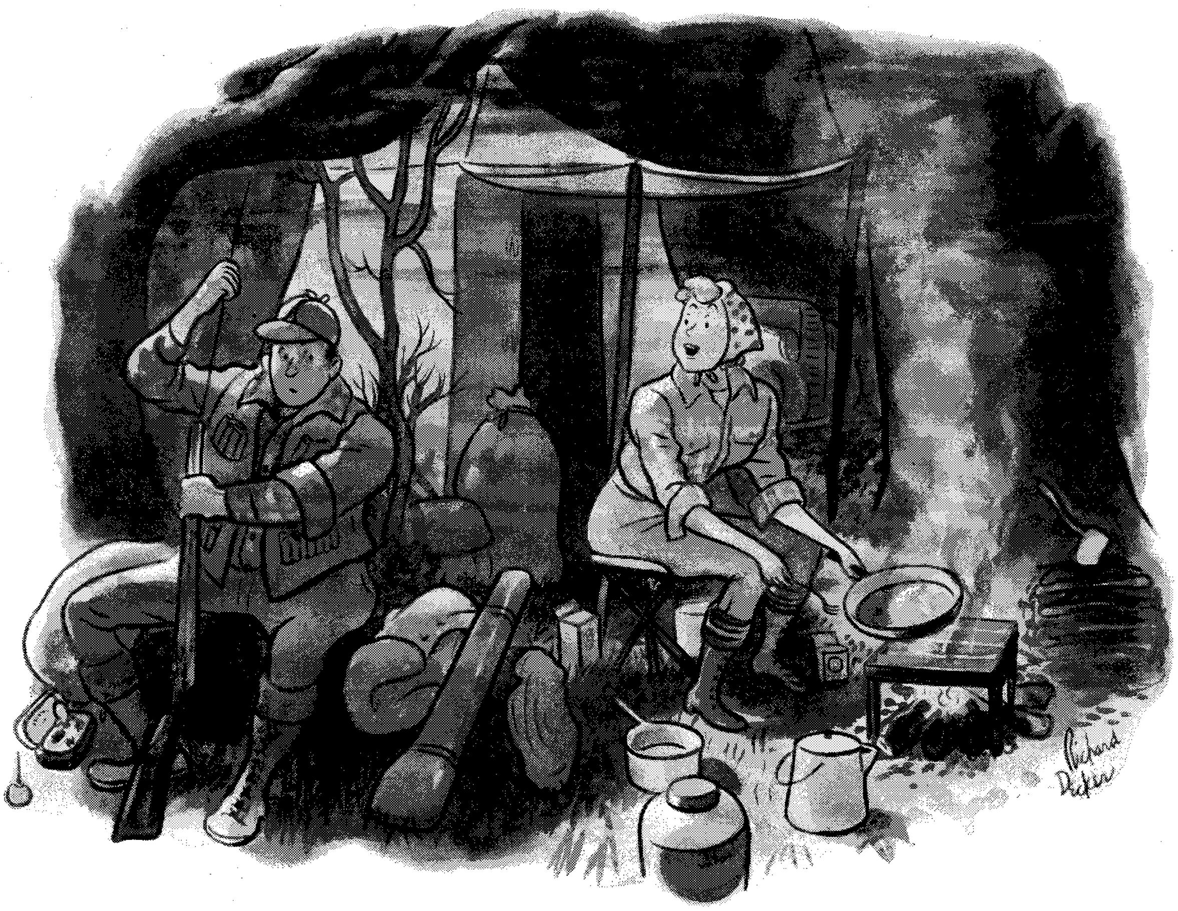
A DENDROPHILOUS friend of ours has put himself to a lot more trouble than we would have under similar circumstances, tracking down a claim recently made by the *Sun* that the oldest tree on Manhattan Island is a copper beech standing on the grounds of Castle Village, an apartment development on the banks of the Hudson, just north of the George Washington Bridge. We'll tell you how our man proceeded, in case you ever want to get the goods on a tree. The *Sun* said that the tree was five feet in diameter at the base, stood forty feet high, and was thought to be about a hundred and forty years old. Now, since the copper beech is a European shade tree, and not indigenous to this continent, our expert's first thought was to investigate the history of the place where it stands, to see when people would most likely have been setting out imported shade trees. Without bothering you with the details of public records, we will simply tell you that he learned that the earliest inhabitants of the region arrived after 1834. On this date, John A. Haven, after whose family Haven Avenue is named, took title to the land thereabouts and cleared it for the erection of a big country house. Other wealthy citizens followed him, building their houses about the middle of the nineteenth century. That's probably when the *Sun's* tree was planted, the only alternative theory being that some madman planted it when the region was still uncleared timberland.

Another thing. A five-foot diameter is too fat for a copper beech standing only forty feet high. This suggests, to anybody who is at all knowledgeable on the subject of trees, that this particular beech is really two comparatively young trees grown together. The only way to settle this question beyond argument would be to take out a section of the trunk, with a special brace and bit used by tree surgeons, and count the rings; this, however, is likely to hurt the health of even a young, strong tree, and could easily be fatal to an elderly one.

Up to a few years ago, our dendrophile says, there was no question about the town's oldest tree. It was a native tulip tree which stood in Inwood Park and was judged by experts to be about two hundred and fifty years old. It succumbed to dry rot, leaving no universally recognized successor to the title. Our man's candidate for the honor is an English elm standing in the northwestern corner of Washington Square Park. He says it's undoubtedly one of the English shade trees which, local historians tell us, were being set out downtown a hundred and fifty years ago. It's a fine, upstanding figure of a tree, over eighty feet high and five feet through the base of the trunk. Mr. David Schweizer, Director of Horticulture of the Parks Department, believes it's the oldest. You might think that Central Park would be a good place to look for old trees, but you'd be wrong. The Park was started less than a hundred years ago, and now contains none of the original trees that stood there.

Inflexible Rule

ABOUT dinner time the other night, a Manhattan housewife sniffed a slight leak in her gas stove. She reported the matter to Consolidated Edison by telephone and the girl at the other end said a repairman would be there within two hours. "No, don't send him until tomorrow morning," the lady said. "We're going out to a play tonight." The girl explained that it was a company rule: all leaks must be repaired within two hours after being reported. The lady pleaded that it was only a little leak, but the girl insisted that rules were rules. Finally, though, she found a solution. "We'll just pretend you didn't report it," she whispered. "Tomorrow you call and report it again." The lady reported the leak at nine the next morning, and the repairman came at ten thirty-six.



"You can start shooting now, dear. I'm ready for the meat."

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Tunneller

WHAT we want to be when we grow up is a tunneller in Macy's. To explain what a tunneller does, we first have to describe Macy's conveyer system, by which packages are sent from the wrapping rooms on each floor to the loading platform in the basement, where they are put into the delivery trucks. The conveyers are spiral metal chutes, about three feet high and two and a half wide. They go round and round and down; or, in other words, they're like spiral staircases, only they're chutes. That clear? There are twenty-four of them, in groups of three, throughout the store. Many times a day, but especially around Christmas, the basement-bound parcels get jammed in the chutes. Macy's employs six men as tunnellers, to dive into the chutes, slide down to the place where the jam has occurred, and start the packages moving. The senior tunneller, a stocky Irishman named Mike Reynolds, has been at it for twenty years.

Expounding the technique of his peculiar job, Reynolds told us first that the only equipment he carries is a flashlight. He wears overalls and waxes the seat of them. The architects who installed the chutes expected that trouble-shooters would be lowered into them by ropes, but this didn't work out; the winding of the chutes created too much friction. It was Reynolds who developed the proper technique. He climbs in, feet first, braces one shoulder against one side of the tunnel and his feet against the other, and, *zip*, he's out of sight. By pressing harder with his feet, he can slow down, or come to a complete halt. Reynolds used to work in his bare feet, but switched to rubber-soled shoes several years ago, after sliding into a rather messy can of spilled Maltose.

The surface of the chutes is waxed, and most of the pileups result from packages coming to a dead stop on surfaces where the wax has worn thin. During the Christmas rush, the trouble is usually caused by parcels carelessly tossed in by temporary helpers. These weeks, Reynolds makes about two hundred descents a day. He has the job of breaking in new tunnellers, who are invariably terrified. Reynolds gets in first, and the two of them slide down together, Reynolds showing the fledgling how to handle himself, and remarking occasionally, "See? Nothing to be afraid of." Most of the chutes have an opening on every floor, but several drop five flights without a break, and one levels out at a point over the executive offices. There is no interruption of normal activity when Reynolds goes into a chute; the packages continue to slide down along with him. He allows small packages to pass him, and supports big ones with his shoulder until he can clear the way. Then he climbs out at the next exit. Once he was severely conked by a chair rushing down behind him, but he can remember no other disasters. The other day, one of Reynolds' colleagues was tussling with a large, unruly package, trying to get it unstuck, when another piece of merchandise, equally immense, swept down and pinned him against the first package. No word having been heard from this man for an alarming interval, Reynolds went to the rescue, travelling along on a tide of Christmas gifts. "I was up to me ears," he told us. The man was rescued O.K., you'll be glad to learn.

Reynolds' big moment comes at the end of the banquet which some of the employees hold once a year, just after Christmas, in the restaurant on the eighth floor. When it's time to go home, Reynolds bids his friends good night and dives into a chute. It's always an effective exit.

Whee

OVER in Flushing, on the site of Grover Whalen, a fine bit of symbolism was enacted last week. Commissioner Moses was strolling happily about, watching the wreckers at work, when he happened on a forlorn little concession booth, open to the winter winds but still displaying rows of crockery which in happier times people had thrown baseballs at, three throws for a dime. Commissioner Moses gathered an armful of rocks and smashed the lot.

KITCHENWARE, NOTIONS, LIGHTS, ACTION, CAMERA!

TO the casual reader, there was nothing in the New York *Times* of November 9th to distinguish it from any normal edition of that newspaper. Caught like flies in the amber of the daily screen jottings, however, were two items whose implications easily outweighed anything on the front page. "Virginia Dale, Esther Fernandez, Dana Dale, and Martha O'Driscoll," ran the first, "have been loaned by Paramount to Harry Donahue, independent producer, to appear in a fashion short, which will be photographed in color in the Grand Canyon . . . the film will be exhibited in department stores throughout the country on a rental basis." Hard on the heels of the first came this second tidbit: "Gloria Jean, child songstress at Universal, will make a personal appearance at Gimbel Brothers store at 11 A.M. today to discuss her favorite sports and life in Hollywood."

Aesthetes may decry this *rapprochement* between art and commerce, this spiritual wedding of L. B. Mayer and R. H. Macy, but I feel the match was made in heaven. The day is dawning when film and department store may fuse into a single superb medium, with mighty themes like "Resurrection" and "Gone with the Wind" harnessed directly to the task of merchandising winter sportswear and peanut-fed hams. Once self-consciousness disappears, January white sales, midsummer clearances, and current specials will be neatly embodied in the pictures themselves, and it should surprise nobody to hear Miss Loy address Mr. Powell thus in some future "Thin Man": "Why, hello, dear, long time no see. Yes, this divine mink coat, tailored by mink-wise craftsmen from specially selected skins, is only $578.89 at Namm's in Brooklyn, Porch & Schlagober's in Dallas, the Boston Store in Cleveland, the Cleveland Store in Boston, and Kerosene Brothers in Denver." As for the legitimate theatre, it will probably preserve its usual stiff-necked attitude for a while, but in time it must adapt itself to the external pressure of pictures and radio.

AS little more than a trial balloon in this direction, I append the following blueprint for a new department-store dramaturgy. In the event of a production, I suggest a week's tryout in Philadelphia, at some house like Strawbridge & Clothier's, before bringing it into Wanamaker's or Hearns for the New York run:

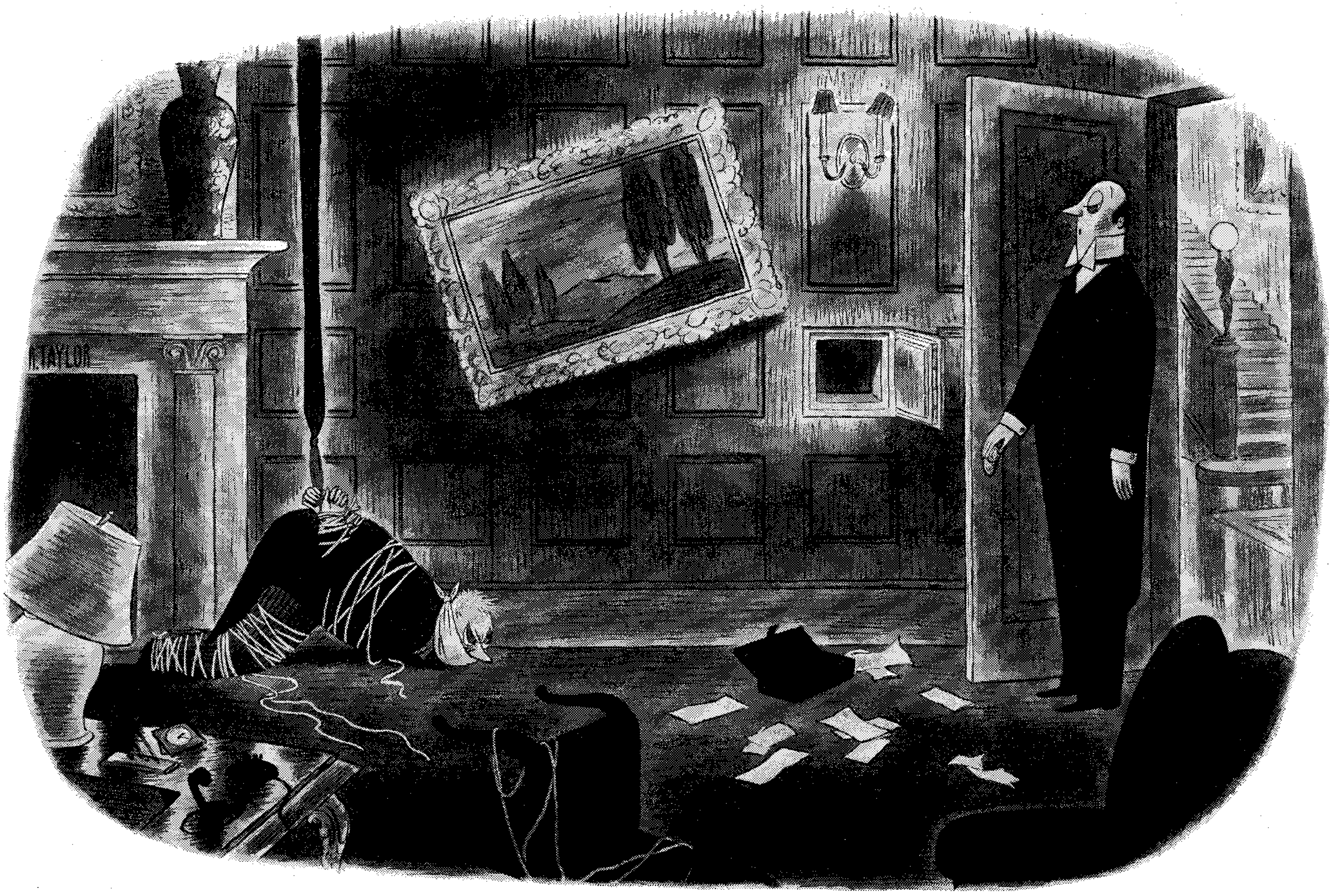
Scene: The music room in the palatial villa of Mrs. Lafcadio Mifflin at Newport. Mrs. Mifflin, a majestic woman in a slim-pin Bemberg corselet well boned over the diaphragm (Stern Brothers, fourth floor), is seated at the console of her Wurlitzer, softly wurlitzing to herself. Mr. Mifflin, in a porous-knit union suit from Franklin Simon's street floor, is stretched out by the fire like a great, tawny cat. Inasmuch as there is a great, tawny cat stretched out alongside him, also wearing a porous-knit union suit, it is not immediately apparent which is Mifflin. Enter Celeste, a maid, in a shadow silhouette girdle and bra (Junior Misses, Lord & Taylor). She carries a note on a salver.

MRS. MIFFLIN: Hello, Celeste. What's new in the servants' hall?

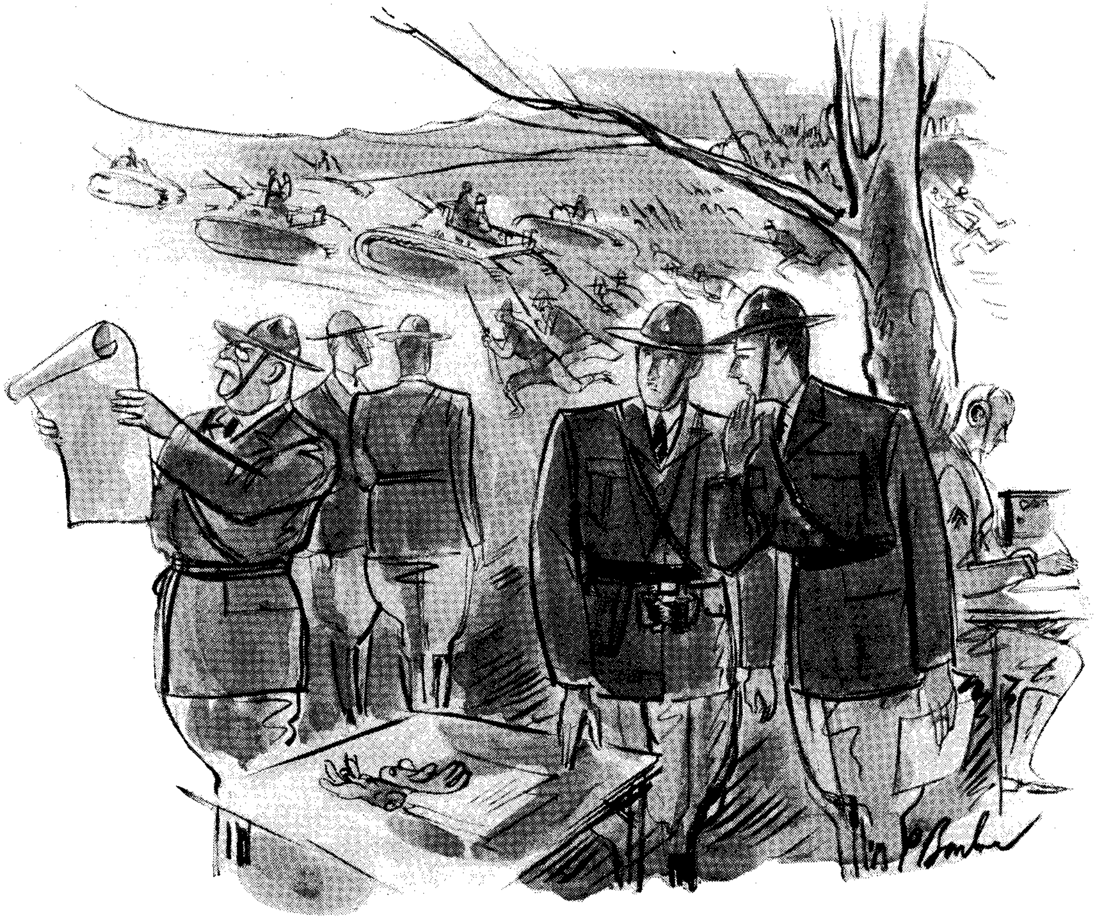
CELESTE: Divil a bit. It's been sittin' on the lap av Moike, the polisman, Oi've been, bad cess to the murtherin' gossoon.

MRS. MIFFLIN: Have you and Mike had words then?

CELESTE: No, Oi loike the larrikin all roight, but Oi've me doubts as to his



"Did you ring, sir?"



"I wish there were some tactful way of telling him that he's got it upside down."

• •

sincerity. Oi suspect the craytur av havin' a woife and two childer, alanna.

Mrs. Mifflin: Then brush him off, lest you become involved in a bigamous action. (*Taking the note*) My, what attractive stationery! Eaton, Crane & Pike (Bloomingdale's mezzanine), isn't it?

Celeste (*coarsely*): It ain't Eaton, Crane & Pike's brother.

Mrs. Mifflin: That will do, Celeste. I obscenity in the obscenity of your obscenity. (*Celeste goes, Mrs. Mifflin opens note.*) Oh, how provoking!

Mifflin: What's the matter, dear?

Mrs. Mifflin: Our big gray gelding kicked one of the grooms in a fit of temper.

Mifflin: Better sell the brute. He hurt two stableboys last week.

Mrs. Mifflin: No, that was a horse of a different choler. (*Thoughtfully*) Martin, I'm worried.

Mifflin: What about?

Mrs. Mifflin: Our daughter Gisèle, yclept Tucky. As you know, she has conceived an unfortunate attachment for a barber. Inquiries I have caused to be made reveal the man to be little better than a fortune-hunter.

Mifflin: This is alarming news. As you know, her engagement to Stacy Bonbright IV was a foregone conclusion.

Mrs. Mifflin: You mean the brilliant young aviator and six-goal man whose athaletic career at Yale and subsequent speculations in Wall Street have made him the catch of the season?

Mifflin: The same.

Mrs. Mifflin: Martin, this tawdry infatuation with a barber must be terminated.

Mifflin: How did she first meet this—this person?

Mrs. Mifflin: It was a typical Tucky Mifflin escapade. Headstrong child that she is, she refused to have her hair washed in any one of several department-store salons where courteous attendants and sympathetic service insure satisfaction. Instead, she visited an establishment upstairs over a poolroom and encountered the coiffeur in question.

Mifflin: How to resolve this perplexing state of affairs?

Mrs. Mifflin: I have a plan. Why not consult our favorite department store? As you know, nationwide credit facilities maintain a close surveillance on the character and reliability of customers. Should this Luigi, as he styles himself, have come under their scrutiny—

Mifflin: Capital. (*He picks up a tomato can connected by a length of waxed string with New York.*) Hello, Central, give me the credit bureau of my favorite department store. . . . Hello? This is Martin Mifflin. What information have you on a party named Luigi? . . . Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Indeed. Thank you.

Mrs. Mifflin (*anxiously*): Were our apprehensions justified?

Mifflin: Fully. This scalawag who has led Gisèle down the garden path is none other than Mike, the quondam policeman currently laying siege to Celeste. As she feared, the rogue has a wife and two children. But thanks to the watchdog who never sleeps (organized retail credit investigation), our child is safe. (*The door opens and Gisèle bursts in, accompanied by Stacy Bonbright IV.*)

Gisèle: Oh, Mother, what a little goose you must think me! Fortunately, I discovered my error in time and married Stacy Bonbright IV.

Mifflin: Take her, my boy. You've earned her. Here is my certified check for several million dollars.

Stacy (*warmly*): Thanks, sport.

Gisèle: How do you like my wedding tailleur, Mother?

Mrs. Mifflin: It's a heller. Altman's, of course?

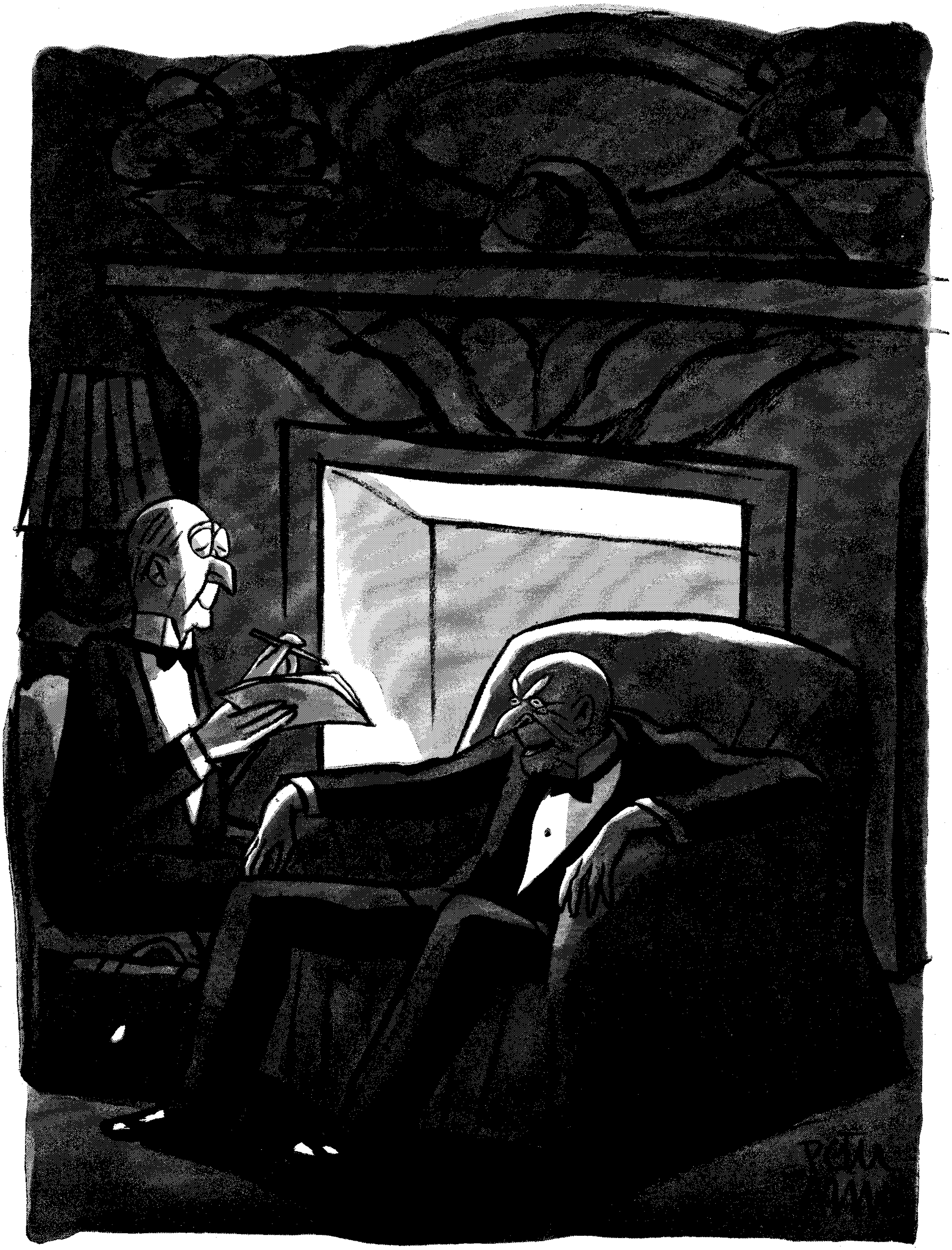
Gisèle: Yes, and available in nineteen different shades—among them wine, russet, beige, peach, grackle, stone, liver, lover, blubber, blabber, and clabber.

Mifflin: And now, children, what are your honeymoon plans? Hot Springs? Placid? Sun Valley?

Gisèle (*dimpling*): Not on your tintype, Father. Just plain, old-fashioned Saks.

CURTAIN

—S. J. Perelman



"Now read me the part again where I disinherit everybody."

LUNCH WITH MR. BIDDLE

WOMEN of all ages liked Winthrop Biddle—"He's a great dear" was the expression they generally used—and he was devoted to the whole sex in the cozy way of an uncle who enjoys the confidence of a vast number of totally unrelated nieces. His feminine friends knew that he could be relied upon to provide a lunch, a bed, sound advice, or a cast-iron alibi as required, and not to go in for jolly avuncular pouncings in taxis. Never a pouncer even in his youth, in this mellow later phase he was really a perfect example of an elderly English bachelor. Since men liked him, too, his circle of friends and acquaintances was immense. The drawing room of his small, neat house in Devonshire, where he lived with a devoted housekeeper, was crammed with photographs of charming women and distinguished men inscribed affectionately to their dear old friend Winnie. If they were not actually distinguished themselves, they were sure to be closely related to someone who was; Mr. Biddle had a harmless weakness for people with labels attached.

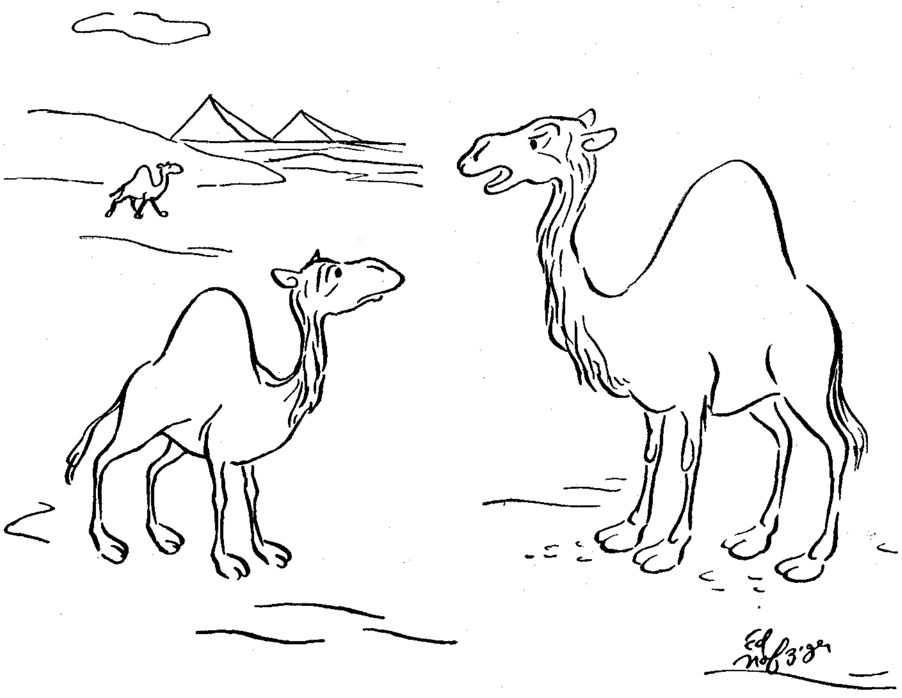
Before the war he had been an adept at finding unspoiled little places on the Riviera where one could live for a song and where one or another of his women friends—Mme. Delacroix, who used, you know, to be one of the Derbyshire Melton-Bagburys, or little Mrs. Maverick, whose mother had been, you remember, a famous Edwardian beauty in her day—had a large and hospitable villa. Now that the war had put an end to these excursions, there was nothing for it but to stay at home and sink gracefully, as he himself put it, with his loud, jolly laugh, into a peaceful, gardening old age.

Mr. Biddle's ideas of peace differed considerably, however, from most people's. The spare room at Four Winds was generally occupied by one of a procession of nieces, and Mr. Biddle spent a good deal of time on the telephone inviting his choicer neighbors to little lunch parties or little musical evenings, stiffened, of course, with imported celebrities or near-celebrities from London. "I do want you to come!" he would shout. "Effie Trumpington is coming.... Of course you know Effie Trumpington. She may not be able to sing for us. You know about her trouble, of course, poor dear." Satisfied by a polite murmur at the other end of the wire, he would go on to say that he particularly wanted the murmurer's presence at the party because they were going to try out a rather pleasant Alsace wine he had discovered for a song. (Mr. Biddle always arranged some sort of little novelty—a wine or an amusing table decoration or a Provençal way of cooking chicken that his housekeeper really didn't boggle too badly, considering that she had to leave out the truffles and the butter.) "And I know," Mr. Biddle would continue, "what a judge *you* are. Now, I hope you can manage it, my dear fellow. It's such a joy to see people in these dreadful days when one never knows what may happen next. Did you hear the bombs in the night? I suppose they were after the camp again. I was out half the night—so tiresome! Well, eight o'clock, then. I do trust that I shan't be called out in the middle of dinner by these fearful, inconsiderate bounders."

THE work of an air-raid warden was Mr. Biddle's war effort, and the affectionate adopted nieces thought it really awfully sporting of the dear old thing, clapping a tin hat on his bald head and cycling round the neighborhood blowing a whistle at all hours. Since Four Winds was surrounded by several juicy military objectives, he was kept pretty busy.

One night an inconsiderate bounder jettisoned a couple of bombs in a field at the bottom of Mr. Biddle's garden, breaking one or two windows of the house and joggling a charming little sketch of St. Tropez off the wall in the dining room. Mr. Biddle was as ruddy and smiling as ever when describing the incident to his assembled lunch party next day. "You shall have a peep at the craters after lunch if you're good," he said to Dora Cunningham, who was there not because she was related to anyone especially distinguished but on the strength of her looks. Mr. Biddle flashed his spectacles and his false teeth at her like an amiable cannibal. "It makes, I think, rather a nice little contrast," he said. "The onslaughts of barbarism in the night, the pleasures of civilization and beauty today. You're in great good looks, Dora, dear child." He turned to another guest. "Tell me what you think of the Amontillado, General. I got it for a song through Bobbie Thrupp—you know, Thrupp & Cantelupe, the wine merchants in St. James' Street. I know, of course, what a judge *you* are."

The lunch party promised to be wholly successful, Mr. Biddle thought happily. Dora Cunningham, decoratively displaying her legs on the sofa, represented the fair; the brave and the brainy were not forgotten. General Sysonby, looking judicious over the Amontillado, represented the one, and the other was present in the person of Ursula Farmer, a woman novelist who had been bombed out of Hampstead and was now smoldering creatively in a cottage on the common, whence Mr. Biddle had triumphantly unearthed her. The party was completed by Mrs. Sysonby and a Mr. Potts, who was unremarkable in himself but whose aunt had travelled extensively

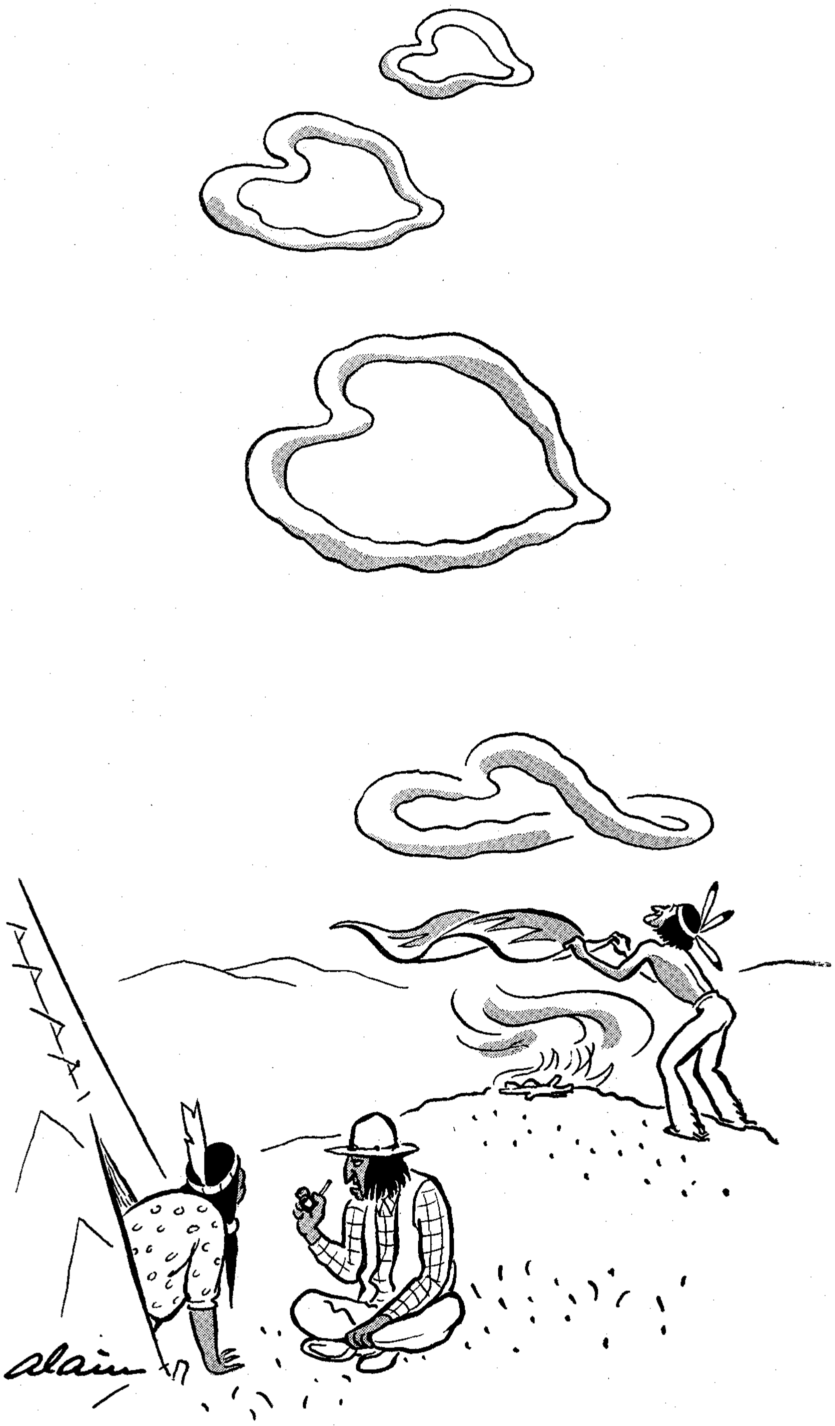


"But you just had a drink last week!"

in Tibet. Mr. Biddle, as he went round with the sherry, managed to murmur to General Sysonby, "You've probably read Ursula Farmer's 'Give Us This Day.' Unpleasant stuff but brilliant. No doubt about that." Leaving the General looking somewhat alarmed, he sketched details rapidly to Miss Farmer. "Sysonby of the Punjab—magnificent soldier. Grows the best roses of anyone round here." Dora Cunningham's legs, being self-evident, required no explanation.

LUNCH was announced by Mr. Biddle's gardener, who on these occasions was summoned from the herbaceous border and crammed into a black coat. The presence of this heavily breathing servitor gave to the entertainment a native flavor which Mr. Biddle considered every bit as original as the Provençal dishes.

It was not until halfway through the meal that Mr. Biddle realized with dismay that things were not going well. He quickly traced the trouble. Dora, whose business it was to look delectable and keep her mouth shut, had been inspired by the Amontillado or the devil to chip in on Miss Farmer's interesting discussion with General Sysonby about the possibility of invasion. Miss Farmer, who was there to utter, and not to bother about looking delectable, was doing the one all right but was also trying to do the other with an occasional meaningful smile at the General which implied that they must pause for a minute to let the child prattle. The child was beginning to look peevish and unbecomingly flushed.

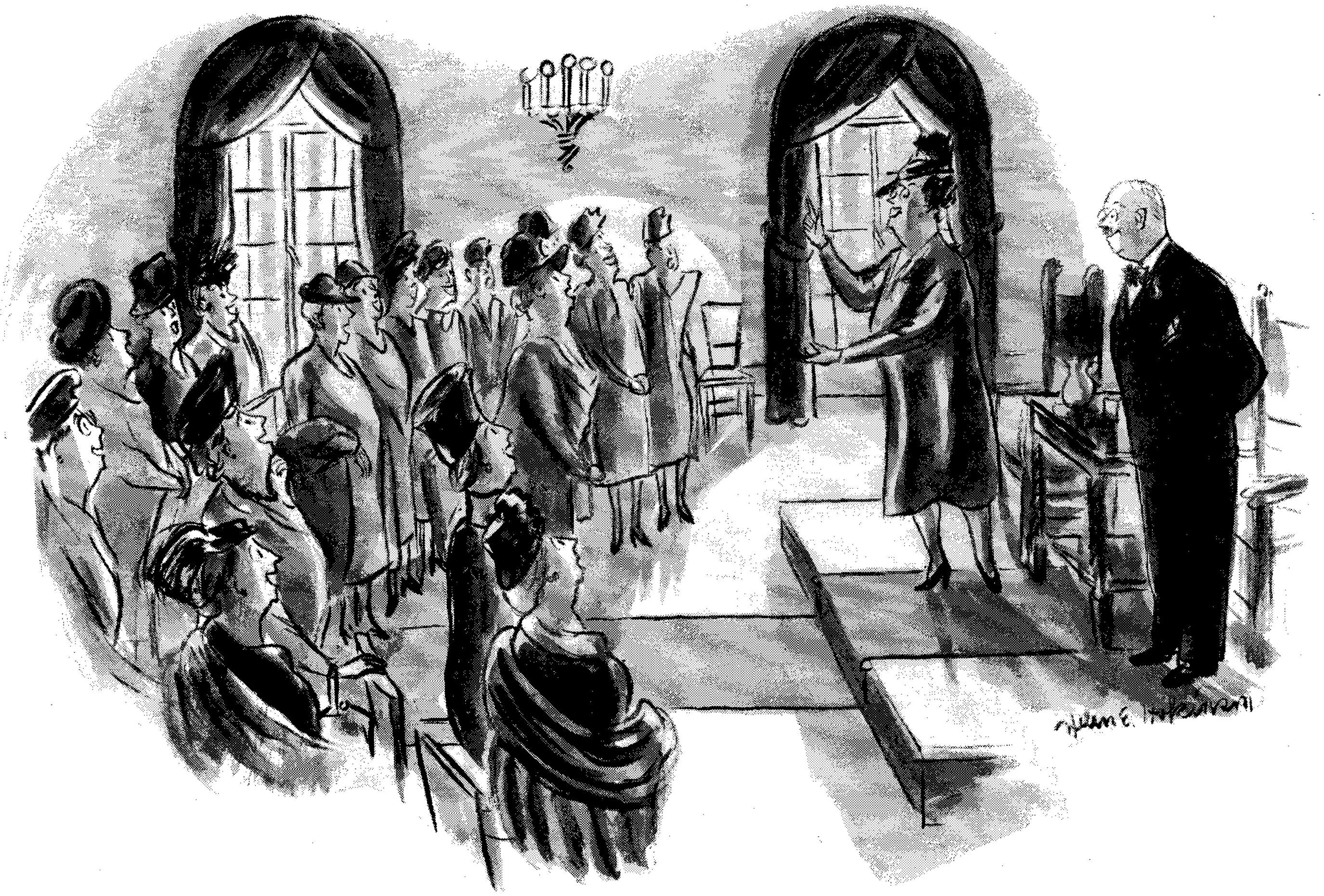


"Laughing Bear has certainly got it bad."

Mr. Biddle, breathing love and amity, rushed to the rescue by drawing everyone's attention to the centrepiece of flowers, which he had made himself out of bits of shell, cork, and glue. "It's work that your clever little fingers could do, I know, Dora," he said, but only Mrs. Sysonby really took an interest. When Mr. Biddle succeeded in disengaging himself from Mrs. Sysonby and was able again to lend an anxious ear to the conversation at the other end of the table, he found that Miss Farmer had led it into deep waters in the hope of shaking off Dora, who, however, had plunged valiantly after her, to the total neglect of Mr. Potts. The General, caught like Paris between Athene and Aphrodite, was twirling his wineglass in glum silence. It seemed possible that the ladies, leaning their panting bosoms nearer, would shortly be growling over him in open conflict on the mat. Really, thought Mr. Biddle despairingly, it was naughty of Dora. No one was performing, and the gardener was being maddeningly slow in handing the *crêpes flambées*, which, Mr. Biddle's nose told him, were burnt.

Happily, Mrs. Sysonby made a diversion by remarking on the Basque table mats, which Mr. Biddle had bought at Biarritz. "They make me feel I'm in France," she said. "Oh, those winters on the Riviera, Mr. Biddle! When will they ever come again?"

Before Mr. Biddle could answer, Dora had observed that she, for one, didn't care if they never did. "I wouldn't set foot in that beastly country if you paid me," she said. "Of course, you may have some special reason for feeling like that," said Miss Farmer, smiling at the General and making it sound as though she suspected Dora of having been betrayed by a poilu on a day trip to Boulogne. She went on to say that it was difficult to see how anyone of intelligence—here she paused for a second, which seemed to unhappy Mr. Biddle cruelly interminable—could blame the many for the crimes of the few. Anyone who really knew France and the French, that is. It turned out that Miss Farmer knew France and the French better than they did themselves. Mr.



"For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow . . ."

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Biddle, miserably chewing cold *crêpes flambées*, had a confused impression that she mentioned a French maternal grandmother, which was awkward, as Dora had just registered her opinion that the French were a low, immoral people whom it was impossible to trust. Clearing his throat, the General began carefully, "I daresay, when the history fellas come to weigh things up, there will be found to be faults on—" but Dora brushed him aside with a fierce "I thought that Dunkerque settled it for most people. I had a brother there."

It seemed that the affair was going to develop into a personal scrap between Dora's brother and Miss Farmer's grandmother. Mr. Biddle noted with alarm that his two embattled guests were rapidly purpling. Something, he felt, should have warned him—some lack of the essential feminine perfume in Miss Farmer's makeup, some waspishness hidden beneath Dora's delicious exterior—that the mixture was chemically impossible. Casting round desperately for a topic that would offend no one, he remembered Mr. Potts' footloose aunt and asked if she had written anything new about Tibet. Mr. Potts was reluctantly transferring his mesmerized attention from the battle of the goddesses to Mr. Biddle when a new voice spoke louder than any at the lunch table.

Never before had Mr. Biddle heard the air-raid siren with sensations of relief and delight. Jumping to his feet, he cried, "Such a nuisance, but I'll have to go off! Don't disturb yourselves, any of you dear people. Carter is just going to bring coffee." On his way to the bicycle shed, he put his head in at the dining-room window and called, "If things get at all noisy, Sysonby, take the ladies under the stairs!"

BICYCLING down the drive, settling his tin hat more firmly with one hand, Mr. Biddle had a pleasing vision of Dora and Miss Farmer sitting together under the stairs among his bottles of Amontillado. Since there was nothing like a diversion of this nature for getting people acquainted, the dear ladies would probably emerge cobwebby but the best of friends. The tottering balance of the lunch party had been saved in the nick of time. Really, thought Mr. Biddle happily, he couldn't be more grateful to the siren, which he pictured as yet another niece, even more toothsome than little Dora, sitting on a rock and moaning to oblige old Uncle Winnie. He could hear the inconsiderate bounders zooming faintly somewhere in the pale-blue sky, and presently the explosion of several bombs. Dora and Miss Farmer would certainly be under the stairs by now, probably holding hands. Spinning along the road, Mr. Biddle put his whistle in his mouth and blew a long, triumphant blast. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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A. H. (Pop) Smith, 83, has laid claim to being the oldest golfer in Ohio with a hole-in-one to his credit. Pop called it the biggest thrill of his life when he watched his No. 4 iron shot trickle into the cup 125 yards away on the No. 6 green at the Hillcrest course east of Wooster, Ohio, last week. Smith started playing golf about eleven years ago. His best eighteen-hole course score is 92, made at Kenwood, Cincinnati.

They call him Enterprising Ernie Savignano on the Brown University campus.—*The Sun.*

Why?

APOSTROPHE, PETITION, AND COMPLAINT TO ROY W. (FOR WILSON) HOWARD

Mr. Howard, I do not know you well;
A call on the telephone, a nod at cocktail time, a shy handclasp—
They're all the claims I have.
But I do like your shirts (better even than Lucius Beebe's)
And will defend to the death your right to wear them.
You, sir, are friend of shoguns; dynamic, restless,
You travel in far, strange places,
Sometimes in your own yacht.
And you are publisher of the *World Almanac.*

May we have a word with you about that?
You crusade and carry on under the brave, beguiling slogan
"Give light and the people will find their own way."
Think so? Have you heard Jack Doyle's odds on the ability of people
To find their own way,
Though that path be lighted to incandescence?
Mr. Doyle has doubts; so have we all.
But you are owner of the *World Almanac*
And you have a section there (pp. 658-660, inclusive)
Called "Noted Americans of the Past."
There, sir, you have statesmen, soldiers, gadget-makers, hunters,
Men and women, black and white and red, corrupt and pure.
But what are your rules?
Who taps them for this gimcrack, jerry-built Valhalla?
Who gives them sawdust immortality?
You and who else, Mr. Howard?

There's John L. Sullivan, and that's all right,
But where's Jim Corbett, who toppled him at New Orleans?
And where's Muldoon, the Solid Man, who cowed John L.?
And what of that other Sullivan, Louis, the architect,
The Master who built skyscrapers?
Why, Mr. Howard, are they missing?
Davey Crockett is on your roster,
But where's Jim Bowie?
He died with Crockett at the Alamo,
Brandishing the terrible blade that bears his name.
You have old Corneel Vanderbilt,
John D., Gould, and J. P. Morgan,
Collis P. Huntington, E. H. Harriman, and Andy Mellon.
But what of Darius Ogden Mills, who founded the Mills Hotels?
And Henry Villard and Dan G. Reid?
They were fetlock-deep in gold, sir,
And so was Hetty Green.

Mr. Howard, you give us a man named Sunset Cox,
But no word of Sockless Jerry Simpson, or Tillman ("Pitchfork Ben").
Sarah Orne Jewett, Brander Matthews, and Bill Nye, yes,
And also Richard Harding Davis,
But Ring Lardner isn't there.
And, if you care, neither is David Graham Phillips,
Who wrote "Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise."
There are the Choates, Joseph and Rufus, and Daniel Webster,
But your fans miss William Travers Jerome
And Andrew Hamilton, the slick Philadelphia lawyer
Who fought for a free press so you could do your stuff.

Americans? Sequoyah and Tecumseh, yes,
But what of Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapa Sioux?
No tribal prejudice here, we trust.
Mark Hanna and Boss Tweed you salute as "Noted,"
But there were other bosses—
Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, Tom Taggart, Arthur Pue Gorman,
Dick Croker, and Charles F. Murphy.
You, giver of light to people,
Might look them up someday.

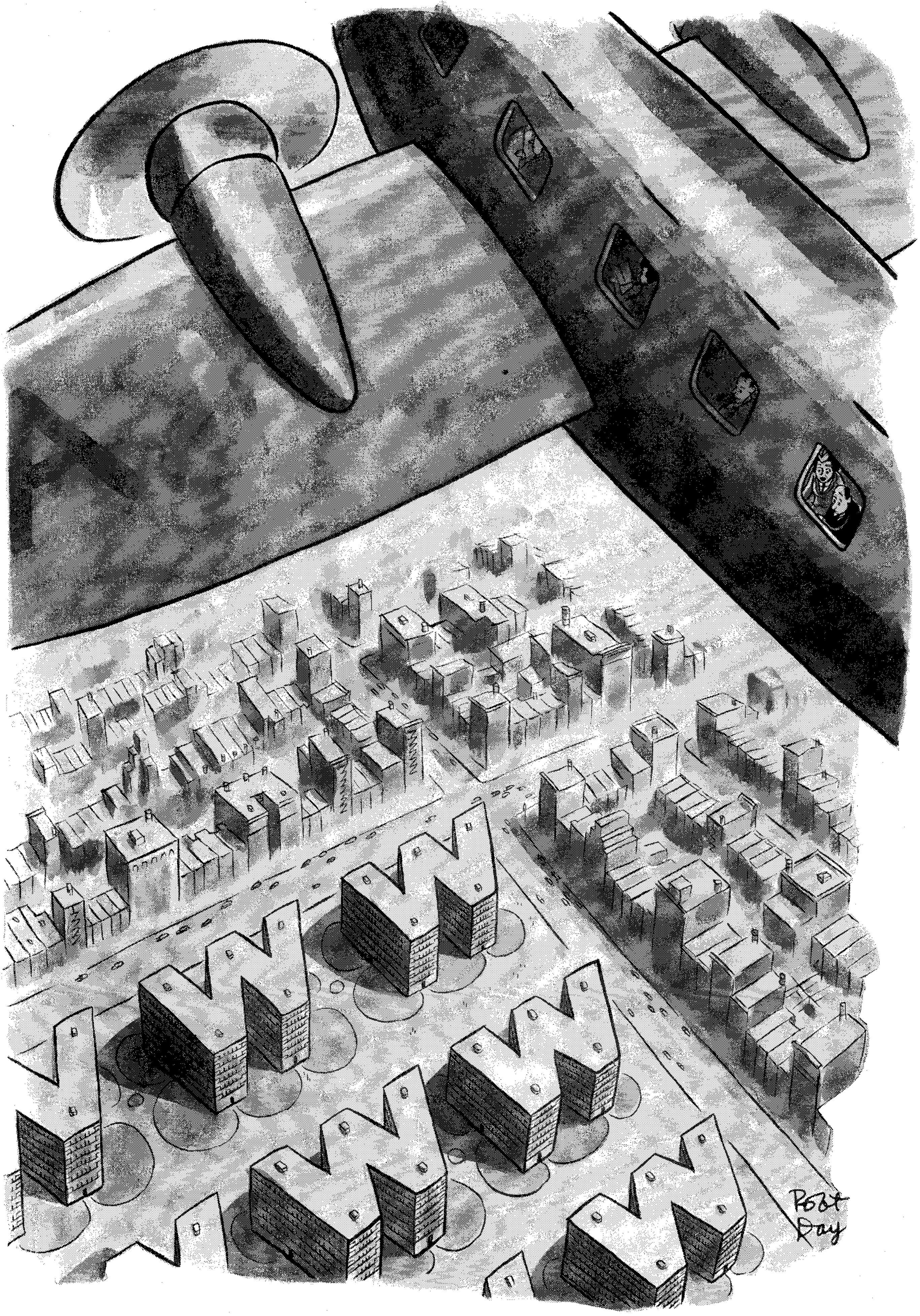
Moreover, where is Abner Doubleday, father of baseball;
King C. Gillette, the razor man;
Lewis Walker, who made the first zipper;
Madame Walker of hair-straightening fame;
Gail Borden of condensed milk;
And Joe Glidden of De Kalb, Ill.,
Who patented barbed wire in 1874?
You have Debs and Gompers,
But where is Clarence Darrow?

Osler of Johns Hopkins but not his colleague Welch;
Luther Burbank but no Charlie Goodnight,
Who crossed the bison bull with the range cow;
Buffalo Bill but no Wyatt Earp;
No Bat Masterson, no Texas Jack Omohundro;
John Paul Jones but no Admiral Sims.
There, true enough, are Lee and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson,
But where are Little Phil Sheridan,
Johnston, Jubal Early, and dashing Jeb Stuart,
Not to mention Nathan Bedford Forrest,
Who said (maybe) that he wanted to
Get there fustest with the mostest men?

And in your own racket, sir, called journalism,
Giving light to people and so forth,
One finds two Scrippses, two Bennetts, one Dana, one Ochs,
Murat Halstead, Vic Lawson, George Jones, and so forth,
But what of Fremont Older, E. P. Mitchell, William Laffan,
And the Brisbanes, Albert and Arthur, *père et fils,*
St. Clair McKelway of the Brooklyn *Eagle,*
And even Frank A. Munsey?
And what of Johnny Bogart of the old *Sun,*
Who first spoke of man biting dog?
They are not there, Mr. Howard.
What is wrong with you, giver of light?

There's Joaquin Miller, daffy singer of the Sierras,
But no George Sterling, who made some sense.
Where are they, sir? Where's John McGraw?
Where's Frank Woolworth,
Lydia Pinkham and Dexter Fellows,
Joe Gans and Mrs. Moskowitz,
O. O. McIntyre and Crazy Horse,
Allan Pinkerton and Wilson Mizner, the man who, dying, said
"Well, Doc, this looks like the main event"?
Where's Fred Olmsted, who laid out Central Park?
Where's Walker the Filibusterer and Tom Ochiltree,
Who used to drink with Bet-a-Million Gates
At the Waldorf Bar (Thirty-fourth and Fifth)?
Give us Texas Guinan and Moses Austin,
Dick Canfield and John B. Stetson,
Raymond Hood and Wilberforce Eames.
You muffed them all, Mr. Roy W. (for Wilson) Howard.
And so we hope, in your next edition,
You will make things right,
So some of the people can have light to find their own way
Some of the time.

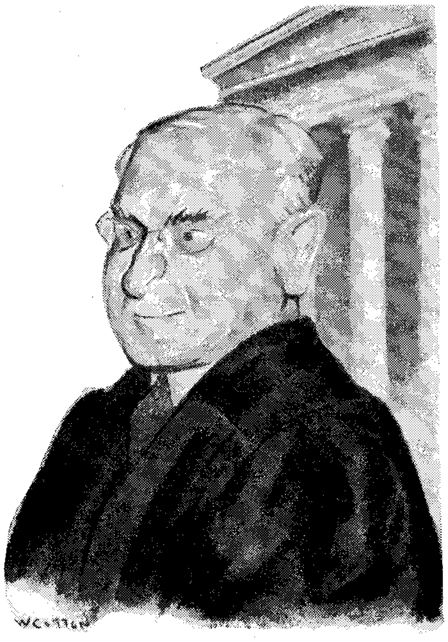
—STANLEY WALKER



"*The architect was a man named Wenks.*"

PROFILES

JURIST—II



Felix Frankfurter

TO the public and the press, Felix Frankfurter, rarely photographed, seldom interviewed, remained comparatively unknown up to 1939. A writer for the New York *American*, who had never met him, had called him the "Iago of this Administration" and "that silent man" who paid "furtive" visits to the White House. But even Frankfurter's political opponents declared that he was a blunt and not a cunning man. As for his being silent, his friends knew that he could talk their arm off on any subject under the sun. When he was nominated an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, on January 5, 1939, the Senate Judiciary Committee decided to hold open hearings upon his fitness for the office, an action which had not been taken in the case of a Justice for several generations. The recently appointed Hugo Black had been discovered, too late, to have been a Klansman in his youth; a little digging into the Frankfurter past might show him to be not what he seemed. Perhaps the Senate investigation would reveal, the President suggested playfully in a message to Frankfurter, that he was really one of the missing Musica brothers. The Professor was invited by the committeemen to appear, but decided not to, and sent a friend and former pupil of his, Dean G. Acheson, the Washington attorney, to represent him at the committee hearings. When committeemen continued to press their invitation upon him, he gave in and went to the capital for the third day of the hearings. A large part of official Washington thronged into the committee room to see him.

During the preceding two days, a strange assortment of crackpot crusaders, Fascists, professional Jew-haters, and others, including one full-blooded Seneca Indian, were heard by the committee. The Indian, a Mrs. Alice Lee Jemison, screamed that Frankfurter's appointment to the Court would blight the future of all the Indians in America. The American Civil Liberties Union, with which Frankfurter had long been identified, had some years before created a committee to promote civil liberties for Indians, and Mrs. Jemison was convinced that this was a scheme to "communize" the Indians. The other witnesses were scarcely more credible. On the second day, a good-looking witch-hunter named Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network," testified shrilly that the Professor was a member of the national committee of the American Civil Liberties Union; this, she said, was one of those "front organizations" whose sole business was the legal defence of Communists. Next day came Frankfurter's turn. The audience was surprised by his appearance. He was a small, compact, broad-shouldered man with a straight forehead, thin, graying hair, blue eyes, and pleasant features, including a very prominent chin cleft, like Thomas Dewey's. He wore pince-nez, and was trim, erect, and neatly dressed. He didn't look at all like a conspirator; he looked, as one spectator remarked, rather like a successful doctor who was about to tell someone, "Open your mouth and say 'Ah.' "

Frankfurter stood up and announced firmly that he would discuss only what he considered proper, in view of the high judicial office to which he had been nominated. As to his connection with the Civil Liberties Union, he said frankly that he was one of its legal advisers. Then, as a matter of "somewhat droll interest," he told how this organization, sometime before (in accordance with its declared principles), had endeavored to help Mrs. Dilling herself. She had been denied radio time by a broadcasting company because of some unfriendly remarks she wanted to make about a Methodist bishop. The Civil Liberties Union, with Frankfurter's approval, had made a public protest against the denial of Mrs. Dilling's right to broadcast her opinions, no matter how disagreeable they were, so long as she made them in a lawful manner. Mrs. Dilling was thus tidily disposed of by Frankfurter.

The senators who judged the Professor were openly friendly, except the late William E. Borah and Pat McCarran, who questioned him closely. Alert and aggressive, Frankfurter easily parried their questions, thinking on his feet with his customary speed and speaking with an air of plain truthtelling and no surrender. McCarran asked him a number of questions about his friend Professor Harold J. Laski, who many years before had published a small book entitled "Communism." Had Frankfurter read the book? What was its doctrine? Did he subscribe to its doctrine? Though he said he had read the book, he refused to answer the last two questions, which McCarran kept repeating. Then suddenly Frankfurter turned on the Senator and began to ask *him* questions. The Senator, who seemed embarrassed, began to answer the witness's questions stumblingly. He had not read the book, it appeared; he had only guessed at its doctrine. Challenged further by McCarran about his beliefs, Frankfurter said, "Senator, I do not believe you have ever taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States with fewer reservations than I have or would now, nor do I believe you are more attached to the theories and practices of Americanism than I am. I rest my answer on that statement." The audience cheered. Beyond such general statements he would not go; he refused to defend the record of his life or advertise the opinions by which his judicial decisions would be guided. He merely laid the record before the Senate, which confirmed his appointment promptly and unanimously.

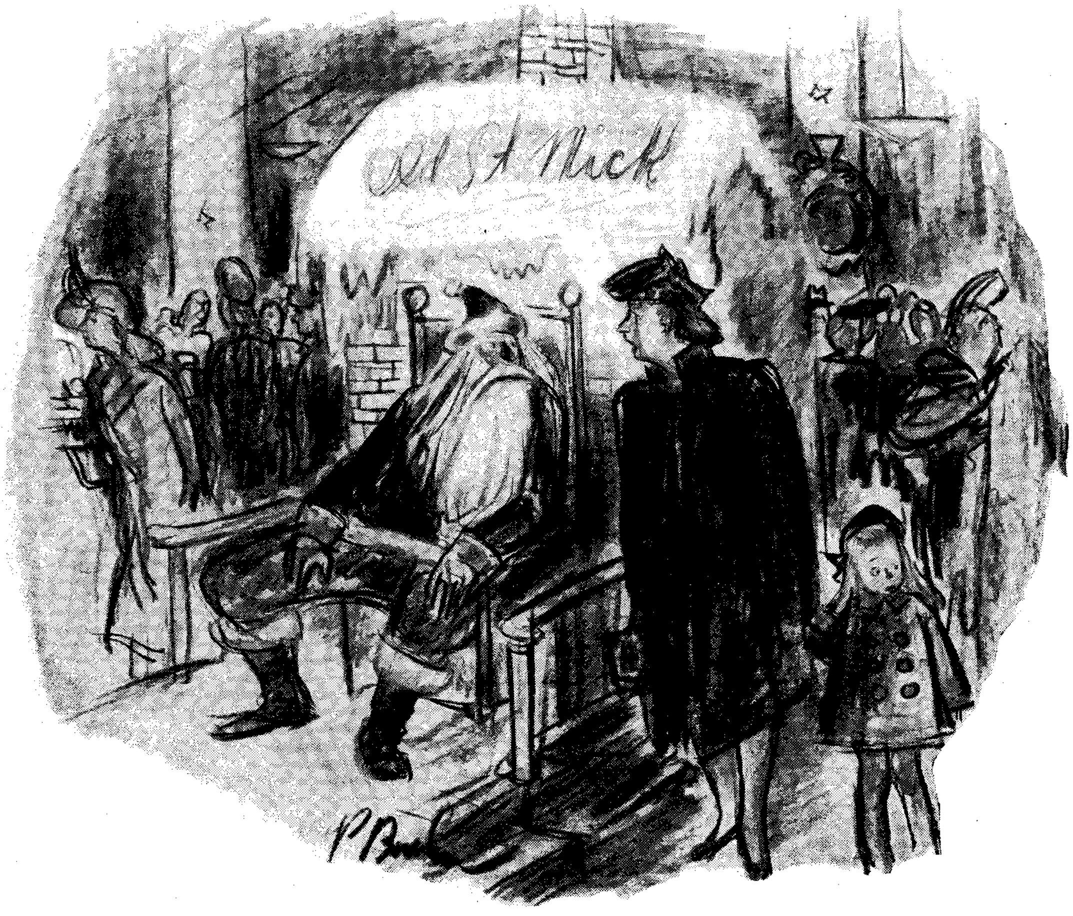
FRANKFURTER was born in Vienna on November 15, 1882. He was the third of four sons—there were two daughters as well—born to Leopold and Emma Frankfurter. For three centuries there had been rabbis in the Frankfurter family; in the old Jewish communities of Europe, that indicated not only high mentality but judicial character. However, Leopold Frankfurter, after studying for the rabbinate, quit the theological seminary in his last year, married, and went into trade. In 1893, on a business trip to the United States, "he fell in love with this country," as his son Felix told the Senate committee, and stayed here. After several months he succeeded in persuading his wife to follow with the children. The family settled in New York's East Side, and he became a retail fur merchant. The elder Frankfurter is remembered by his neighbors as a man of frail health, a dreamy and charitable soul who enjoyed giving baskets of food to poorer neighbors. He did not prosper. It was Mrs. Frankfurter who was the backbone of the family, ruling its economy, putting the two elder sons, Fred and Otto, to work, and the two younger ones, Felix and Paul, into P.S. 25. Otto Frankfurter is now the head of an advertising agency in Philadelphia; Fred is an apothecary in White Plains; Paul, the youngest, who left school early, is secretary of the New York City Department of Finance.

When Felix entered school, at the age of six, he was unable to speak a word of English. Six weeks later, however, he was taken out of a special class of foreign-born pupils and put into a regular class of native-born children. He showed himself a mental prodigy from the start. Even in those days he often acted as an adviser for some of his classmates by helping them with their homework. After school hours he sold newspapers and did odd jobs that earned as much as four dollars a week. His earnings he gave to his mother. Mrs. Frankfurter put the money away for his college education. He raced through both high school and C.C.N.Y., from which he graduated, the third highest of his class, when he was nineteen. He took Civil Service examinations and was made a clerk in the City's Tenement House Commission at $1,200 per annum. A year later, in the fall of 1903, having saved practically all of his salary, he was ready to enter the Harvard Law School. He arranged to share a small room with Sam Rosensohn, one of his old friends from C.C.N.Y., who had already been at Harvard Law for a year. When Frankfurter arrived, Rosensohn asked him if he had brought a wardrobe appropriate to university life. "I don't know," answered Frankfurter. "My mother packed my trunk."

Years later, when Frankfurter's position at Harvard was much more exalted, his old-fashioned mother sometimes visited him, and he always proudly presented her to his colleagues on the faculty. They admired and used to repeat her original, common-sense maxims, which she delivered with a strong Austrian accent. The son sometimes tried to compete with his mother. Once she censored him for behavior that seemed to her too impractical; she told him he must think about a good job and a safe future. "But, Mother," he told her, "I don't want to *commit* wealth." Since he was fourteen, he had had an ambition to become a great public servant. In the lively Presidential campaign of 1896, he made his first public speeches in behalf of Bryan and the party of all the underdogs. His rostrum was the back of an old horsecart that trundled through the East Side streets. Thereafter he was active in local reform clubs. At Harvard he began to meet important people, yet he never forgot his origin, never gave up the hope of becoming a tribune of the people. The private practice of law, he often said, involved mostly "getting money for people who already had plenty of it."

Frankfurter's superb memory and his speed in absorbing knowledge made an immediate impression upon the Harvard Law School, and his warmly sympathetic traits and intensely idealistic nature attracted classmates and faculty. Dean James Barr Ames said at the time that Frankfurter, in his first year, "had grown more than anyone in the school." In his last year he was chosen one of the editors of the *Harvard Law Review*. On occasion he ghosted for classmates who were having trouble writing articles assigned to them by the *Review*.

In June, 1906, Dean Ames gave him, along with a legal degree, a letter to James Byrne, of the New York law firm of Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter, and there Frankfurter got his first law job. He had worked for only a few months with this leading Wall Street firm when an opportunity of a wholly different kind suddenly was presented to him. President Theodore Roosevelt had just appointed Henry L. Stimson United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, with orders to do some heavy "trust-busting." Stimson, looking for able young lawyers who would accept a small government salary, applied to Harvard. He heard about Frankfurter and offered him the job of Assistant United States Attorney. Frankfurter wrote to Dean Ames asking his advice, and the Dean answered



"Where will I find those thirty-three-cent percale pillow cases?"

at great length in a letter which argued, in legalistic fashion, all the pros and cons of the question but left the decision to Frankfurter. At Harvard, Frankfurter had acquired this same habit of looking at both sides of every question, and when he got the Dean's letter he put on his hat and argued with himself while he walked around the block a couple of times. Then he accepted Mr. Stimson's offer.

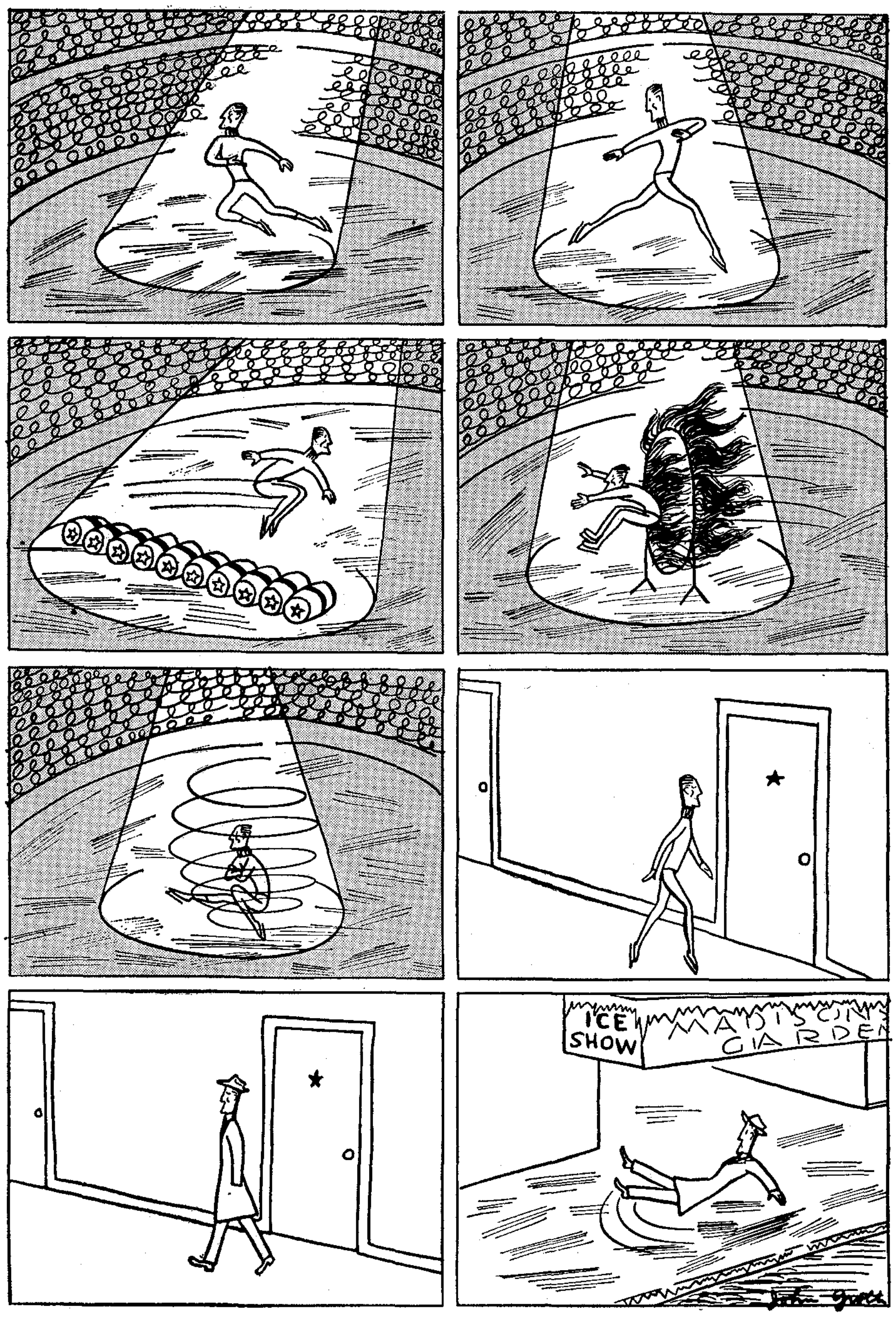
STIMSON was typical of the young men of talent and wealth whom the Rough Rider was calling to his service in his crusades against the financial dragons. Frankfurter worked ardently for the government and for Stimson, whom he soon began to idolize. "Stimson demanded something like perfection of his assistants," he told his students in later years. Soon the New York Central Railroad was being called for granting unlawful rebates on freight charges. Officials of the American Sugar Refining Company were also called for defrauding the Treasury through the use of false weighing machines operated by corrupt custom-house officers. Usually it was Frankfurter who turned up most uncannily with all the facts about the adversary.

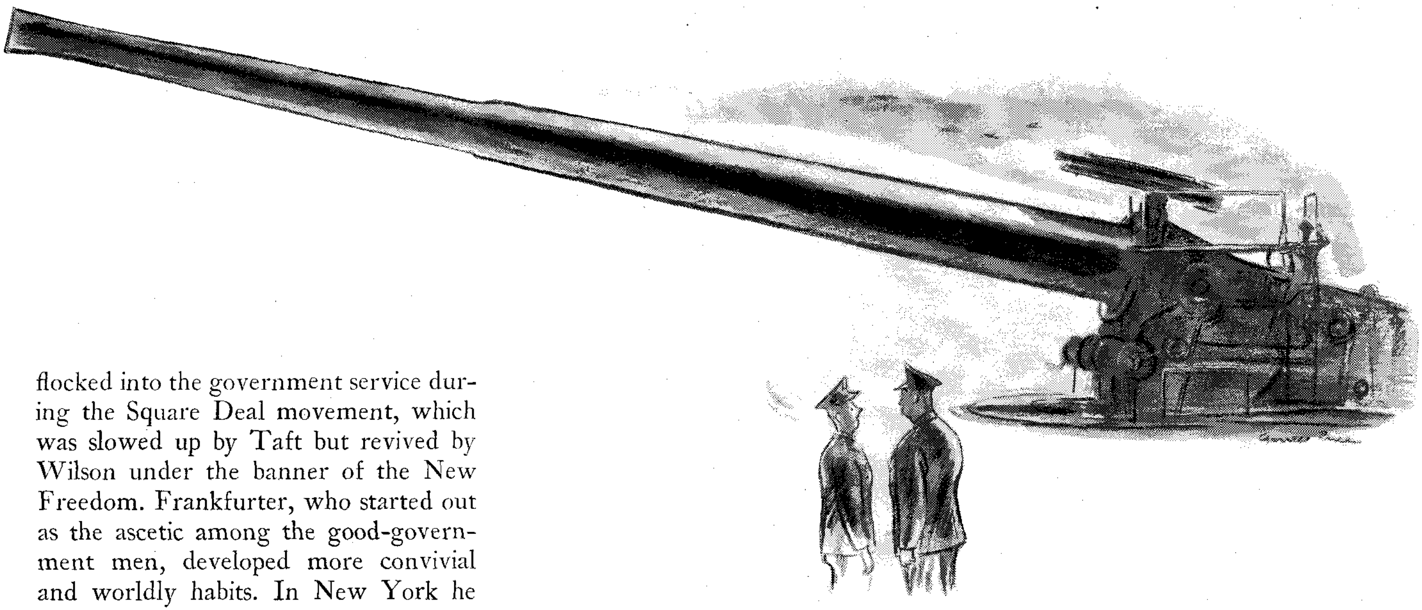
Among the cases Stimson and Frankfurter handled was the prosecution of Charles W. Morse, one of the smaller robber barons of the time. In the panic of 1907, the Bank of North America, controlled by Morse, failed and Morse was indicted for embezzlement. Morse hired a staff of eminent lawyers. Frankfurter had quickly become accustomed to facing imposing, elderly barristers in court, and in this case he had a chance to vanquish the most powerful and resourceful counsel he had yet encountered. Included among them this time was another young Harvard Law School man, whose record had been almost as impressive as Frankfurter's—his friend Sam Rosensohn. Despite the most elaborate technical stratagems employed by the defence, the government side accomplished a rare feat—the conviction and sentencing of a wealthy financial operator to fifteen years in jail.

Stimson took Frankfurter to the White House to meet Roosevelt, who was told all about the prodigy. Frankfurter was elated, and thereafter looked upon T.R. as one of his heroes. He said to the Senate committee examining his qualifications for the Supreme Court bench in 1939 that Stimson inculcated in him "a high and fastidious sense of the law" and Roosevelt "inspired a sense of civic service within me, as he did within so many other young men."

When Mr. Stimson, in 1911, was appointed Secretary of War by President Taft, he took Frankfurter with him as law officer for the Bureau of Insular Affairs. From 1911 to 1919, Frankfurter was employed in various administrative and legal posts in the "minor Cabinet" except for one interruption of a couple of years on the Harvard faculty. In the War Department he was really a handyman and trouble-shooter for Stimson; among other things, he worked in the Judge Advocate's division, and also put in some time on the conservation of water-power sites for the War Department, work that foreshadowed the TVA of later years. He was the same sort of handyman in wartime, when Secretary of War Newton D. Baker called him in as a special assistant. Presidents and assistant Presidents found him a thorough technician of the law; they liked to let him ponder their problems. In 1917 and 1918, the problems had to do principally with labor difficulties, which were hampering the output of war supplies. Frankfurter was made a special assistant to the Secretary of Labor, then a member of President Wilson's Mediation Board, then chairman of the War Labor Policies Board. He later accompanied Wilson to the Peace Conference of Versailles as a legal aide.

FROM the start, Frankfurter was one of the leading figures among the many cultured young reformers who





"Well, to be frank, sir, I've had no actual experience with these things, but I've picked up a few pointers from the newsreels."

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flocked into the government service during the Square Deal movement, which was slowed up by Taft but revived by Wilson under the banner of the New Freedom. Frankfurter, who started out as the ascetic among the good-government men, developed more convivial and worldly habits. In New York he would sometimes do his high thinking on national problems at night, along Broadway, at Mouquin's, Rector's, or Keen's Chop House. In Washington he shared an old, ramshackle house on Nineteenth Street with Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of the Indian Bureau under Taft; Loring C. Christie, who later became legal adviser to a Canadian Prime Minister; and Lord Eustace Percy, a young secretary at the British Embassy, afterward a member of the Baldwin Cabinet. At the Nineteenth Street bachelor quarters, the discussion of human affairs and national politics never stopped. Much of the talk was legal, much of it idealistic. The luncheons and dinners there were attended by judges, intellectuals, and senators. Frankfurter and his friends set themselves up as improvers of mankind. Justice Holmes named Frankfurter's bachelor lodgings the House of Truth.

Soon Frankfurter's group, always making savage fun of bad legislation and brightly praising good legislation, got the reputation of being a "cabal" and began to receive some attention in Washington. Even in those days, Frankfurter enjoyed casting his spell over people, instinctively pulling them together and moving them around like puppets at carefully planned gatherings. His purpose was never mundane—as even some of the guests now grown old, rich, and conservative remember—but devoted to hastening what Frankfurter called the "dawning era of social and industrial justice." In the early years of the *New Republic,* of which Frankfurter was one of the original stockholders, a dinner was given by the editors for Louis Brandeis, and two dozen noted members of the bar, the government, and the press were invited. One after-dinner speaker rose and said, "I wonder how many present have met each other through Felix?" Sixteen out of the twenty-four raised their hands.

Frankfurter never forgot his purpose. When, for example, he met Theodore Roosevelt, he saw in him not merely a political celebrity but a national "asset," a source of "national leadership and inspiration." He told him as much in a letter several years later, adding warningly, "I do not want to see that asset made ill use of." In 1912, Frankfurter wrote a memorandum of an original scheme for a reform organization. The plan was to band together a small group of brilliant and influential legal men who would thresh out legislative proposals and publicly advocate sound ideas. Thus they would help to lead opinion in the right direction and to "evolve a social system" or become "an important element in one." Brandeis told Frankfurter he was skeptical about the scheme, holding that the small group might get too far ahead of the common people. Brandeis thought that the main hope of busting the trusts, of political progress and justice for the little American—which was what both he and Frankfurter were working for—lay in the gradual education of the masses to take a more active share in all the plans for improvement.

In 1917 and 1918, through the Mediation Commission and the War Labor Policies Board, Frankfurter tried to put into practice his liberal ideas of industrial justice and the partnership of capital and labor. At President Wilson's request, he and some associates went to San Francisco to investigate the trial of Tom Mooney. In January, 1918, Frankfurter's report, which condemned the trial of Mooney as a miscarriage of justice, was issued, fully endorsed by Wilson; this was twenty-one years before Mooney left prison. On his way to the Coast, Frankfurter had also studied a recent event in Bisbee, Arizona—the wholesale evacuation of a city of copper miners and their families by police and vigilantes. He wrote a report on this affair, condemning the local authorities. This brought down upon him the anger of his hero Theodore Roosevelt, who compared him to "Trotsky and the other Bolsheviki" for "excusing men . . . who are murderers and encouragers of murder."

Frankfurter had long hoped that Roosevelt would eventually abandon his halfway policies and become a real progressive. Even when Roosevelt was criticized in the press as a man who at times told something less than the truth, Frankfurter used to say, "You must always remember that T.R.'s sincerity is of a contemporary nature." But now Frankfurter was forced to make a definite break with the Rough Rider. He began to feel that politics was an unrewarding trade and public officeholding a most imperfect way to advance his ideals. As long as he was content to remain a stable companion of political leaders, he was confined to administrative work that seemed to lead nowhere and might end at any moment. In 1914, he wrote a friend that he saw little

"You'd love this part."

future for himself at Washington and must find some other way of moving toward his chosen objective. At this time he had two great friends, both of whom stood outside and above practical politics—Holmes and Brandeis. Holmes, though a sharp-witted humorist and a lover of good living, was also one of the deepest of American legal scholars and did much to take the mystery out of constitutional law and point the way—by his solitary dissenting opinions—toward a liberal Court. Brandeis was known, before his appointment to the Court, as "the people's lawyer," eternally fighting public cases on behalf of consumer and coöperative organizations, small investors, or labor, without fees. Soon Brandeis had the help of Frankfurter, whom he described as being "so intelligent that he was a power for the right." Brandeis told Frankfurter that he might do great work in the academic field. It was through Brandeis, an influential alumnus of the Harvard Law School, that an offer of a professorship there was made to Frankfurter early in 1914; he accepted it in delighted surprise. A few years later a permanent endowment was provided by James Byrne—the Harvard man who had given Frankfurter his first job as a law clerk—for the Byrne Professorship of Administrative Law, whose chair Felix Frankfurter held for almost a quarter of a century. His work was to be the study and teaching of an increasingly important phase of law—government regulation of private business, a field in which he had already had much first-hand experience. At Harvard, he felt he had found his place at last. He interrupted his stay in Cambridge briefly in 1917 to volunteer his services to the government for the duration of the war. While he was in Washington in 1918, he met a very pretty and very intelligent newspaper reporter named Marion Denman. She was of old Yankee lineage, the daughter of a Congregational minister of Longmeadow, Massachusetts. They were married in 1919. Frankfurter resigned from the government service, and he and his bride returned to Cambridge.

LIFE in Cambridge ran smoothly; he enjoyed good food, a little in the Viennese style, and domestic comforts. He liked the decorous, ceremonial side of life—lunches at clubs, parties in Back Bay. Among his friends were liberal capitalists like the late E. A. Filene and enlightened social leaders like Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans.

In interests and tastes he was an Anglophile, and he especially admired English legal manners. This was the effect of a trip to England before the World War, during which he visited Oxford and fell hard for it. "Why don't you have as good manners as the English do?" his students sometimes heard him exclaim. "Why don't you write me a letter for an appointment instead of bursting in my door when I'm busy?" Many years later, in 1933 and 1934, he was a visiting professor at Oxford, and formed close friendships with English jurists like Sir William Holdsworth and politicians like Lord Lothian.

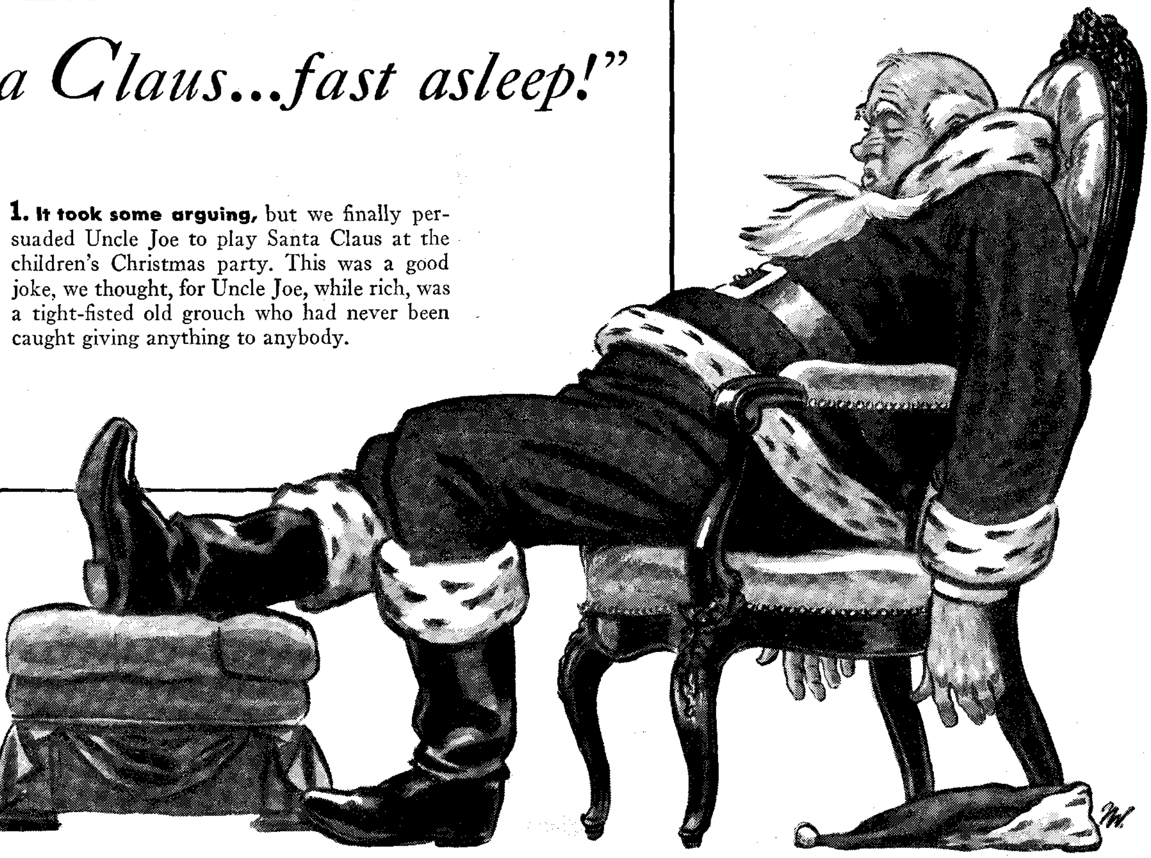
The Frankfurters lived for twenty years in a plain, roomy house on Brattle Street. They rented it at a high price during the boom of 1919 and never bothered to ask to have the rent reduced. The place was filled with books; at times it also brimmed over with friends and favorite pupils. Frankfurter received several raises from the university until his salary reached $12,000, almost the top for a professor. He and his wife, having no children, lived comfortably and were content to remain as they were. Unlike many professors, he refused to take outside cases, holding that a man who taught law should not practice law for money. However, he could not long reconcile himself to being a mere educator and scholar. Outside the classroom he kept himself immensely busy arguing or advising upon public cases without taking a fee. These were of two types—appellate work on behalf of labor legislation and social welfare, and civil-liberties cases.

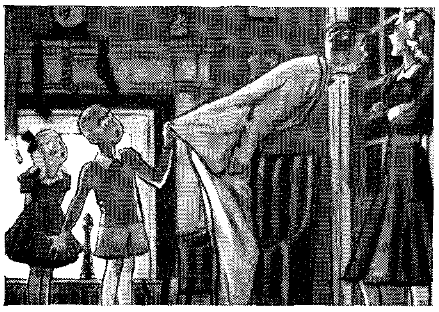
For several years, since 1914, he had been collaborating intermittently with Brandeis in securing legal sanction before the Supreme Court for state minimum-hours laws which had been challenged in the courts. The main job was to win, step by step, the right to enforce labor and social-welfare laws, which had not been adequately established under the Constitution. Brandeis did the pioneering, but the whole liberal school of American jurists, including Holmes, Judge Learned Hand, Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, and Frankfurter, helped actively in the long campaign.

Frankfurter argued a dozen cases before the Supreme Court, of which he lost only two. In addition, he always rushed into action when a possible legal injustice to some underdog or some weak minority came to his attention. He was a charter member of the American Civil Liberties Union. The long list of the civil-rights cases he argued, or on which he gave advice, includes the Scopes case in Dayton, Tennessee; the case of the silk strikers in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1926; and the case of H. L. Mencken, whose magazine, the *American Mercury*, was suppressed by the Watch and Ward Society

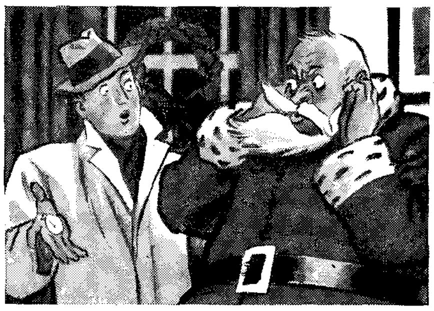
"And there sat Santa Claus...fast asleep!"

1. It took some arguing, but we finally persuaded Uncle Joe to play Santa Claus at the children's Christmas party. This was a good joke, we thought, for Uncle Joe, while rich, was a tight-fisted old grouch who had never been caught giving anything to anybody.





2. We got him a Santa Claus suit and gave him the children's toys. He promised to show up at our house around 8 o'clock Christmas Eve. Came 8 o'clock, and no sign of Santa Claus. Came 8:30, and still no Santa Claus!



3. I hustled around to Uncle Joe's and found him sound asleep in a chair. When I shook him awake, he was all apologies. "Drank coffee at dinner last night," he explained, adjusting his false whiskers. "Didn't sleep a wink!"

4. "Tired and sleepy all day!" he grumbled. "Finally went to sleep in my chair. Shouldn't touch coffee, but often I can't resist!" "Try Sanka Coffee," I urged. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!"

5. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" "They ought to know!" said Uncle Joe. "I'll try it!"

6. After his Santa Claus act, we served him Sanka Coffee. "Delicious!" said Uncle Joe. "Hope I sleep!" Of course, he *did*...and Christmas Day he bounced in, yelling "Merry Christmas!", and handing out checks that made him a *real* Santa Claus!

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in Boston and who was arrested for selling his magazine in the streets there.

In civil-rights cases, or as lawyer for social workers, Frankfurter invariably acted with a circumspection, a cautious indirection, that sometimes exasperated the romantic type of trial lawyer, such as the late Clarence Darrow and the late Frank P. Walsh. Neither Harvard nor his conservative friends minded his exertions, for he always made it clear that he acted out of a jealousy for the honor of judicial institutions, which protected the rich as well as the poor.

On April 15, 1920, on the main street of South Braintree, Massachusetts, a paymaster and a payroll guard were held up and killed by bandits, who made off in an automobile with $15,776.51 in cash. Three weeks later, police from the neighboring town of Bridgewater picked up two Italian anarchists. They were Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who were charged with the Braintree murder, tried, and found guilty in July, 1921. At first, Frankfurter, like other respectable Bostonians, thought little about the case.

For more than five years the two men were saved from the electric chair by the sporadic efforts of Italian organizations, radical sympathizers, and labor elements. In 1925, a group of Boston liberals joined with the radical and Italian groups who had formed the Sacco-Vanzetti Defence Committee in 1920 in order to raise a large fund to fight the case more energetically than ever. One appeal to the Massachusetts Supreme Court had been denied; then, in October, 1926, at another hearing before the original trial judge, Webster Thayer, the defendants were denied a second trial. Thayer wrote an opinion of twenty-five thousand words, rejecting a mass of new evidence. The opinion and the record of the trial itself convinced Frankfurter that this was one of the most glaring cases of a prejudiced trial in American history. It was an exceedingly unpleasant case, this affair of two admitted anarchists, and the business of bringing the Massachusetts judiciary to reverse itself would also be unpleasant. Yet Frankfurter, sticking his neck out to the limit, decided to tackle it.

A second and last appeal to the State Supreme Court was taken, and Frankfurter, turning himself into a Zola, worked continuously to write his appeal to public opinion. It was a long report and analysis, called "The Portentous Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," and it was published as the leading article in the March, 1927, issue of the *Atlantic*

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Monthly. Although written in a dispassionate tone, it managed to be intensely dramatic; Frankfurter summed up the trial as being honeycombed with error and judicial prejudice and "a farrago of misquotations, misrepresentations, suppressions, and mutilations."

Frankfurter's "J'Accuse" was quoted in the press throughout the country and aroused a storm in Boston. Other members of the Harvard faculty, as well as business and political leaders, rushed to defend the honor of Massachusetts justice. On the other hand, many poets, lawyers, philanthropists, and radicals hastened to the rescue of Sacco and Vanzetti. In Buenos Aires, Bogotá, and Paris, crowds demonstrated and bombs were thrown at the American consulates. In Boston, families were divided. Harvard fell to loud quarrelling over the "Frankfurter case" and old friends of Frankfurter would leave a room or restaurant when he came bustling in.

Frankfurter, now the legal strategist of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defence Committee, went to work with immense energy. His Back Bay friends were sent forth to raise funds for the defence; America's prominent citizens were called to lend their names to the cause. He himself persuaded Walter Lippmann to write a trenchant plea for Sacco and Vanzetti in the New York *World*. Frankfurter also won over the Boston *Herald*. Meanwhile, the mass meetings which the Communists had staged on Boston Common vexed him. "The only way to exercise influence," he would say to members of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defence Committee, "is through the people who have it. Those people out there don't have it." Commenting on Frankfurter's tactics in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, one of his old friends has since said, caustically, "Felix always believed in the good, cultured people of Massachusetts; he believed that when the Better Element knew the truth they would cause the verdict to be set aside."

The appeal to the State Supreme Court failed, and a sentence of death was passed on the two Italians on April 9, 1927, and a date set for their execution. But Frankfurter and his friends had aroused such a demand for a pardon that Governor Fuller appointed a commission to investigate the case and advise him upon it. It was headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, Frankfurter's highly conservative boss. Soon Frankfurter and his colleagues were convinced, from the manner in which it proceeded to hear witnesses, that Lowell's committee was prejudiced,

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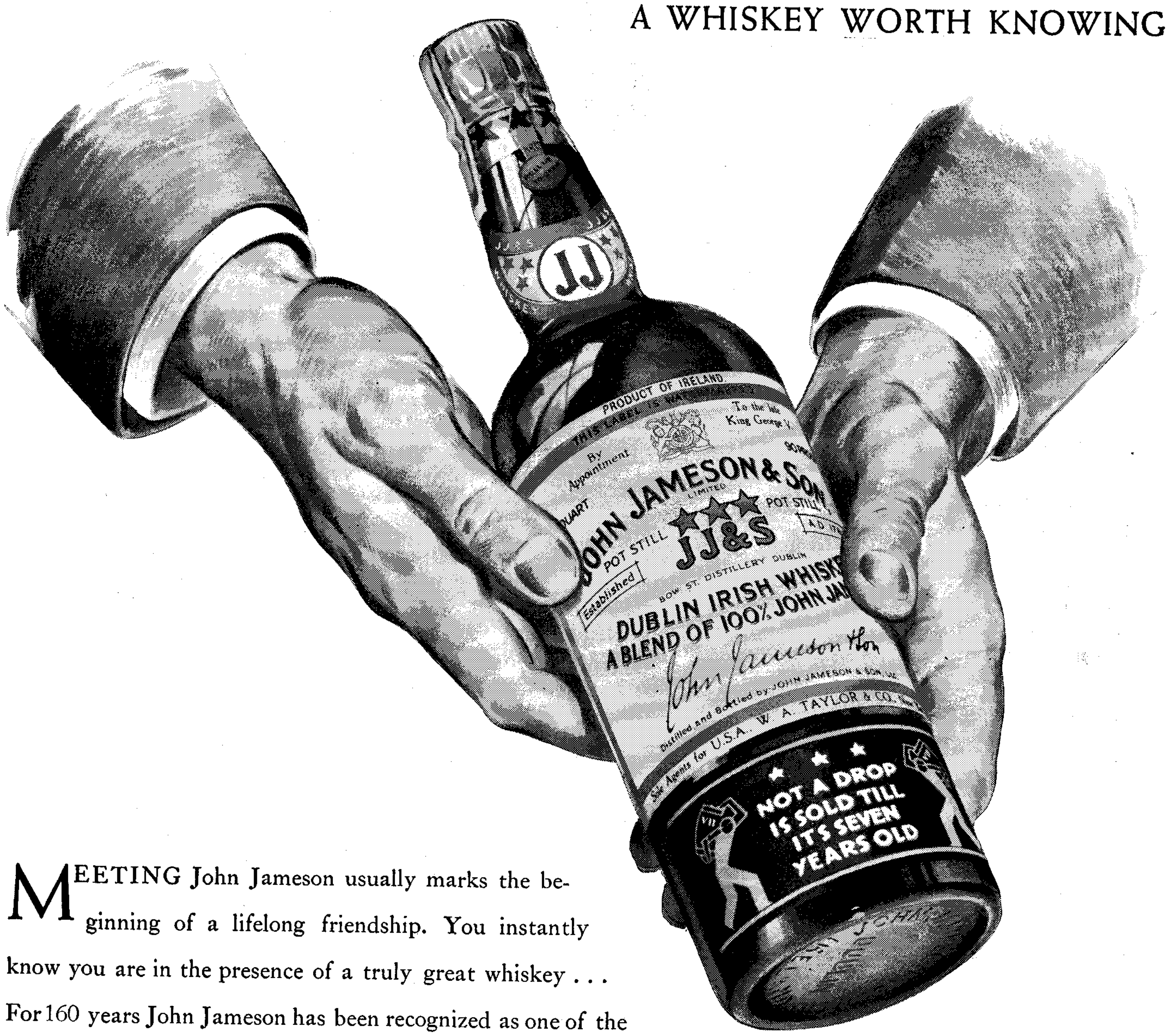
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and that it would be of little help to Sacco and Vanzetti.

Frankfurter merely worked all the harder; now he spent much of his time answering attacks upon himself. Determined efforts were being made to have him expelled from Harvard. Alumni threatened to stop giving funds to the university, and a drive to gather a $1,000,000 endowment for the Law School completely failed. It afterward became a saying around Boston that Frankfurter's article in the *Atlantic* had cost Harvard a cool million. Dean Pound of the Law School, who had stood by Frankfurter, now complained to him that his activities were bad for the exchequer. "Since when is Harvard University an exchequer?" Frankfurter asked. Another friend inquired if he intended to resign, and he answered tartly, "Why should I resign? Let Lowell resign."

During a stay of execution lasting twelve days, which the Governor granted the prisoners, Boston was feverish. The streets approaching Charlestown Prison were heavily guarded, as was the State House. In an office across the Common from the State House which Frankfurter was using as a headquarters, he worked without rest to direct further efforts for the prisoners. At the State House, Governor Fuller sat listening to petitioners. To some of those who came with fresh arguments, he said, "Oh, I suppose you got that from Professor Frankfurter." Around midnight on August 22, 1927, the hour set for the executions, Frankfurter and his wife—who had helped him on the case and waited with him in his office for news of Fuller's decision—were worn out by overwork and suspense. Unable to sit still, they set to walking aimlessly about the dark streets of Beacon Hill, accompanied by a friend. Suddenly a radio blared, "Sacco gone, Vanzetti going!" Mrs. Frankfurter collapsed and would have fallen to the pavement if the two men had not caught her. Frankfurter was very pale but said nothing. He has seldom spoken of Sacco and Vanzetti since; whenever he does, he says they were murdered.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the second of three articles on Justice Frankfurter. The third will appear next week.*)

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Utica Daily Press*]

Mrs. G. A. Palmros, Mappa Hall, Barneveld, has been spending a few days between Ithaca and Syracuse.

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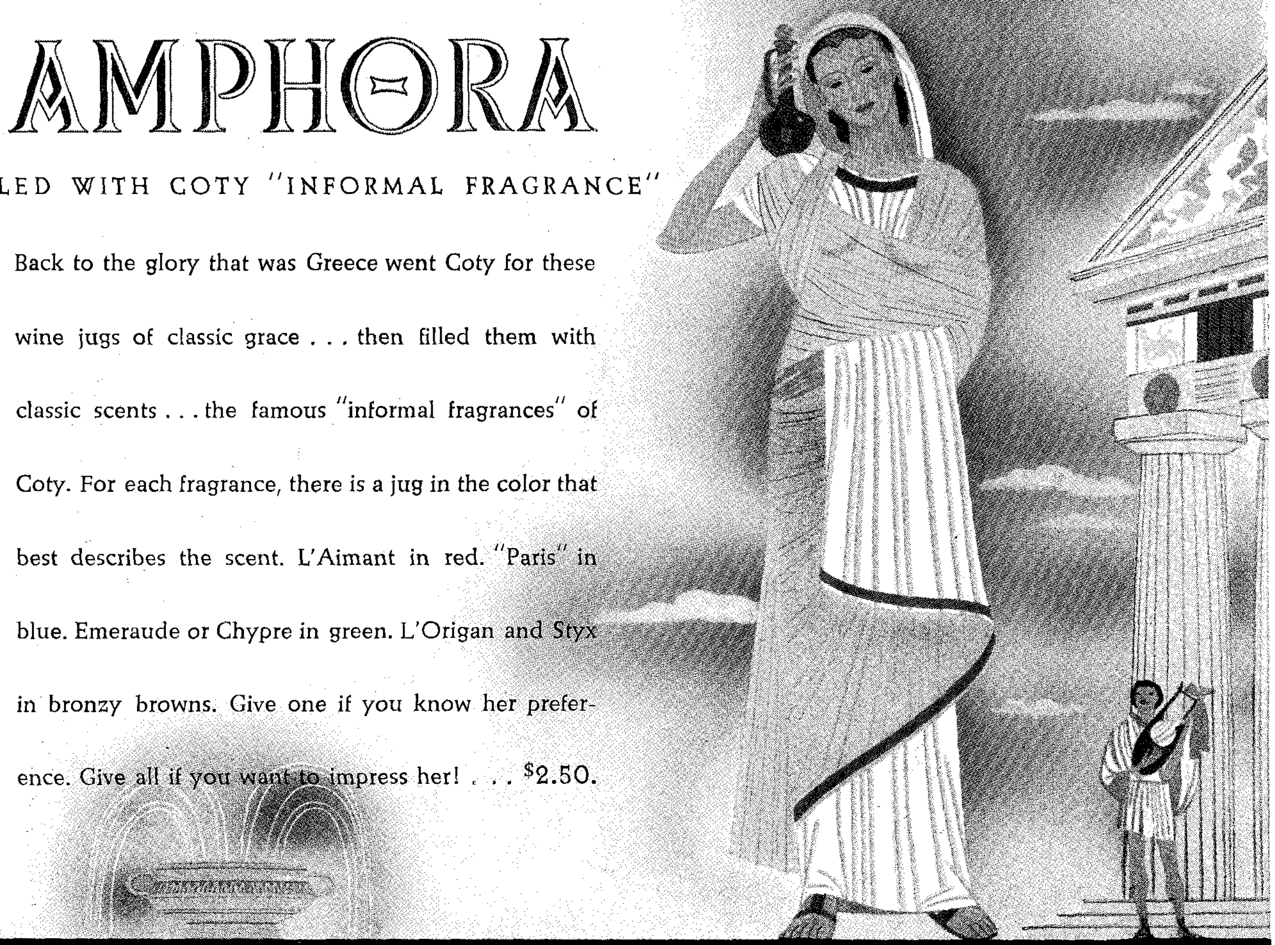

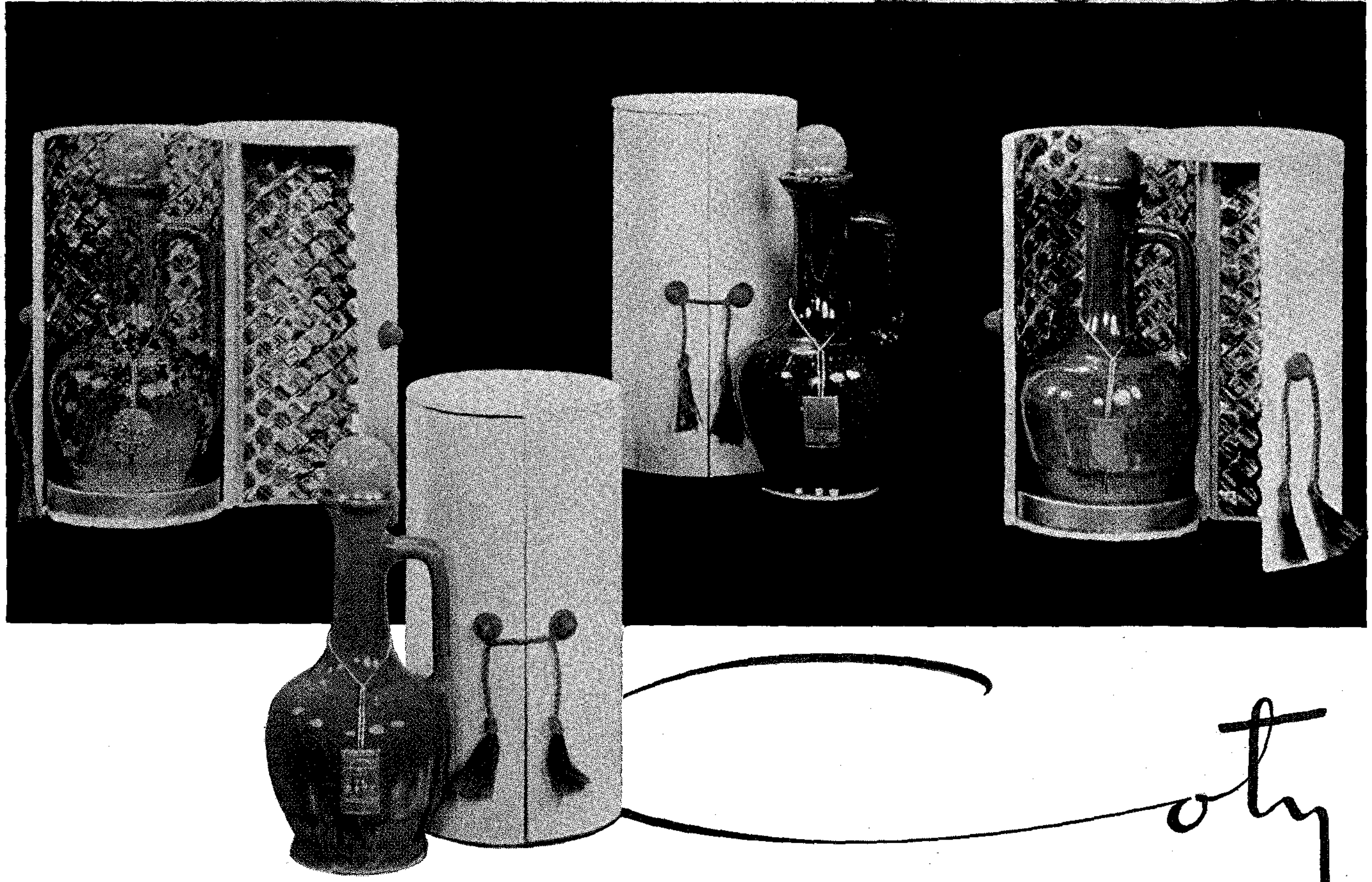

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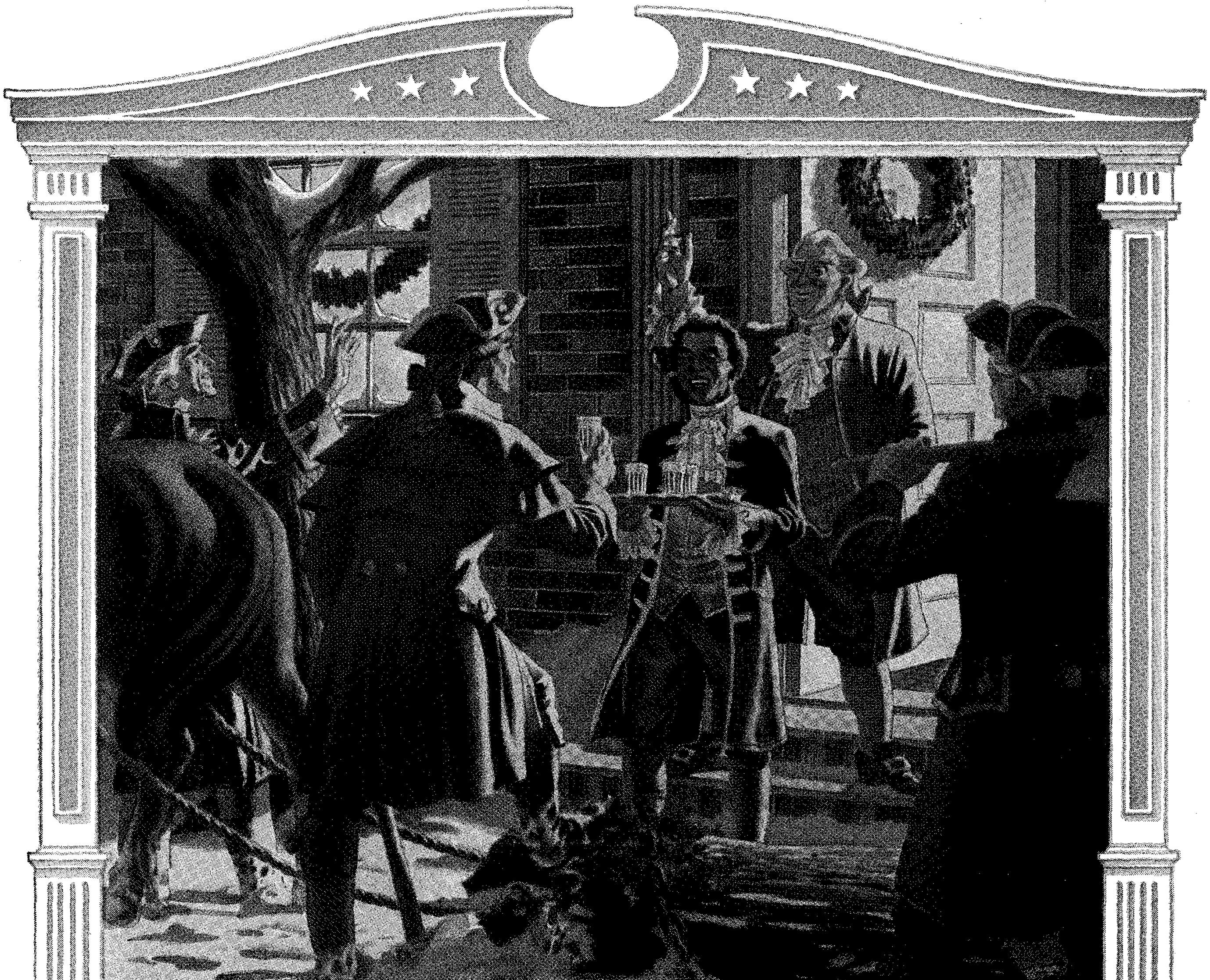

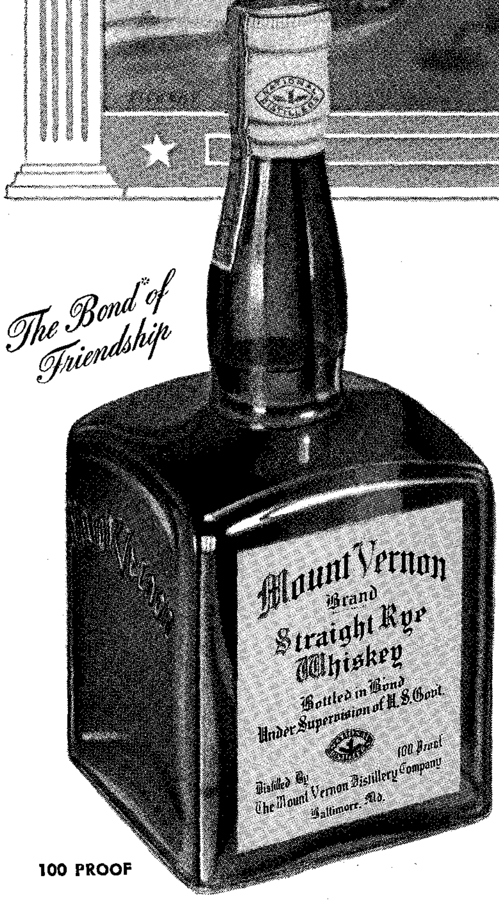
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THE THEATRE

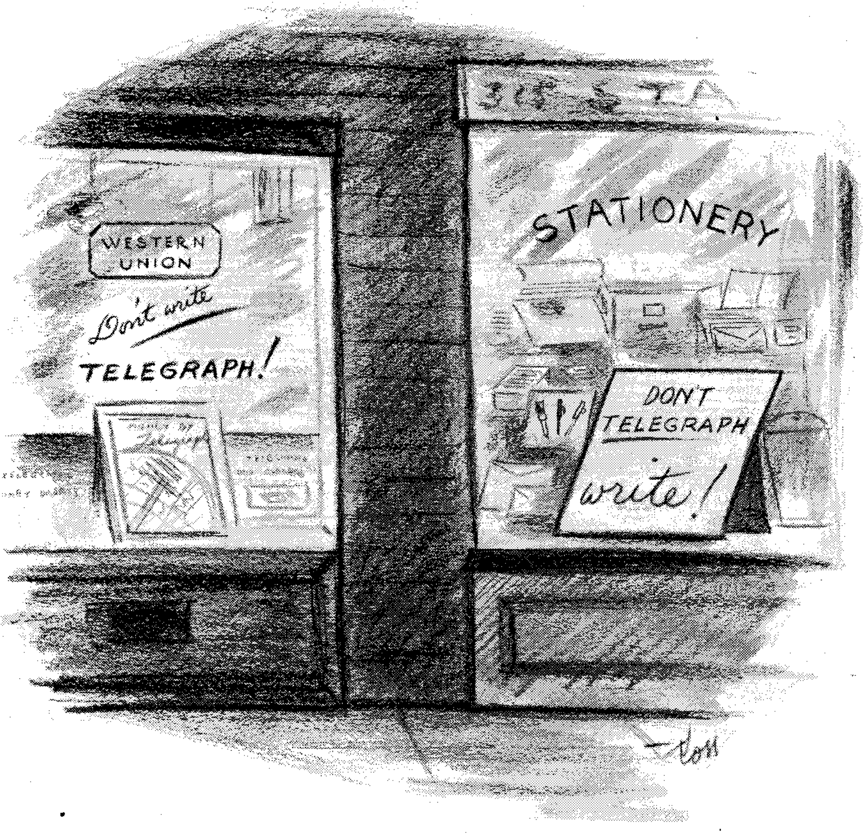
MINORITY REPORT

SO many critical hosannas have gone up about "The Corn Is Green," with Miss Ethel Barrymore, that I am embarrassed to say that it didn't seem to me a flawless drama, or even an especially important one. In this almost solitary dissenting opinion, the play at the National is earnest, worthy, handsomely acted and directed, and more than a little old-fashioned. The fact that it looked wonderful to so many people may easily be a comment on a terrible season in general rather than a tribute to one play in particular. Compared with the recent Hollywood cycle, "Horse Fever," and one or two other exhibits whose names I forget, any performance in which the characters behave like endurable human beings is a relief and a blessing, but I can't believe that it is automatically a work of genius.

According to one of those mysterious Broadway rumors, Emlyn Williams, the author, went back to his own past for the framework of his story, though not necessarily, of course, for any of the details. It deals, as you have probably been told much too often, with a middle-aged woman of a literary and philanthropic disposition who tutors a young Welsh miner so efficiently and relentlessly that within three years he is able to win a scholarship at Oxford, although still inclined to spell "water" with two "t"s. She has, I am glad to say, no improper designs on her pupil; she merely wants to turn him at first into a great writer, like Tennyson, and then, abandoning this trifling project, into the savior of the working class. In the course of this campaign, she is subjected to a good many annoyances. There is a Tory mine-owner who sees no reason for shipping artistic miners off to college—"Why can't he be just as clever at home?" he asks callously—and there is a local girl called Bessie Watty whom the hero seduces, largely as a protest against having his grammar corrected every time he opens his mouth. Bessie, of course, has a baby (someday a play will be written in which the girl does not have a baby under these circumstances, but it will not be in my time or yours) and naturally this presents something of a dilemma, since the faculty at Oxford appears to have a prejudice against enrolling the parents of illegitimate children. Well, Miss Barrymore and various other members of the cast get their heads together and Bessie is more or less sidetracked, thus permitting the young man to go to college, where, I'm sure, his reminiscences brightened many a dull evening in the Common Room.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Williams' sincerity, not to mention his mastery of the soft and lovely Welsh dialect, but I wasn't really altogether happy at his play. It always seemed much too easy, to employ a phrase I learned at my grandmother's knee, to guess which way the cat was going to jump. Nothing, on the other hand, can possibly be said against the performance given by Ethel Barrymore, who makes a serene, humorous, dignified, and very moving woman out of a character who might easily have seemed an exasperating old busybody. I have no idea how this was done, but it was. Incidentally, I had never hoped to see Miss Barrymore in a gent's straw hat, pushing a bicycle, and it is an experience I shall always cherish. On the whole, I thought the others caught at least a part of their star's remarkable vitality. I admired especially Richard Waring, as the young miner hopelessly baffled by the subjunctive; Thelma Schnee, as the far too amiable Miss Watty; and Edmond Breon, as the Squire, who was able to enjoy the works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, only because, after all, the fellow had been a gentleman and a student at Cambridge. Herman Shumlin's direction was, as usual, practically perfect.

"FLEDGLING," by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Philip Lewis, contained a mercy killing, a certain amount of adultery, some theological debate, and a suicide, but remained, I'm sorry to say, a moderately tiresome play. It is possible that the trouble lay in the fact that euthanasia—once before unsuccessfully investigated by Somerset Maugham in something called "The Sacred Flame"—isn't an especially fascinating topic for debate, or it may just be that the work at the Hudson was neither written nor acted with quite enough ability to make acceptable drama. Anyway, it didn't work out, in spite of the most vigorous efforts of Ralph Morgan, John Hoysradt, Tom Powers, Sylvia Weld, and Lora Baxter. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PARIS, GERMANY

Paris is now the capital of limbo. It is a beautiful French city on the banks of the Seine which only Berlin, the capital of Germany, knows all about.

This was to have been remembered as the century of perfected human communications—of swift air-mail letters flying over oceans and lands, of radio stations comfortably crackling sparks of news into the night, of wireless-telephoned headlines presumably announcing that mankind was all well, and of streamlined trains hustling across continents with unimportant postcards. From Poland, from Denmark and Norway, from Holland and Luxembourg and Belgium, there have been few communications in recent months. Johannesburg, South Africa, however, recently reported capturing storks which had just migrated from Holland. Around the birds' legs had been wrapped messages that read, "The German occupation of Holland is hell" and "The Dutch people are dying under injustice." As there are not many storks at any season in France, as French carrier pigeons have been forbidden to fly by the Nazis, and as French postmen may not, under penalty, cross the boundary from the Occupied Zone into the Unoccupied, written communications, even smuggled, have been rarer from Paris and the rest of Occupied France than from any other German-conquered territory. In the autumn of 1940, the French of Nazi France communicate even with each other principally by word of mouth. With the rest of the world, they don't communicate at all.

Information about Paris brought back to America by French refugees, American expatriates, members of volunteer ambulance units, and the like, is also only oral. With their tongues they tell you what they saw and heard with their own eyes and ears, but they have no papers to prove it. The only documentation on Paris today is in Berlin. Still, on three or four particulars, all these informants agree.

First: Anybody who loved Paris and grieves at its plight is fortunate not to see it now, because Paris would seem hateful.

Second: Parisians permit themselves exactly two words to describe their conquerors; Parisians say that the Germans are *corrects* and that they are *emmerdeurs*. This superficial adjective and this scatological substantive, taken together, are probably important historically. By *corrects*, the French mean that physically, militarily, one might almost say socially, the Germans have up to now conducted themselves with disciplined decorum. By the second word (now used as practically political terminology by polite Parisians who never before used such a word for anything), Parisians mean that they find the German mentality, its shape, its principles, its whole Teutonic mentation, boring to a malodorous degree. These two curious words so far represent merely the intellectual periphery of a vocabulary not yet filled in with words for the despair and anguish which some of the conquered French are beginning to feel not with their brains but with their stomachs and hearts.

Third: Owing to the Germans' mania for systematic looting—for collecting and carting away French bed linen, machinery, Gobelin tapestries, surgical instruments, milk, mutton, sweet champagne—the French will have to become a race of liars and cheats in order to survive physically. For example, milk is now sold only for babies, pregnant women, and people over seventy. Parisian housewives stand outside dairy shops for hours with rented babies in their arms, or with pillows stuffed under their apron fronts, or with borrowed grandparents hanging on their shoulders. In the old days, soldiers, Christian or pagan, looted with disorderly enthusiasm—raping, robbing, staggering down roads with booty and with blood on their hands. In the new Aryan looting manner, Nazis ring the French front-door bell while an Army truck waits in the street, and soldiers do the job of fanatical moving men.

Fourth: The German passion for bureaucracy—for written and signed forms, for files, statistics, and lists, and for printed permissions to do this or that, to go here or there, to move about, to work, to exist—is like a steel pen pinning each French individual to a sheet of paper, the way an entomologist pins each specimen insect, past struggling, to his laboratory board. For years, Parisian liberals had suspected that their Republic's increasing tendency toward petty bureaucracy was weakening France. As totalitarians, the Germans seem sure that their bureaucracy, organized on the

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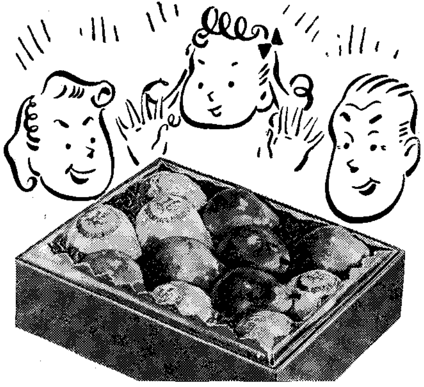

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grand scale, is their strength. Even the suburban fishermen now must have written permission to fish in the Seine, though they haven't caught anything in generations worth writing a line about. As one old fisherman cried, "Soon even French minnows will have to learn to read and write German!"

AT least three conscious psychological attitudes characterize the German treatment of Paris. The first attitude is that of moderation, almost of consideration, toward Parisians, provided such moderation gets a good name for the Germans. Their treatment of the French has the quality of a cruel but polite *opéra bouffe*. With political shrewdness, and out of racial egomania, they want the French to refer to them as *des braves types, tout de même* ("nice fellows, after all"). This cynical moderation is part of a carefully calculated publicity program. By chance, it often slightly benefits the French, but if it doesn't help German publicity more, it's cut short. Or, to quote the French, "The Nazis offer us, let's say, twelve grains of rice and then take away from us eleven potatoes. But if they're not praised by the populace for donating twelve of something small and taking only eleven of something large, they take both the rice and potatoes, which makes the score twenty-three to nothing." The rice and potatoes are purely figurative. Rice is so scarce that it is not given out except on a doctor's certificate, pure starch having already reached pharmacopoeial ranking. As for potatoes, by August the Germans had their soldiers guarding the fields while the potatoes were still in the French ground. The French rarely see potato bugs, which they elegantly call *doryphores*. This summer there was a pest of them, and of German soldiers, whom the French grimly nicknamed after the bugs. "*Ja*," admitted one German soldier, "we're the *doryphores*. We will eat the potatoes and you will eat nothing."

The second psychological attitude of the Nazis is that Parisians must be equalized. There is an effort to reduce the individualistic French to a common level. For example, a French doctor who has been an expensive heart specialist is forced to become a general practitioner at small fees; a lawyer who has been used to pleading only before the highest courts is forced to handle petty litigation. This equalization policy is also applied materialistically. Because German *Hausfrauen* lack bedsheets, since German looms have been working only for the Army, many Paris housewives have been forced to give the Nazis all their sleeping equipment except two pairs of sheets, one blanket, and one mattress for every occupied bed in their homes. If the sheet owner lives in a château and possesses, as one old chatelaine did, sixty pairs of fine yellow linen sheets left from her trousseau, the Germans do not even leave one pair but take them all as punishment for her plutocracy. By this policy of equalization, the Germans hope to unsettle the modest French into hating the clever or rich and into admiring the Nazis for what Nazis call their special sense of social justice.

The third psychological attitude of the conquerors applies only to themselves, but it enormously affects the French. Oddly enough, each local German *Kommandant*, or *chef*, is free to interpret Nazi policy according to his own judgment or temperament. Thus the German *Kommandant* in one Paris *arrondissement* took bedsheets from every house on only one side of the street, whereas another took them from every other house on both sides of the street. Such uncertainties add to the demoralization of the unhappy French. A *Kommandant* in Neuilly expressed his individuality by charging his French mistress's new wardrobe and his florist bill to the *mairie*, which, after a scandalized protest, was forced to pay. On the other hand, the *Kommandant* of a town near Saint-Malo has become noted for his strict honesty and justice toward the French. The *Kommandant* at Fontainebleau, however, has another notion of justice. He punished the mayor for having fled his post of duty when the Germans arrived, forcing him, on his return, to quit his mayoral mansion and live in a furnished room. Because an insouciant little Fontainebleau boy made a *croque à jambe*—stuck his foot out—and tripped a German soldier, all citizens of Fontainebleau are compelled to step into the gutter when a Nazi approaches them on the sidewalk.

In the application of only one of their better-known Nazi psychological devices have the Germans been remiss in Paris. Though addicted, when at home, to book-burning and the destruction

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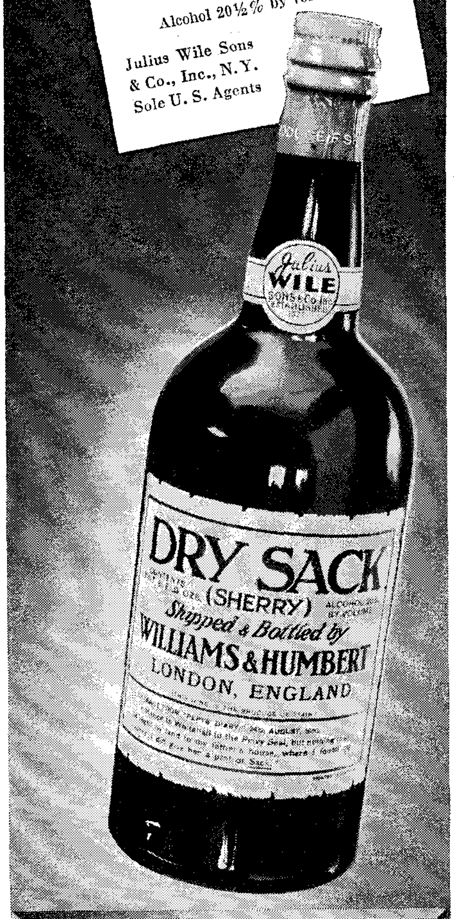


DRY SACK

of criticism in print, not until the last of July, five weeks after they marched into the capital of highly literate France, did the Germans get around to suppressing anti-Nazi books. In all, only one hundred and sixty-two books, including, as a belated addendum, "France and Its Army," by Charles de Gaulle, now of the Free France movement, have been put on the index, though for the five years before the collapse France was fuller of anti-Nazi literature than it was of any other means of self-defence. As for German *Lieder* and other German music, only Germans are permitted to perform them in Paris, since foreigners, the Nazis say, would demean both the racial melodies and the noble language. A stranded American baritone who offered to sing Schumann's "Dichterliebe" at a private concert was informed that he might sing only degenerate music, such as Debussy or Ravel.

BEFORE the German Occupation, Paris was the world's greatest news-publishing and news-reading centre, having eighteen major daily newspapers, one of them, the *Paris-Soir*, with the Continent's largest daily circulation—two and a half million. Only a handful of the papers remain, and all of them function entirely under the German eye and reflect its news squint, though the actual writing of the Paris newspapers is done by French journalists, since a job is still a job. The *Paris-Soir* had the distinction of being the only paper to have its printing plant (which was a new one and considered the best in Europe) actually handed over, with the door keys, to the Germans immediately after they made their entry into Paris. The rich gift was tendered by *Paris-Soir's* Fifth-Column Alsatian elevator man. Prepared for any emergency, however, the Germans had brought to Paris with them several fonts of French type—easily distinguishable from French-manufactured type—which they now use to print their official Paris daily, *Les Dernières Nouvelles*. Under the Germans' solemn efficiency there are, comically enough, two editions of *Le Matin*—a morning *Morning* and an evening *Morning*. The Nazis have also started a labor paper, sternly entitled *La France au Travail*, which is a substitute for the old sitdown-strike backer, the Communist *L'Humanité*. Except when a sort of crazed hunger for news, even false, seizes the Parisians (a new neurasthenic phenomenon which can visit a civilized population strait-jacketed for months, cut off from world communication), most of them refuse to buy the Nazi French papers, because they don't believe the news.

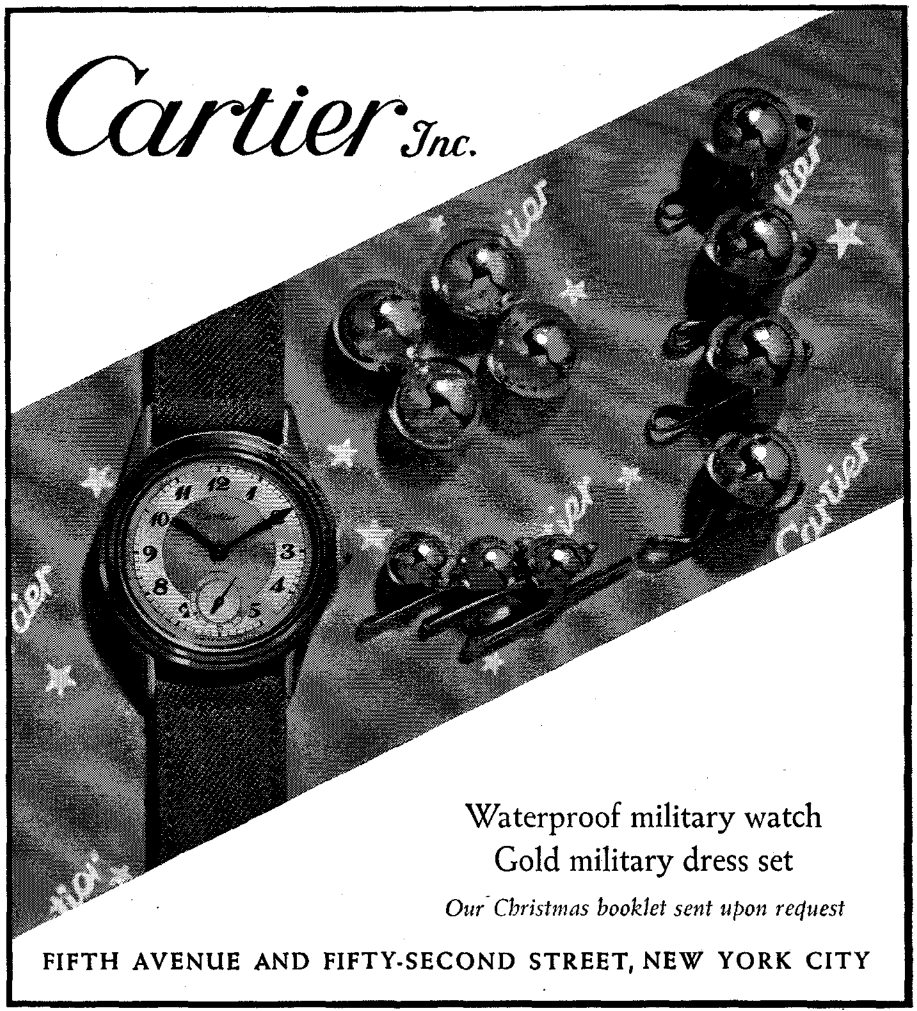
The most blatant of the new Nazi papers is the anti-Semitic, anti-Free Mason weekly *Au Pilori*, which already has acquired a reputation for the obscene cartoons it publishes. It is sold on the street by the young Gardes Françaises, the new French Hitler Jugend, to which all French girls and boys from twelve to fifteen must now belong. The July 26th *Au Pilori* contained an editorial entitled "Egalité," which opened, "The democracies only govern by lies. They've made us swallow that fantastic yarn that one man is as good as another." The policy is against "anonymous and international capitalism," favors the so-called "capital-labor" of National Socialism, demands that the French admit France erred and deserved her fate, and features a "Noblesse de Ghetto" society-chat column which accuses a Prince de Ligne and a Duc de Gramont of having married Rothschilds. In an article headed "No; No Trials!" it argues against letting lawyers fuss to defend the former French leaders at Riom and begs instead for "the good, rapid, direct, ineluctable justice of the street . . . the death of Blum, Daladier, Mandel, Reynaud and Paul-Boncour" by "*lynchage*."

Utterly different, infinitely more delicate as propaganda, is *Signal*, the "*édition spéciale de la Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*." This is a pictorial weekly containing some excellent color photographs and astonishingly dignified text which refers to the French as "the enemy," and which furnishes remarkable documentation on the Battle of Flanders, the March into Paris, the French refugees, and other similar subjects. Photographs show the inefficiency with which "the enemy" blew up its bridges and the skill with which France's enemy reconstructed them within an hour. Photographs also show London jobless in their lying-down-in-the-streets strike of 1938 and London hovels in the East End over the caption, lifted from Lord Halifax, "If Hitler wins, it will be the end of all that makes life worth living." Various editions of *Signal*, printed in Paris in English, French, German, Portuguese, and Spanish, have been put on sale in Lisbon, so that people, many of them leaving Europe forever, can take it with them as a souvenir of what happened in France, according to the Germans, in the summer of 1940.

IN general, a strained air of venality hovers over Paris. The Germans who are there have money in their pockets for the first time in twenty-two years and can buy French luxuries the like of which some of the younger Germans have never laid eyes on since they were born. For centuries, *les élégances de Paris* have been regarded all over Europe as a sort of civilized, fabricated soul of France. This particular soul of France is perforce for sale for German cash. Like termites that have been walled in for years and on a diet, the Germans, since the middle of June, have steadily advanced through the Paris shops, absorbing, munching, consuming lingerie, perfume, bonbons, leather goods, sweet silly novelties—all the chic, charm, and *gourmandise* of Parisian merchandise. In order to save for themselves what little they themselves have allowed to remain in the city's stores and warehouses, the Germans have just decreed that all the big Paris shops and department stores must close from noon till two o'clock, hours in which French employees normally go out for lunch and shopping, but also hours in which the Germans are housed in their garrisons or *Speiselokale*, eating their slowest, largest meal. Under the new ruling, the empty-handed French go back in to work just as the Germans, digesting, come out to buy again.

With their curious capacity for convenient metaphysics, certain of the more educated Germans see in their ability to purchase unlimited French silk stockings the operation of an almost occult law. When recently a Frenchwoman in the Trois Quartiers protested against her being forbidden, in the interest of conservation, to buy more than one pair of stockings when she wanted three, while at the same moment a German officer was buying a dozen pairs to send home to his wife, he explained to her in his puffy French that because French legs had worn silk while Germans had worn only cotton, it was now, as a matter of philosophical justice and moral evolution, the Germans' turn.

In a more vulgar manner, Paris has been frankly presented as the Promised Land to the common soldier lucky enough to be detailed there. Bliss takes queer, violent forms in young people who, through force or fanaticism, have for years been practicing self-denial. Eyewitnesses say that some of the earliest German soldiers in their first free hour in Paris stuffed their mouths with oranges and bananas without taking the skins off and spread butter on their chocolate bars. All one Austrian soldier wanted of Paris was to eat tinned pineapple and to moon over Napoleon's tomb. In the Paris cafés, the German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soldiers still order what was their first favorite series of drinks—a beer, then a coffee, then what they generically call "*liqueur*." When the French *garçon* asks, "*Mais quelle liqueur?*," they simply repeat, uncritically, "*Liqueur*." During an evening they will mix whatever the waiter brings—Chartreuse, Bénédictine, Cointreau—with gluttonous indifference.

The German officers go in wholeheartedly for champagne. It's like a liquid symbol of their conquest of Gay Paree. Having a naïve belief in the Nazi theory that French degeneracy was brought on by high living, they demand and expect champagne wherever they go. As one peasant said, "*Ces cochons*, they come into my cottage and ask me for champagne—I, who have never given myself anything better than a bottle of *mousseux*, even for my son's first Communion."

Whatever the German soldiers buy in Paris, it's really the French who pay for it by footing the staggering occupation bill, which includes the unusually high pay given to Nazi soldiers in Paris. The mark which the Germans print in Paris, expressly for use in France, on presses they brought with them, is used concurrently with the franc in Paris business transactions. In a restaurant, a French diner may hand the waiter a hundred-franc note to pay his bill and have to take two German marks and some French centimes in change. The French marks are cleared through the Banque de France. There are probably about twenty thousand Nazi men in uniform in Paris. No official figure is known. All the French do know is that there are too many. The Nazi soldiers are constantly shifted to prevent fraternization with the French. The ratio of officers to men is unusually high; Germany discovered that even the model Nazi soldiers failed to remain model, in France, if left without strict supervision.

On June 10th, just before the Occupation, a *sous-directeur* of the Hôtel Ritz phoned Minister of the Interior Mandel, saying that he was nervous for Mme. Ritz's sake and hadn't they better close her hotel. Mandel replied that the Germans would not be in Paris before the fourteenth and that if the Ritz closed, the German officers would requisition it as being unused, whereas if it remained open, it would probably get the German *Kommandantur* as paying guests (paying guests at the expense of the French government, as it has since turned out). The staff was warned that those who left would not be taken back and that those who remained would sink or swim together. A number of them left. In a dignified, traditional manner, to fill the vacancies, the elevator men became concierges and the pageboys became elevator men. Olivier, most famous maître d'hôtel of Europe, is believed to be still at his post, because the restaurant service remains impeccable. One old French waiter said that between overwork and anguish he lost ten pounds the first week the Germans were there, but that it was no moment in the history of France to let the Ritz service down, too.

At first the Rue Cambon side of the hotel was closed. Now the long passage between the Cambon and the Place Vendôme wings is shut, but the Cambon side has been opened again, for the use of non-Germans only. The Germans have the exclusive use of the Place Vendôme wing. Before its porte-cochère stand two Nazi soldiers on guard, with a third to signal "Psst!" as a warning to present arms when an officer approaches. The small writing room, to the left on entering, is now a checkroom for rifles and pistols. The old mixed bar is reserved for men only. In the big, formal dining room no one but the *Kommandantur* and guests now dine; the regular officers' mess is in the famous back room, which is shared by the few remaining French patrons, who maintain a wide, empty space, which they consider *de rigueur*, between themselves and the Germans. It is thought bad form for loyal French to recognize the Germans socially when in the Ritz, though the same Frenchmen may have been struggling for better terms with them in their *bureaux* all day. For the first time, the Ritz serves a sixty-franc table-d'hôte dinner; it begins and ends with whipped cream. Caviar, which had been missing since the beginning of the war, came back to the Ritz with the Germans; brioches appear on the breakfast menu on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, but the delicious little *croissants* are no longer there. The French and foreigners who, by habit, continued to live at the Ritz were criticized by their friends for dwelling amid the enemy—until the friends realized the Ritz guests were bringing them a certain amount of unprinted political news. By tradition, the Ritz room keys always hang, when not in use, in the elevators. The sudden absence from their hooks of ten or twenty keys on a single floor meant that a mysterious delegation of somebodies had arrived from somewhere to see the Germans about something—delegations of Spaniards, say, who were

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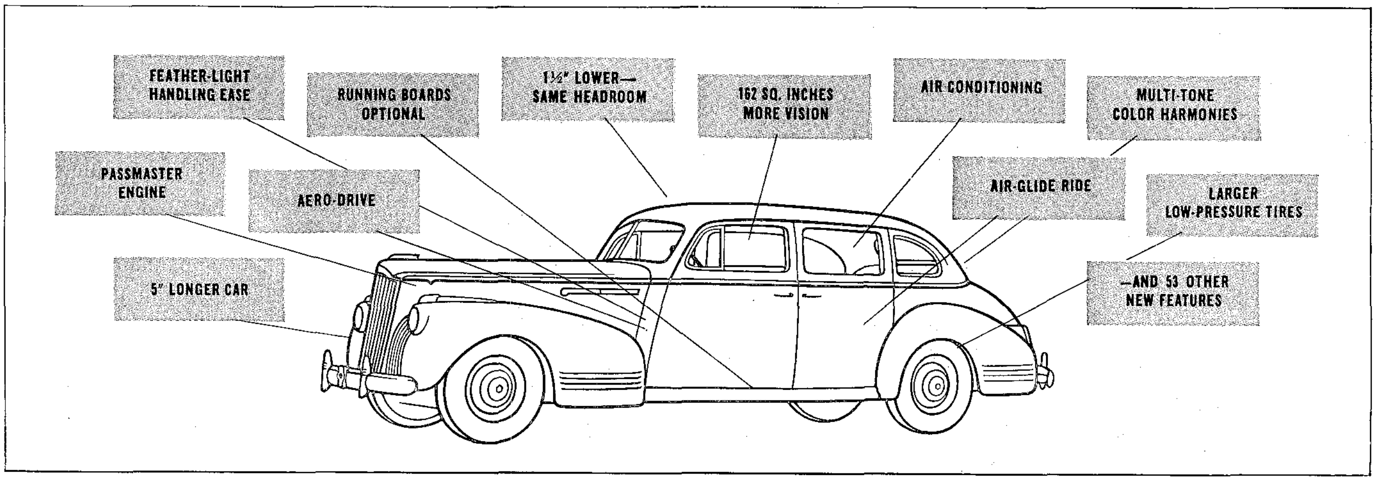
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1½" LOWER— SAME HEADROOM
162 SQ. INCHES MORE VISION
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MULTI-TONE COLOR HARMONIES
PASSMASTER ENGINE
AERO-DRIVE
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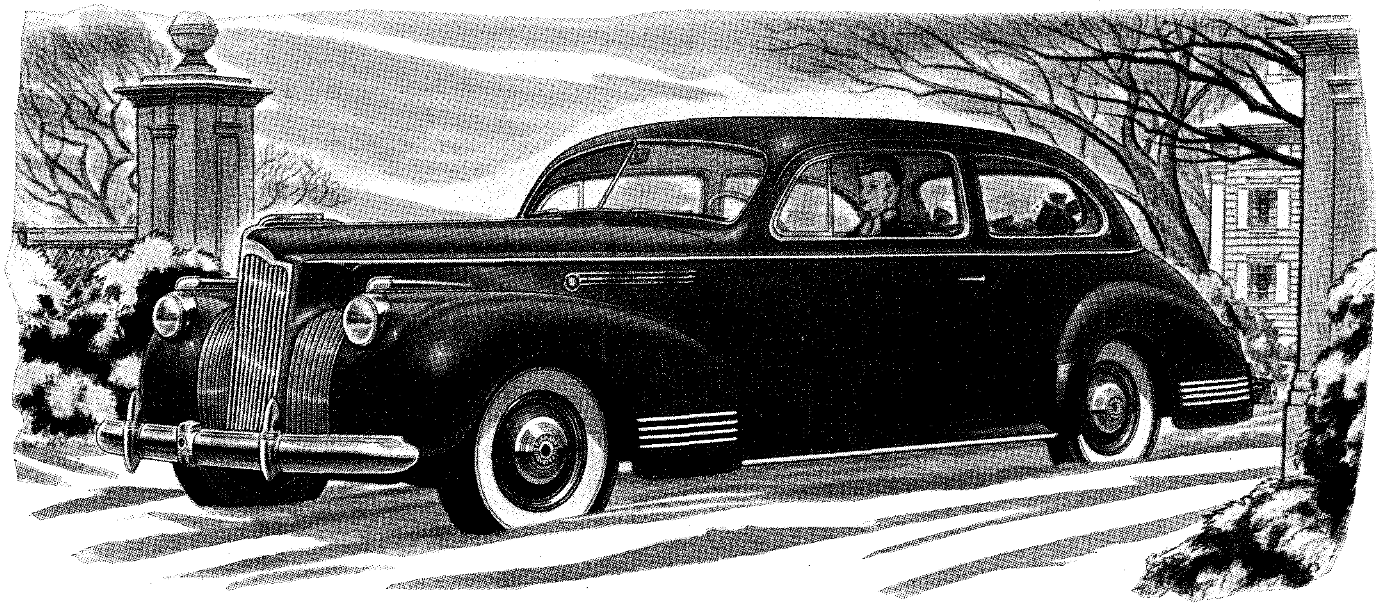
LARGER LOW-PRESSURE TIRES
5" LONGER CAR
—AND 53 OTHER NEW FEATURES

Full of surprises as a Christmas stocking



Illustrated: the new Packard One-Ten Deluxe Family Sedan

NUMBER ONE surprise of the new-car season comes with your first wide-eyed look at this longer . . . lower . . . lovelier . . . infinitely more luxurious Packard! With no less than *64 new features!*

Take the Passmaster Engine—packing all the famous Packard dash and spirit, but now giving you a dividend of *10% greater fuel economy!*

Or take the new Packard 1941 Aero-Drive, which lets your motor loaf even at cruising speeds slowing your engine down 27%...and when you want to pass, automatically cuts in a mountain-climbing gear that *sprints* you by the car ahead. Well worth its extra cost for added pleasure alone, yet it also cuts gas consumption up to 20%!

And for another top-of-the-stocking surprise, there's the Packard Air-Glide Ride—motoring's mellowest. On boulevard or back road, the Packard Safe-T-fleX spring suspension and larger, low-pressure tires iron out the bumps with magic smoothness.

Yes, match the surprising features of this new Packard against the field. Note Air Conditioning—a Packard *first!* Real, mechanically cooled air conditioning, an optional extra cost feature that pays big comfort-dividends the whole year round! Try Tru-course steering... test Packard handling ease . . . feast your eyes on the Multi-tone custom interiors, boasting 261 possible trim combinations (122 of them at no extra cost!)

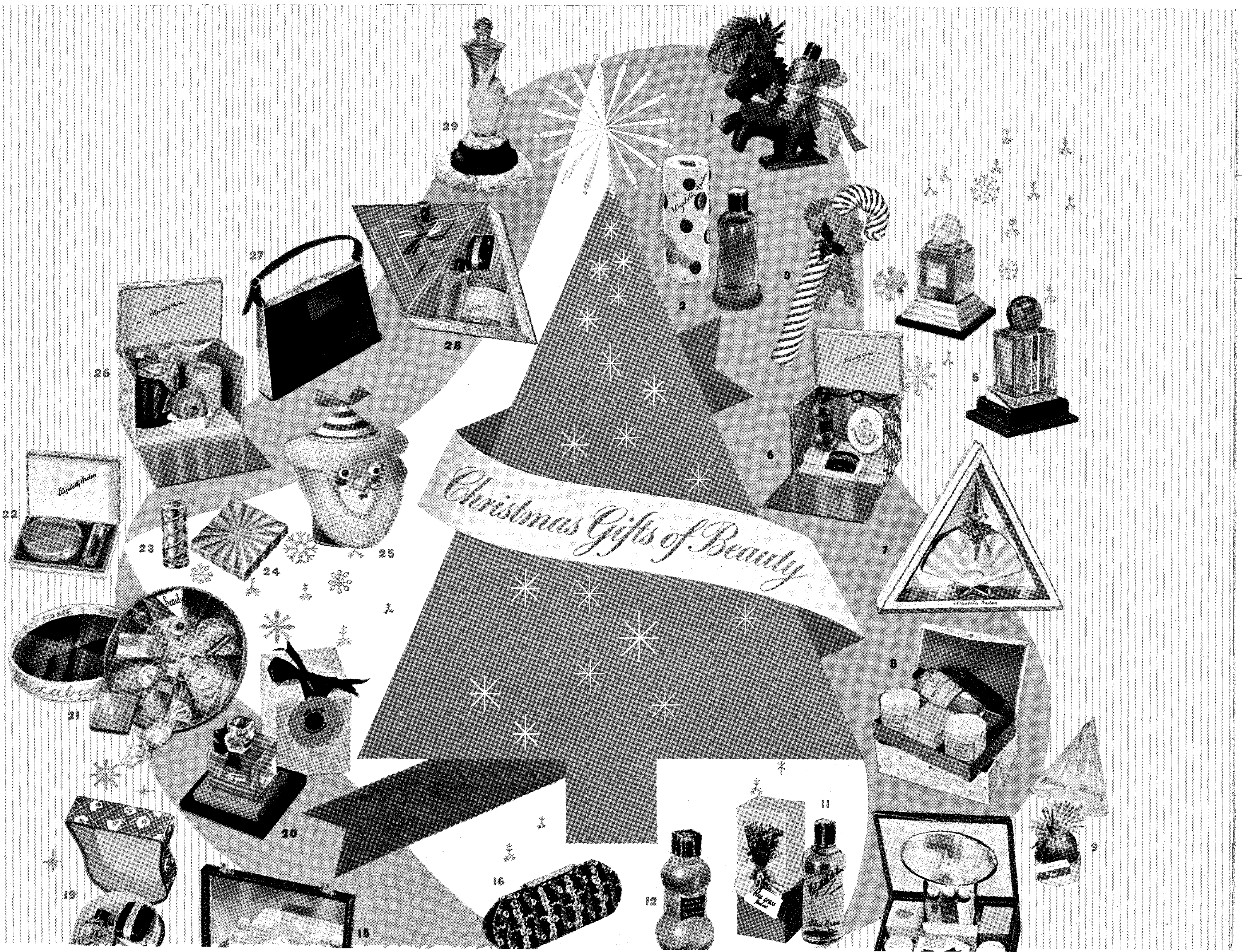
Don't miss a point! And then, find out for yourself how very, *very* economical this stunning surprise-packed Packard is to own. See your Packard dealer now! Ask him for the facts on Packard low upkeep cost—or better yet, *ask the man who owns one.*

Five lines of new cars—40 body styles

$907 to $5550

Delivered in Detroit, State taxes and white sidewall tires extra! *Prices subject to change without notice.*

NEW PACKARD—the Class of '41


Christmas Gifts of Beauty
29
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Elizabeth Arden
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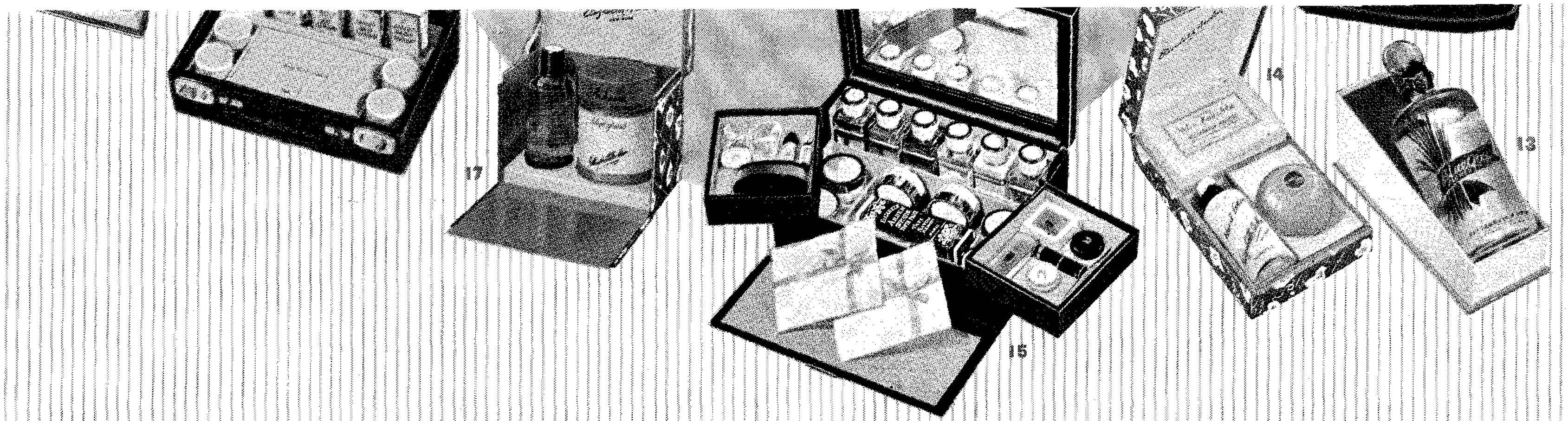
Blue Grass



1. BLUE GRASS GIFT HORSE with Blue Grass Flower Mist. $3.50 **2.** FLOWER MIST PEEK-A-BOO GIFT PACKAGE—Cyclamen or Blue Grass Flower Mist. $1.75 **3.** SURPRISE CANDY CANE holds Blue Grass, Illusion or June Geranium Dusting Powder and a lipstick. $2.50 **4.** NIGHT AND DAY PERFUME. $1.50 to $25.00 **5.** BLUE GRASS PERFUME. $1.25 to $60.00 **6.** BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Eau de Toilette, Dusting Powder, Hand Soap. $10.00 **7.** CYCLAMEN PERFUME. $2.25 to $35.00 **8.** ARDENA GIFT BOX—Essential Preparations. With Velva Cream, $12.75; With Orange Skin Cream, $14.00 **9.** CHRISTMAS BAUBLE holds a dram of Blue Grass Perfume. $2.00 **10.** BEAUTY SATCHEL—Fourteen Elizabeth Arden Make-Up and Beauty Preparations. $7.50 **11.** GIFT-WRAPPED BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST. $1.50 **12.** BLUE GRASS EAU DE TOILETTE. $8.50 **13.** BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST MAGNUM. $8.75 **14.** BATH SET—Hand Lotion, Bath Soap, Bath Mit. $3.00 **15.** FITTED TRAVEL CASE. $67.50 **16.** VELVET BROCADE FITTED EVENING BAG. $27.50 **17.** BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Flower Mist and Dusting Powder. $3.00 **18.** FITTED TRAVEL CASE. $20.00 **19.** BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Flower Mist, Body Sachet, Hand Soap. $6.00 **20.** "COUP D'OEIL" GIFT BOX, "It's You" Perfume. $14.75 and $24.75 **21.** WHEEL OF FORTUNE, filled with Make-Up and Beauty Preparations. $10.00 **22.** OVAL COMPACT AND JUMBO LIPSTICK SET. $6.50. Separately: Compact $5.00, Monogram extra; Lipstick $1.50 **23.** LUCITE LIPSTICK. $1.50 **24.** "SUNBURST" SIFTER COMPACT. $4.00 **25.** SNOWDRIFT SANTA conceals a box of Snowdrift Dusting Powder. $2.00 **26.** JUNE GERANIUM BATH SET—June Geranium Bath Salts, Dusting Powder, Soap. $5.00 **27.** FITTED DAYTIME BAG. $29.50 **28.** TRIANGULAR BATH BOX—Blue Grass Flower Mist, Dusting Powder, Hand Soap. $4.25 **29.** "IT'S YOU" PERFUME. $37.50

Elizabeth Arden

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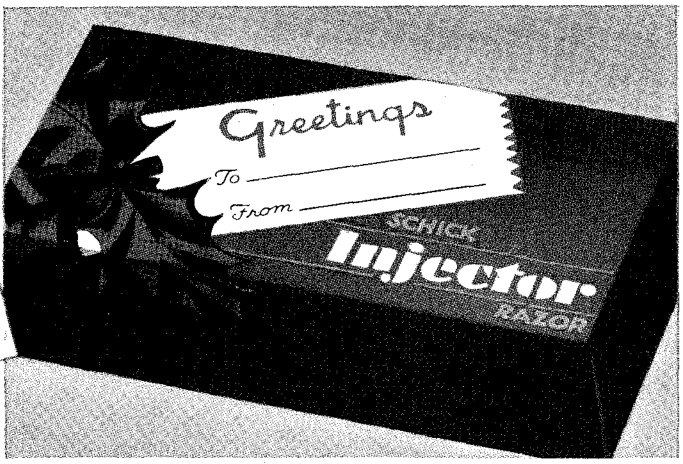
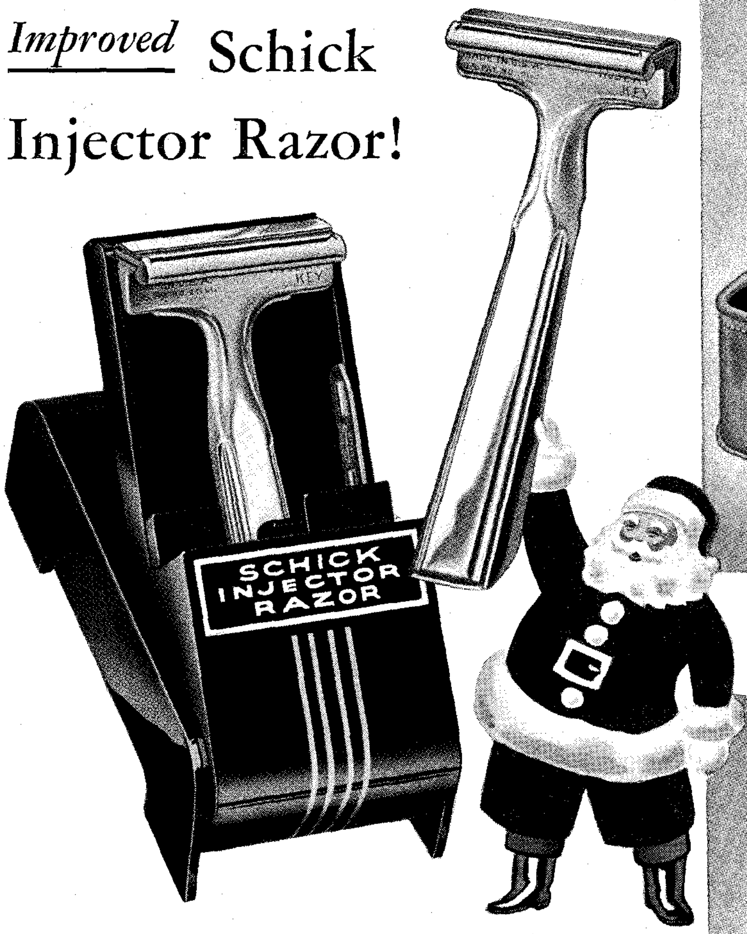
Presenting the
Schick Injector Razor
Christmas Gift Group


Greetings
To
From
SCHICK
Injector
RAZOR

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR GIFT PACKAGE for the new improved razor shown to the left below. Complete with streamlined lustrous plastic case, new improved Schick Injector Razor and 12 Schick Blades. $1.00

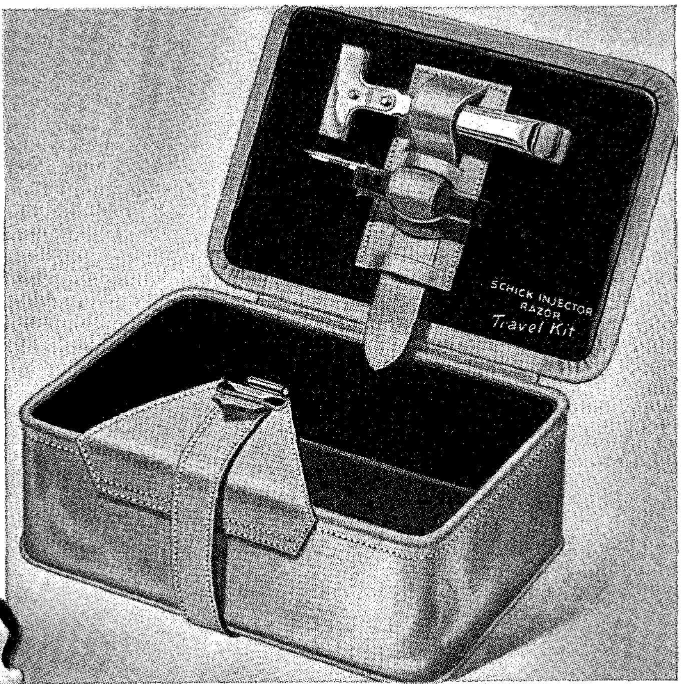
... and introducing the new
Improved Schick Injector Razor!


KEY
KEY
SCHICK
INJECTOR
RAZOR

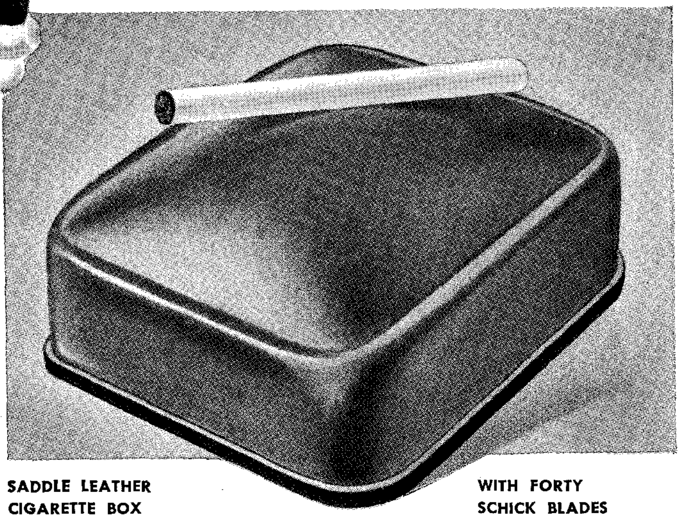
Here's the ideal gift for a man's Christmas! Latest edition of the famous razor that introduced the greatest improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years. New streamlined shape. New perfected balance for easier, faster and closer shaves. Comes packed in this newly designed kit of lustrous black plastic. All contained in Special Christmas package, shown at top of page. $1.00

Schick Injector Razor

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.


SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR
Travel Kit

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR TRAVEL KIT made of genuine saddle leather in the popular natural color, smartly lined with hunting red, large enough for all toilet accessories. Fitted with the new improved Schick Injector Razor and 12 Blades. $3.50



SADDLE LEATHER CIGARETTE BOX **WITH FORTY SCHICK BLADES**

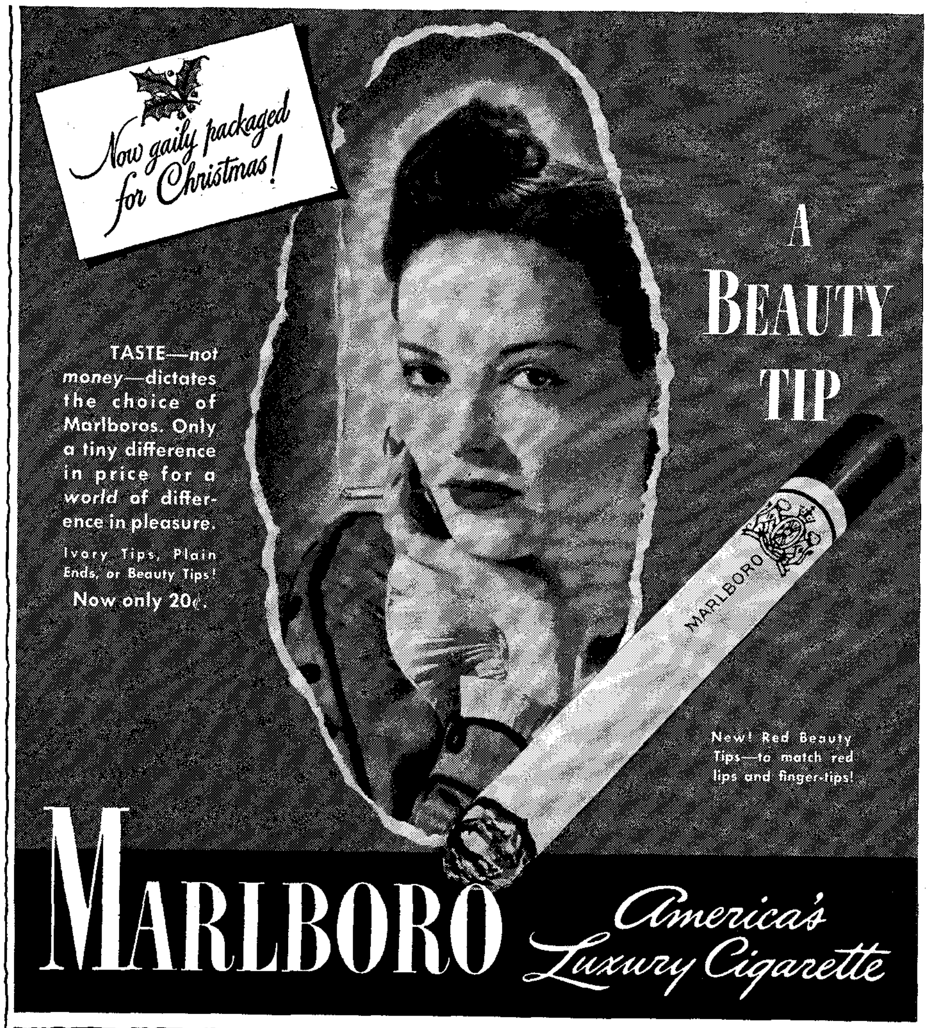
Genuine heavy saddle leather cigarette box—for both *long* and regular cigarettes. Contains two 20 blade cartridges of Schick Injector Blades. Attractively packed with Christmas holiday gift card. $2.50

there to sign on the dotted line, to try to wiggle off it, to palaver, to protest, to promise, to try and take part, with or without hope, in changing the trembling boundaries of the new map of Europe.

War and conquest are, in some small ways, humanizing disasters. The Ritz staff, formerly trained to show not even indifference, under conquest (and with the door closed) now sometimes show their beating hearts. That is to say, recently one old French room waiter, first asking permission of Madame, rolled up his trouser leg to show his battle wounds from Verdun and wondered aloud if his son had received the same or worse, or had indeed been killed, when the cathedral at Beauvais was bombed. One old chambermaid showed snapshots of her peasant sisters, who had fled from the Ardennes family farm as refugees and of whom there had been no news since; she also asked Madame's permission to consume the second brioche and the part of the café-au-lait which Madame always left.

FOR a soldiers' mess, the Germans have taken over the Champs-Elysées Taverne Alsacienne, which had doubtless been a Fifth Column station, since, significantly, it was opened only a few years ago, with German beer, waitresses in Alsatian costume, and not enough French patronage to warrant staying in business. The upstairs room of Bofinger, formerly the Bastille businessmen's *fin-bec* eating place, has also been taken over by the Germans. The French may still lunch downstairs, provided the Germans don't overflow. The de-luxe Rex and Marigny movie houses have been made exclusively German, both as to patrons and pictures; American films are forbidden and there aren't any new French films. This segregation of the Germans from the French is sought by the German command in as many ways as possible. One way has been to tell the German soldiers that all French women are diseased.

The German soldiers, because of the high pay they receive in Paris, come into closer public contact with their officers than they ever did before in the German Army. Whereas the Nazi soldier at home receives per diem one German mark (about forty cents), in Paris he gets two French marks, which is fifty times what the French soldier was paid for active service in the current war. This pay is probably the highest ever received by Continental troops in Europe's military history. In the World War, our A.E.F. got a dollar a day and ranked as millionaires. As a result, the Nazi ranks



TASTE—not money—dictates the choice of Marlboros. Only a tiny difference in price for a world of difference in pleasure.

Ivory Tips, Plain Ends, or Beauty Tips!

Now only 20¢.

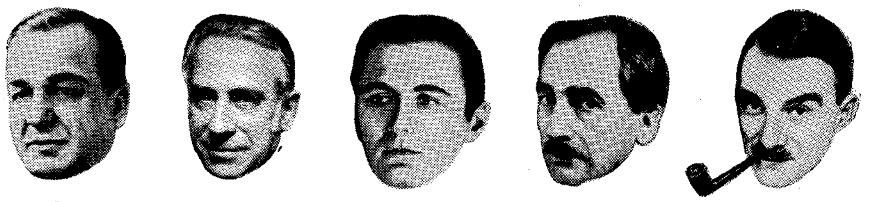
New! Red Beauty Tips—to match red lips and finger-tips!

MARLBORO America's Luxury Cigarette

IT IS EASY TO JOIN

the world's most popular after-shave club

Distinguished members include



Major George Fielding Eliot military expert

Mr. John Erskine world-famous author and poet

Mr. Denis Conan Doyle writer, lecturer

Mr. George Biddle widely known artist and author

Mr. Boake Carter columnist and radio commentator

Other well-known members:

Mr. Lauritz Melchior, of the Metropolitan Opera

Mr. Burgess Meredith, of stage, screen and radio

Mr. Norman Rockwell, celebrated artist

Mr. Brock Pemberton, Broadway producer

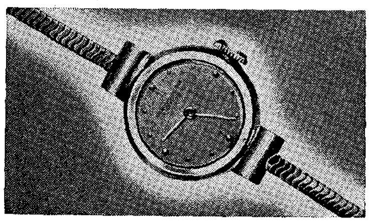
Mr. Ralph Guldahl, champion golfer

Favorite of gentlemen everywhere, Aqua Velva has a brisk, cool zest that you will enjoy. And it leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother. *Electric shavers* use Aqua Velva before and after shaving.

To join our club, send us your name and address. We'll send a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

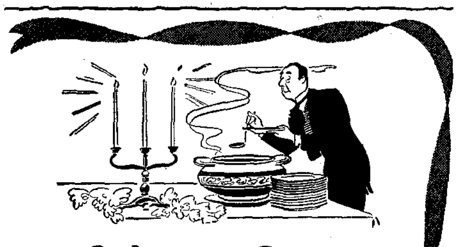
Write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-25, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. This offer good only in the United States and Canada.

The
FINAL TOUCH
to a
perfect ensemble



A compliment to good taste—this latest creation by Patek, Philippe—where classic simplicity of design cloaks sheer perfection in watchmaking skill. Gold snake bracelet with matching dial and raised gold dots. One of an illustrious line of Patek, Philippe watches for men and women—with century-old reputation for fine workmanship behind them.

PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST
WATCH
Established 1839
NEW YORK GENEVA



Only your finest china will do!

● Trot out your Early Staffordshire, for here is a high-born soup worthy of a princely welcome—Underwood Black Bean Soup. You'll never know how much it contributes to the success of your dinner party until you serve it, properly embellished with a spot of sherry, a slice of egg and one of lemon. *Delicious!*

● Try Underwood Purée Mongole, too, a seasoned blend of tomatoes, peas and julienned vegetables.

● If your dealer does not carry these soups, write to Wm. Underwood Co., 54 Walnut St., Watertown, Massachusetts.

UNDERWOOD Fine Soups

UNDERWOOD PURÉE MONGOLE SOUP
UNDERWOOD BLACK BEAN SOUP

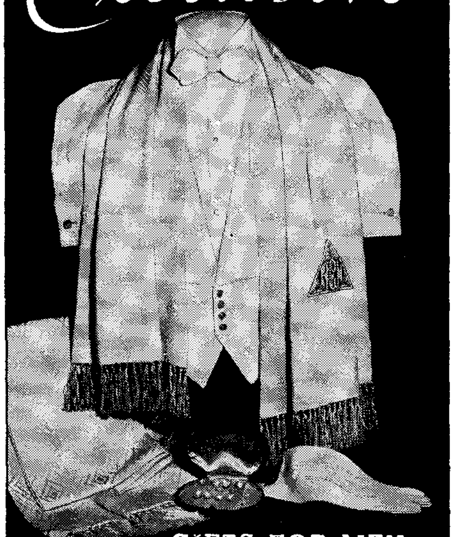
turn up often enough in the same cinemas, cafés, and restaurants as their superiors. In theory, the Nazi soldier eats in his cheap *Speiselokal*, where he absorbs the heavy German victuals that are deemed to be Nordic and virile, as distinguished from the degenerate, tasty French diet. Nevertheless, they stray. Eyewitnesses tell about two bewildered German soldiers who found their way into the Crémaillère, formerly international society's hangout and now patronized by the *Kommandantur*. On leaving, the soldiers pulled down their tunics, stiffened, and got ready to goose-step and *heil* two German officers seated by the door. The officers made embarrassed signs, to signify "*Um Gottes Willen, nein*." The acrobatics of the German salutes, the presenting-of-arms outside the officers' hotels (with little French boys capering in imitation), the integral, muscular, Teutonic solemnity which meant so much morally to the Nazis at home have been found to mean nothing, beyond the snicker they arouse, to the French. This baffles the Germans.

When the Radio-Paris, which the Nazis have taken over to blare out their official news, is broadcasting, French children sing, to the tune of "La Cucaracha," "*Radio-Paris ment, Radio-Paris ment, Radio-Paris est allemand*" ("Radio-Paris lies, Radio-Paris lies, Radio-Paris is German"). To Parisians, the most trusted radio news is what they get from the American short-wave broadcasts; strangely, the French are still permitted to listen to all short-wave programs, though only in private. Some of the bitterer Parisians have begun to head their letters to each other "Paris, Germany." "*Veni, vidi, Vichy*" is the only bon mot Pétain has produced. Apparently, the best thing about Parisian morale is that Parisians remain, under the Germans, just what they were under the French. Parisians grumble, argue in cafés about the new politics as they did about the old, are logical, critical, disgusted, sardonic, witty, realistic, civilized as they always were, but they have an earnest, a desperate and humble, hope that is new. The blackout is severer under the Nazis, though Paris has not been bombed by the English, than it was under the French when they were still at war with Berlin. For carelessness during blackouts, the Germans warn a householder twice. The third time they fire a pistol shot through the offending lighted window. *Ils sont très corrects.*

Outside of Paris, the roads to Senlis, Laon, Beauvais, Les Andelys, and Vernon are deserted except for occasional bicycles. These towns are deserted in proportion to the destruction they suffered. Along the roads still lie the debris of the catastrophic refugee trek. Through the summer there also lay the remains of French soldiers, unnamed, unmarked, half earthed-over where they dropped. With that appalling efficiency which still leaves the French speechless, the German dead were neatly buried wherever they fell, whether in some villager's chrysanthemum bed or in some peasant's wheat field, always beneath wooden crosses which the Germans, who apparently thought of everything, brought to France with them. The graves are marked with name plates and German helmets are placed on them, like headstones. If several German dead lie together, there is often a German spread eagle decoratively patterned in pebbles on the well-tended, well-heaped earth.

The new French morale, the reaction that will permanently count, will surely consist not only of what the French see of the Germans at close range but also of what the French, when their bitterness dies down, remember about themselves. In the meantime, the rich French industrialists, whom the French Communists accused of being pro-Nazi, are, naturally, getting from the Nazis the treatment which the Nazis at one time would have dealt out only to the French Communists. That is, the rich French industrialists are being systematically ruined. Ninety million francs' worth of machinery in the Hispano-Suiza factories has been earmarked for shipment into Germany, and the French Ford plant (belonging to the Matford company, in which the American Ford company has a controlling interest) has already lost about fifty million in machinery. In Lyon, the fine-textile centre of Europe since the fourteenth century, looms have been ripped out and shipped to Germany. What silk printing is still being done is restricted to two colors; formerly up to fifty colors were used. Designers trained through generations for delicate artistic invention are ordered to experiment with fabrics made only for durability and often of *ersatz* yarns. The great French dressmakers, around whom literally

Exclusive



GIFTS FOR MEN

SULKA DRESS MUFFLERS

Finest French Silk Crepe — white with hand made fringe in white or black and white — $15.00 and $18.00

Monograms additional

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EDDY DUCHIN
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Dinner and Supper Dancing
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Spanish Gypsy Dances
ROSARIO & ANTONIO
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BOB NELLER
Ventriloquist
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Cover from 10:30 P.M., $1
Friday and Saturday, $1.50

No cover charge for Dinner patrons of either Room who desire to remain for Supper-Dancing and Entertainment in the Empire Room.

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Dinner Dance Music by
MISCHA BORR

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

hundreds of thousands of French workers revolved in ramified industry, have been invited to work in Berlin. The 1940 autumn dress collections in Paris were made up in fabrics left from the autumn of 1939. This autumn, when the Paris stores and shops should have been displaying wool and furs in their windows, the display of beach frocks and sandals dragged on. Paris *couture* had been bought up, cleaned out, cut down before it was ready to sell, even to the Germans.

BIARRITZ is the secondary Promised Land for the Germans. As a reward for being German, troops by the hundred are sent down in trucks for a look at Biarritz. During the summer, German generals strolled the beach and other German officers on holiday leave renewed their domesticity with their dowdy wives, dazed at having a good time. The majority of Germans have never seen the ocean. Nazi youth has been taught to swim in the tideless German rivers. At first, in the chilly, treacherous Biarritz surf, many German soldiers were drowned. Then a system was worked out. In September, an American on the beach watched a platoon of German soldiers march out on the sand, led by an officer, who ordered them to stand in three rows, facing the sea. At a command, they all stripped to their shorts, folded their clothes in a neat pile in front of their boots, and, crossing their arms and ankles, sat down behind their boots. The officer, advancing from his own piled-up wardrobe, walked knee-deep into the ocean and tested the water's swish and temperature with his hand. He then commanded the first row of soldiers to march into the water to swim, while he kept paternal watch. After their plunge they filed out and sat down behind the two dry rows of soldiers, who, one row at a time, then took their turn. Finally, all the soldiers, on command, dressed, pulled on their boots, and marched away. These are the boots, this is the system, marching around half of France.

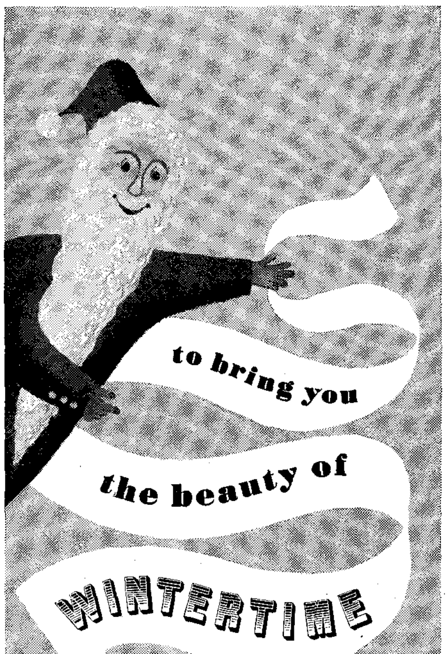
—GENÊT

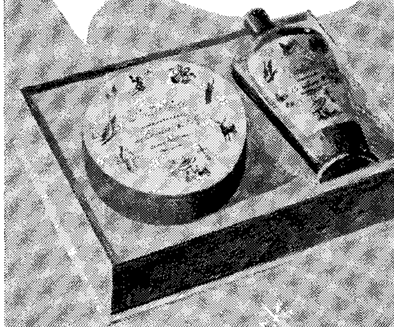
•

CANADA'S CHIEF PLANS
VISIT TO WHITE HOUSE

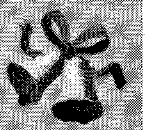
QUEBEC, Oct. 16.—The Governor General of Canada, Earl of Roosevelt at the White House in Princess Alice, are planning to visit President Roosevelt and Mrs. Athlone, and her Royal Highness, Washington next week, it was learned here today.—*The Journal & American.*

What *is* this—union now?

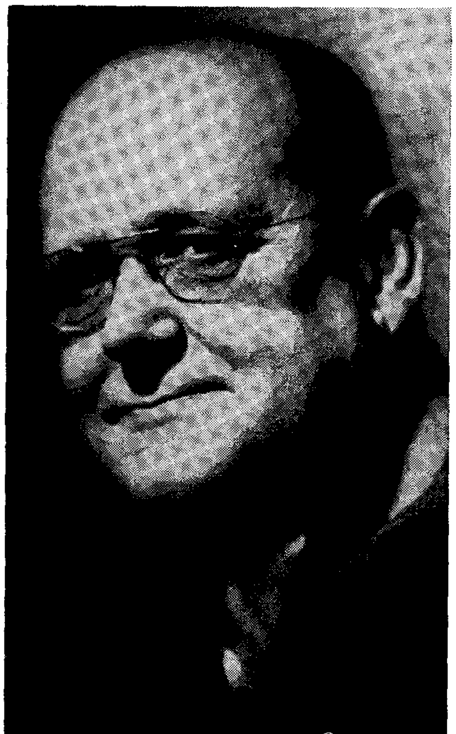




Lucky you, if this gay two-some in WINTERTIME is among your Xmas loot. *Thoughtful* you, if you play Santa and *give* it yourself. Every woman loves the frost-and-flame sweetness of WINTERTIME Fragrance; the filmy-fineness and skin-matched tint of WINTERTIME Dusting Powder. Each, amusingly packaged, $1.00. *Both*, smartly ensconced in festive box, $2.00! At fine stores everywhere!



Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK



Crosby Gaige

Crosby Gaige, distinguished editor and connoisseur of food and wine, reports:

"I've tasted some very fine California wines"

Neither in France nor Italy nor Spain are found natural conditions for the growth of wine to surpass California's. Seven hundred miles the California vineyards march, over hillsides, down valley floors, along the coastal plains. Each grape variety finds here its ideal setting, and comes to perfect ripeness every year.

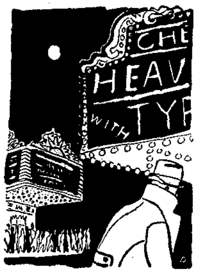
In California, wine-growing skills and facilities have now advanced over any before known here. Fine wines are coming out of California these days. Wines made to strict quality standards. Well developed. True to type. Ask your own wine merchant or importer to help you select the fine California wines.

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bagdad and Belasco



THAT time of the year is approaching when we are supposed to think especially of the children, and "The Thief of Bagdad" fills the bill. Alexander Korda presents the film, and has soaked it well in the blues and terra cottas and all the richest hues of Technicolor. Minarets against the clear sky, pink elephants, a flying horse, the famous flying carpet, too, are just some of the "Arabian Nights" paraphernalia collected here. Seraglio life and such are subdued, but there's a beautiful princess pursued by a wicked vizier, which is in the proper convention. Sabu, that youthful Hindu visitor to our studios, is kept active throughout the story, except when his part is played by a dog, into which he is supposed to be changed by evil enchantments. Conrad Veidt, incidentally, busy as he has been portraying villainous or heroic European modern products, has taken a turn into the fanciful past and is that bad vizier, who is responsible for many of the adventures of Sabu and the princess. I myself thought the Djinni, who popped in and out of a bottle, was an especially adroit instance of camera play. When not just dissolving or expanding, the Djinni, played by Rex Ingram, is properly alarming and will, I have no doubt, scare the youngsters, which is, of course, also in the convention of movies for children. There's a gigantic spider, too, forty feet from leg tip to leg tip, which will give the nursery element jolly creeps. Everything is here, indeed, that is needed for the education of our dear little heirs.

"The Son of Monte Cristo" seems to be arranged for young persons, or for those of arrested mental development, who also should have a place in our considerations at this season. A kingdom in the Balkans, one of those wonderful principalities just this side of Bagdad and almost as familiar now as the cities and suburbs of the "Arabian Nights," is shown us, and our sympathies are demanded for the miserable plight of its Grand Duchess, which Joan Bennett renders girlishly poignant. Secret passages, fast swordplay, jail breaks, and a variety of like goings-on, with Louis Hayward and George San-

TEA WITH YOUR BEAU . . . and a petticoat to show, under this lovely black velvet dress. The collar, cuffs, and petticoat are of starched lace. Sizes 10 to 40 $110.

KATHLEEN inc.
118 EAST 60TH ST. NEW YORK

THE ROMANOVSKY PORTRAIT CLASS

gives individual instruction to beginners as well as to more advanced students.

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The Lincoln Arcade, 1947 Broadway, N. Y. C.
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SCALE-CRAFT
Model Railroad Data Book
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Fun for the entire family!

Build a miniature railroad in your recreation room this winter. It provides perfect relaxation, and offers thrills and excitement for everyone. The new Scale-Craft Catalog and Data Book explains this grand hobby in detail. Tells how to start and shows latest equipment. Only 25c—send for your copy today!

SCALE-MODELS, Dept. NY-3, Libertyville, Ill.

ders both concerned, suggest the old days of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or perhaps, rather more, the current triumphs of Tyrone Power in his own "Mark of Zorro."

FOR old, old people, who are young, it is claimed, in their hearts, there is "Lady with Red Hair." There may be quite a scuffling in the wheelchair brigade when the news reaches it that this film is based on the life story of Mrs. Leslie Carter. The digitalis set ought to be told at once, however, that it's a gentle film and that the Mrs. Carter of the picture, though played by Miriam Hopkins, is a very shadowy heroine. Much of the early story is devoted to Mrs. C's. love for her child, whom she loses through a cruel and completely unjustified divorce suit. Then we have a good deal of the humor and odd antics of life in a theatrical boarding house, all very innocent and quaint, inspirited at times by Helen Westley. Then there is the long, touching narrative of Mrs. C.'s beautiful friendship with David Belasco, and how that at last landed her in stardom. Claude Rains puts on a clerical collar and has a tantrum or two, but otherwise just plods along as the famous producer. A pretty love theme is threaded through the career story and somewhat dominates the situation. In fact, very little of the stage history is bothered about, and we don't even see Mrs. Carter hanging to a bell clapper, a scene which camera tricks and Miriam Hopkins herself could have made a thing to remember.

I AM inclined to think titles can be very misleading. I was reminded of this matter the other night when I went to see "The Kiss of Fire" and found it to be a farce. What an age we live in! —JOHN MOSHER

•

East Greenbush, N.Y., Oct. 17.—(AP)—A district board of education pondered hundreds of suggestions in a contest for a name for the new million-dollar East Greenbush central school. After much consideration, the board agreed the name will be—"East Greenbush Central School."
—*Providence (R.I.) paper.*

A clear head and a steady hand.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*John Adam Knight in the Post*]

The boys will begin marching away to camps soon, and now is the time to make sure that your boy—whether son, brother, cousin, boy-friend or just one of the neighbors—has a camera to take with him.

Ericson
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Julius Wile

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LOOK FOR THE DIMPLED DAWSON BOTTLE

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(Juice of half a lime)
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(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI RUM)
(White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it's a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and it comes out pink!

CAUTION: When you order a BACARDI Cocktail remember that it MUST be made with BACARDI RUM. (N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)

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RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

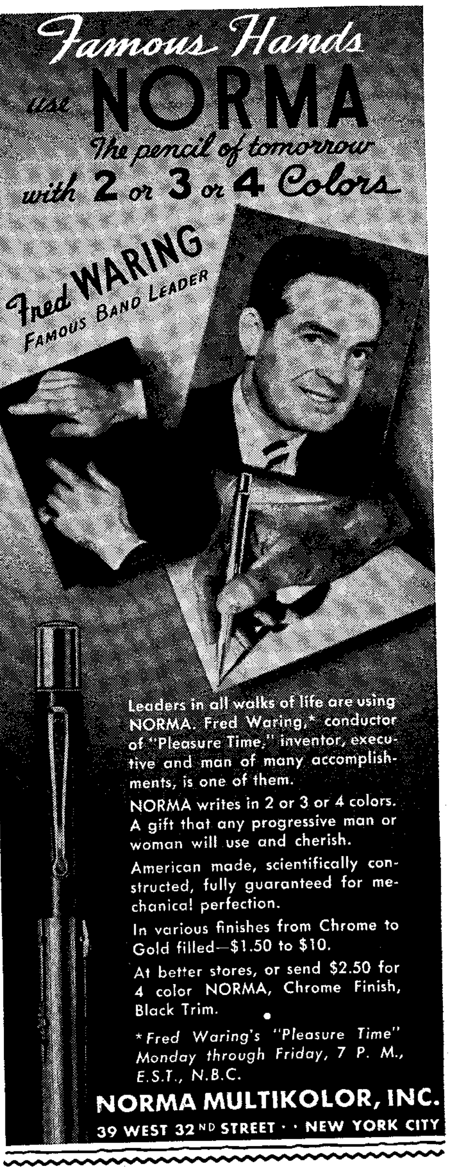
FOOTBALL

Gala Week

THAT was a fine finish to the season, with enough novelty and low comedy for everyone. In the final week, Columbia finished a tough nine-game schedule, tying Brown, 0–0, without getting a single player in its almost impervious line on the *Sun's* All-America team; Fordham finally got invited to play a Bowl Game—in the Cotton Bowl, though, not the Rose Bowl; Texas A. & M., absolutely football's greatest team, was handsomely beaten in its final appearance; Boston College, also football's greatest team, beat Holy Cross, which is not anybody's greatest anything, only because of a lovely fumble by Holy Cross on its five-yard line; Navy's two-ocean backfield—eighteen strong—beat an Army team that was able to gain only six yards net on the ground in the first half, and only two in the second; several Wall Street betting commissioners, forgetting that the Columbia-Brown game was played in the morning, accepted wagers on it up to 2 P.M. the day of the game—wagers of as good as 5–1 that the result would be a tie; and one more football official admitted an error which had a direct bearing on the outcome of one of the season's most important games.

FOR once, there was a lot to see in the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium, where Navy met Army. The Army mule spilled its rider under the goal-posts. The Navy goat, an appealing beast with a great fondness for grass (down at Princeton this fall, he ate up practically the entire Navy sideline), arrived in an armored car, took one look at the turf, which people say is kept green with chemicals, and turned away. The Navy rabbit, who hasn't been around as much, took a bite of grass and hastily spat it out. Someone insisted that Navy also had a praying-mantis mascot; I couldn't spot it, though.

Navy looked better than it had all year, possibly because, not being able to develop any quarterbacks, it tried Yale's stunt of having a lineman call signals. Sims and Harwood, the centres, took turns at it. Navy looked especially bright when Chewning, after a poor Navy kickoff, ran right through a group of Army players who were waiting for the ball to roll out of bounds and recovered it for Navy. The Army men



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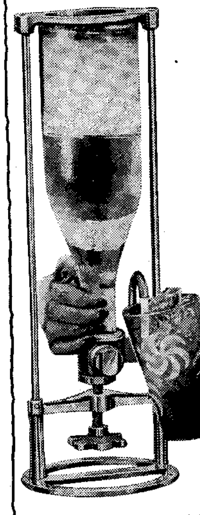

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GOLDEN GATE QUARTET
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RESERVE NOW NEW YEAR'S EVE

had forgotten that on a kickoff the ball is free after it has travelled ten yards; Chewning hadn't. No one even tried to block Chewning to keep him from the ball. Two almost forgotten Navy backs got into this game—Cliff Lenz, who, if his bones weren't so brittle, would have been an All-America ballcarrier this fall; and Joe Hunt, who earned his letter by carrying the ball for a three-yard gain. Hunt is one of the ranking tennis players of the country, and has an understandable interest in not spraining his valuable wrist in a football scrimmage. Anyway, he looked good to me. Oh, one more novelty—Army inadvertently made an illegal substitution and it was noticed by the officials on the spot, not the following week.

THE most celebrated illegal substitution of all time occurred earlier this season, out West, when Maag of Ohio State entered the game with Purdue and kicked the winning field goal. The fact that he had no right to be in the game wasn't admitted by the officials until some days later. But don't think we Easterners can't show those midlanders something. I'll mention a few of our more entertaining goings-on. Last month, Harvard lost a chance to beat Penn when Friesell, the referee, notified the wrong man about an offside Penn play. The following week, Friesell gave Cornell the famous fifth down. Last week, Austen Lake, who was mentioned in these columns a year ago as figuring in a mixup over a matter of measuring a first down, admitted that three minutes before the Notre Dame-Navy game ended, when Navy was trying desperately to hold onto its 7–6 lead, he had made a mistake in measuring which had given Notre Dame a first down on Navy's twenty-yard line instead of its twenty-nine. A couple of plays later, Notre Dame won the game.

SATURDAY night, I saw Melton Brown having dinner in Shine's. Brown is a downtown betting commissioner who is considered by his compeers to have the real inside on everything because, although, like the rest of them, he never saw a game in his life, he once spent an afternoon looking over the Princeton campus. "What's going on?" he said when I asked him how business was. "Dartmouth I didn't mind, because we don't pay off till Monday afternoon anyway, and we knew who win it by then, but Columbia! Some of the boys who took those tie bets, they got to go to work for a living now. I don't know what—referees, maybe." —J. W. L.

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Old

A Merry, Merry Christmas, Gentlemen

These gifts bring special cheer on Christmas day—for men have an unerring appreciation of the finer things in comfortable living. They'll recognize the superior quality of Early American Old Spice shave requisites, the refreshing Old Spice scent. And their keen enjoyment in your gift will be heightened by the well-bred artistry of the pottery containers that are decorated with early American trading ships.

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THEIR NAMES ARE KNOWN

Gus Peterson, his daughter Lillyan, and Mrs. Shepard, his dead wife's mother, were finishing their dinner in the front room of one of those flimsy "semi-detached" houses that a traveller sees, stretching away below him in endless anonymous rows, when his train crosses Hell Gate Bridge and skirts the backyards of Queens.

Lillyan thoughtfully patted her green sweater, over her round little stomach, and said, "I'm not going to eat dessert any more, till I lose five pounds. Pop, can I go over to Helen's? Trudy's going, too, and we're going to do our Latin together." The fact that his daughter was studying Latin filled Gus with a solid, almost oppressive satisfaction, like the heavy meal he had just eaten. For perhaps the hundredth time, he fumbled seriously in his mind for something appropriate to say about this, and, as always, he failed. "Be sure you're back by ten," he said finally.

The old woman was building a neat pyramid of soiled dishes, the dinner plates on the platter, then the vegetable dishes, then the saucers, and last the three cups. "Lillyan gets such good marks, you'd think she'd be smart enough to see that those little snips are just making her do their homework," she said. She picked up the pile of dishes and started for the kitchen. "Far's I can see, there never was a Peterson wasn't an easy mark. With Lillyan doing that Trudy Miller's homework for her, I suppose she has lots of time to help her father with his *photography*."

While the old woman was in the kitchen, Gus took from his pocket a cigar clothed in rumpled cellophane, shucked it, and split the tip with his broad thumbnail. Lillyan said, with a desperate air of making conversation, "Tomorrow we start on the second declension," and her father said, "Well!"

"It's a *German* camera, too" Mrs. Shepard said as she came back into the room. "You can't deny that, because I saw it when he had it over here. An official German camera."

"What's so official about it, Mother?" Gus asked, lighting his cigar. "Ernie got it in a pawnshop across the bridge. They're supposed to be the best."

"An official German camera," the old lady said, tasting the meaty phrase once more. "And why don't you call him by his right name, you're so fond of him? Ernie Miller! Ernie Miller, my foot! It's more like Ernst Muller, if you ask me."

"May be, may be," Gus said. "Lots of people change their names when they leave the old country. Pop did."

"Well, *mine* didn't. My grandfather fought in the Civil War. I'm not going to let the Fifth Column get a foothold right in my neighborhood. You can go out every night in the week with your Ernst Muller, and bowl with him and buy him beer, and Lillyan can do his brat's homework for him, but I'm going to keep my eyes open. Maybe certain parties would be interested to know how your fine friend drives around all over the country, with his German camera."

"Ernie Miller drives around between here and Philadelphia, selling printing supplies," Gus said. "He only does it because he lost his own shop in the depression. What's wrong? You seen the pictures he takes—just trees, or cows standing in a vacant lot, or something like that." He laughed. "I told Ernie a long time back I was tired of looking at cows, he shouldn't show me any more pictures."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," the old lady said. "I'm sorry that I ever spoke a word against Mr. Ernst Muller and his pictures of cows. You stick up for Mr. Ernst Muller and buy him enough beer, and Hitler will give you a medal."

"Look, Mother, there's something I got to say." Gus was plainly getting angry. "I remember the last war, and it's probably going to be the same when we get into this one. A lot of poor, harmless fellows like Ernie Miller will have people talking against them. Some of them, maybe, they'll get sent to prison, and guys like me, guys that are too old to fight, will have rusty old rifles and guard them. If it was Ernie's country, he'd have the rifle and I'd be in prison. No sense. But we're not in the war yet, and I'm going right on bowling with Ernie. And as long as he can beat me, the beers are on me. You remember that, while you live in this house."

Lillyan spoke, in a small voice. "Can I be excused?"

The old lady's bottled-up anger exploded over the girl. "Is that something you read in a book, or saw in a movie? Did you think I wanted you to wait here until breakfast was ready? Go on and do those little snips' homework for them."

Lillyan paused by her father's chair and said, "Pop, what you said about having to guard Mr. Miller in prison . . ."

"Huh?"

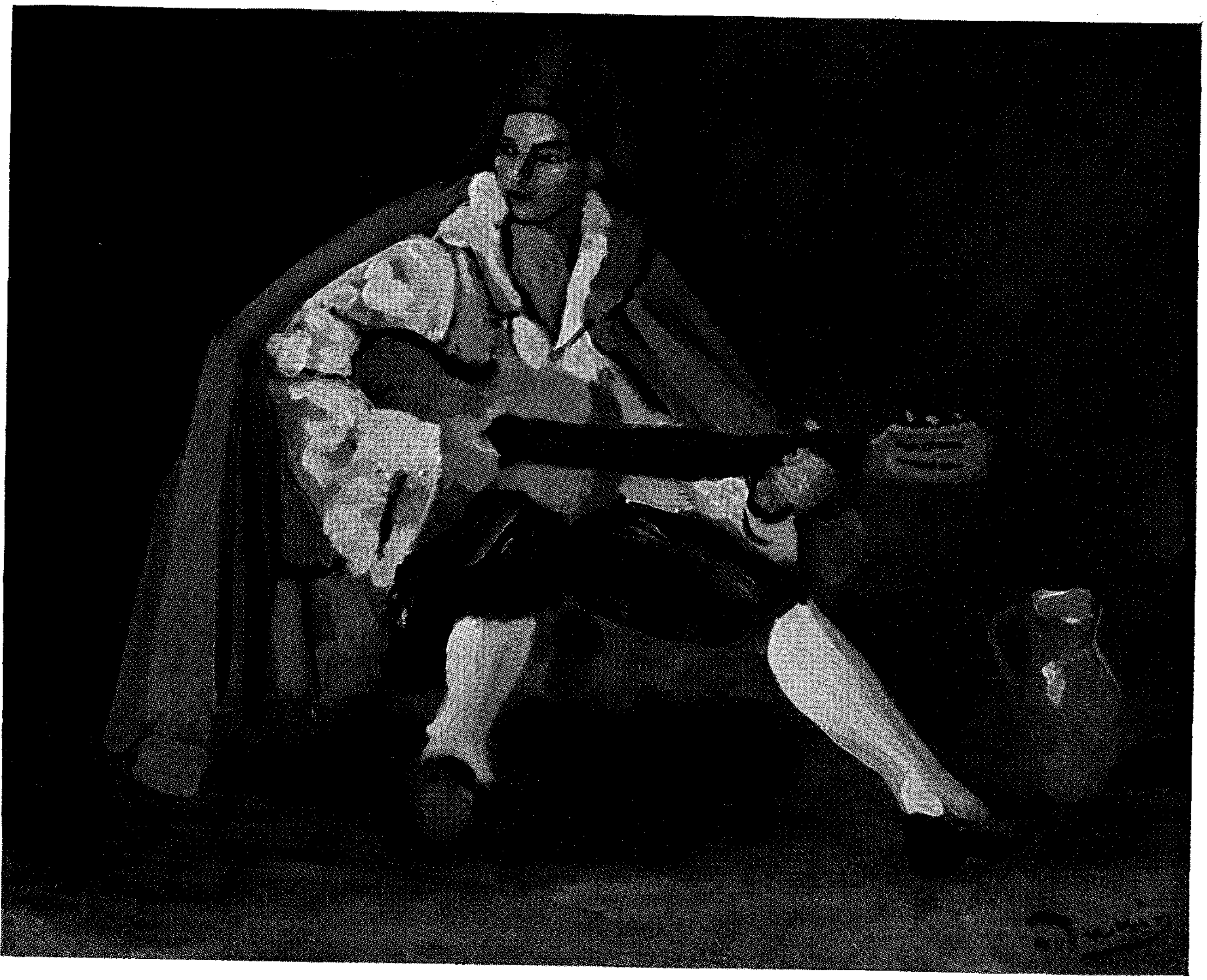
"Well, you wouldn't have to. You could tell your commanding officer about how you used to bowl with Mr. Miller and all, and he's your friend, and the commanding officer wouldn't make you. Like I saw Ronald Colman once—"

Her father laughed loudly. "I keep forgetting," he said. "I keep on forgetting. A fellow that lives alone with women all the time, he gets crazy in the head, he takes them serious. Sorry, Mother, I shouldn't talk that way to you. Wait, kid, I'll get my hat and go over to the Millers' with you."

When Mrs. Shepard was alone, she went to the kitchen and washed the dishes. Then she made a cup of strong tea, cut a wide slice from the cake she had served at dinner, and put them on the kitchen table. From Gus's overcoat, hanging on the hall coat rack, she took a folded tabloid and carried it back to the kitchen. Then, with a voluptuous sigh, she sat down to read and eat.

She put the tabloid down and flipped the pages with moistened fingers until she found what she wanted—"Broadway Chatter." Here, in such generous type that she didn't even need her glasses, was secret information that made her the mistress of the strange city across the river—not the city that she found whenever she went there on the B.-M.T., the city where people were hurried and rude and the things she wanted cost too much, but the city as it looked on a clear day from the end of their street, with all the buildings tall and clean and full of surprises. From the end of their street, the city looked as if lettering should appear across the panorama, the way it did in a movie: "So-and-So presents . . ." And then an exciting story with Jimmy Cagney and Humphrey Bogart in it. That was the way "Broadway Chatter" made her feel, too. Beautifully dressed men sat drinking in night clubs, grieving because they had lost their girls. Chorus girls supported crippled brothers, or put hale brothers through college. Taxi-drivers and barbers were witty. Businessmen, writers, actors, society people, criminals, and policemen didn't have a secret left among them. "He's a live wire, all right," Mrs. Shepard murmured once, as she read. She had seen the columnist in a movie, entering a night club, nonchalantly handing his hat to a perfectly beautiful coatroom girl, and glancing narrowly about the place, like a smart little terrier. Whenever she read one of his columns, she could see the Live Wire jotting down items in a notebook, secrets

SONG AT CHRISTMAS ∗ All things men hold precious at Christmastide—stars and songs and love and comely rituals—arose in the far past and will be preserved into the misty future. ∗ That is why diamonds are chosen by fortunate men to be their tenderest and most heartfelt gifts at this, the star-blessed, season. ∗ Each diamond holds a spark of pure flame as old as that which shone upon the shepherds and the wise men. And time itself cannot fade its glory—dim its radiance. Upon all Christmases to come it will shine forth its perpetual message of your love and joyous celebration. The finest stones are sought for pure color, absence of imperfections, and exquisite cutting as much as for their size. There are many now available. In their selection, a trusted jeweler is your best adviser.



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One-half carat, priced	**$100 to $200**
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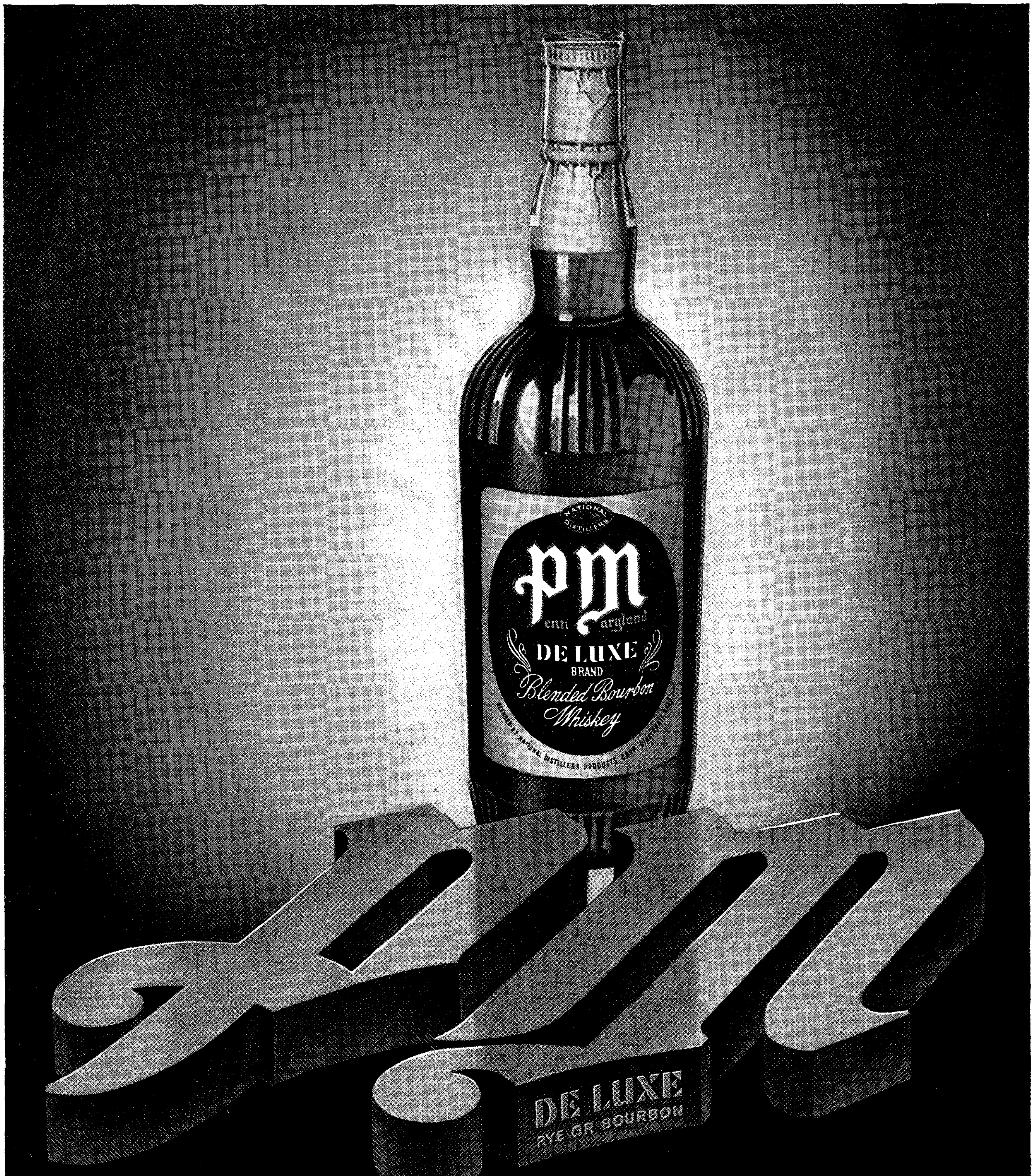
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PM De Luxe is one whiskey that will always taste the same—because National Distillers brings to the making of this smooth and mellow whiskey the same distilling craftsmanship that has made so many of America's greatest whiskies of the past century.

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For Holiday Hurrah!

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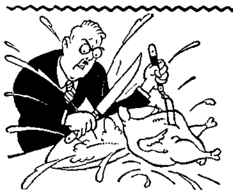
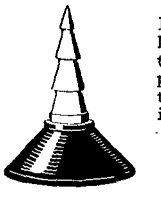
A Delicious and Different Gift

Send us the names of your friends. The turkeys will be delivered on time. Smoked turkeys weigh 8 to 18 lbs.; cost $1.25 lb., express prepaid. Your money refunded if you are not pleased. Write or wire collect to The FORSTS, Rondout Station 1, Kingston, N. Y.



Anchor the Turkey with

ANCHOR *Carving* PINS



Don't rely on your knee to keep the turkey on the platter when you carve! These pins hold a roast or fowl fast to the platter. Invisible when in use.

$1 set of 4

Get yours today from leading department and housewares stores—or remit to

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that he was going to share with her in the next issue of the tabloid.

Lately, new characters—Fifth Columnists and patriots—had entered the familiar drama of comic drunks, unhappy lovers, and wealthy playboys. The Live Wire was working hand in glove with the police. He gave them hints, and from time to time reported on their progress in following them up. Tonight, there was only one such item. Among the waiters in a certain midtown spot were two Fifth Columnists. "Their names are known, and certain parties in Washington will be informed of their activities," the column ended, tersely. Mrs. Shepard shivered with excitement. In a few moments, she rose and went upstairs to Lillyan's room. She knew exactly what she was looking for, and it took her only a moment to find it among the jumble of handkerchiefs and ankle socks in the top drawer of Lillyan's dresser: a picture of a fair-haired girl in a slack suit. Across the bottom, in a prim hand, was written "The pen is bad, the ink is rotten, I hope by you I'm not forgotten. Trudy." Back of the girl, arching across the snapshot's smudgy background, were the cables of a suspension bridge.

The pen and ink were kept on a living-room shelf, near the radio, and Mrs. Shepard found a clean, folded piece of white paper in one of Lillyan's schoolbooks on the hall table. She sat at the kitchen table, with paper, pen and ink, and the photograph before her, and carefully printed out: "YOU DO NOT KNOW ME. MY LIFE WOULD BE INDANGERED IF I SIGNED MY NAME. HERE IS EVIDENCE AGAINST A SPY A PICTURE HE TOOK OF AN IMPORTANT DEFENCE BRIDGE WITH HIS GERMAN CAMERA HA HA. I WILL WATCH HIM AND LET YOU KNOW. SEND THIS TO WASHINGTON AS I COULD NOT GET IT PAST THOSE POLITICIANS. YOURS TRULY A FRIEND." Then, on the back of the photograph, she printed "TAKEN BY . . ." and added Ernie Miller's name and address. After a little thought, she added, "ALIAS ERNST MULLER." She looked at the photograph again, and added the final touch that made it important and official, the words "EXHIBIT A." Tomorrow, first thing, she would buy an envelope and a stamp.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

The prescribed dose is one wineglass every hour until the pain or the patient ceases, then every three or four hours until . . .—*The Times.*

You needn't elaborate.

"May ye ne'er want for a friend, nor a bottle to gie him."

There's one decisive thing about a gift of Teacher's Scotch: This famous old "hieland" whisky is always in good taste!

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Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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SCOTCH WHISKY

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

LESS than three weeks to Christmas, and though there's frenzy in the shops, there's tranquillity in our souls, for look, we've already got around to attacking the gift problem from these angles:

November 2nd.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 9th.... Custom gifts for men, de-luxe lingerie, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.
November 16th.... Gifts for the house.
November 23rd.... Jewelry, wrappings for packages, art gifts, food from back home.
November 30th.... Toys, radios and musical instruments, Christmas spirits.

This week we've covered what might well be called a staggering amount of ground, picking out the choicest things we could find in these categories:

Accessories in the big shops, below
Gifts for men, page 75
Games for adults, page 78
Christmas trimmings, page 79

And that's not all. Other critical specialists have been busy, too, and have put together a list of recommended books for children (page 106) and another of phonograph records, both classical and popular (page 88).

Next week, among other things, we'll do our best to tell you all you need to know about the current situation in perfumes and cosmetics.

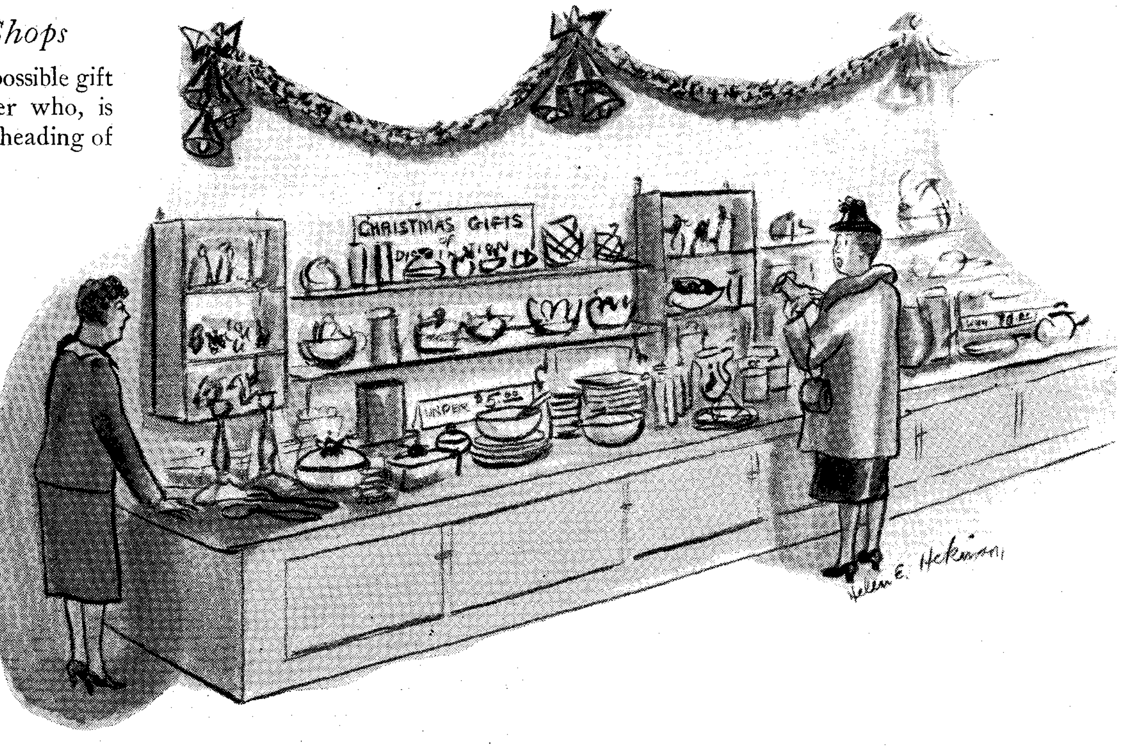
Accessories in the Big Shops

THE most sure-to-please possible gift for a woman, no matter who, is likely to come under the loose heading of "Accessories" — those little things which, added to the oldest costume, can give a new fillip both to the costume and the owner's *joie de vivre*. There has never been a woman who wouldn't adore just one more handbag or jewelled gewgaw or bit of lingerie, or who wouldn't bless you for supplementing her store of perishable and losable items, like stockings and gloves and handkerchiefs. In the list that follows, we have picked out a lot of fine things offered by a number of our great big shops, most of which are so big that you'll need a definite goal for which to aim inside them:

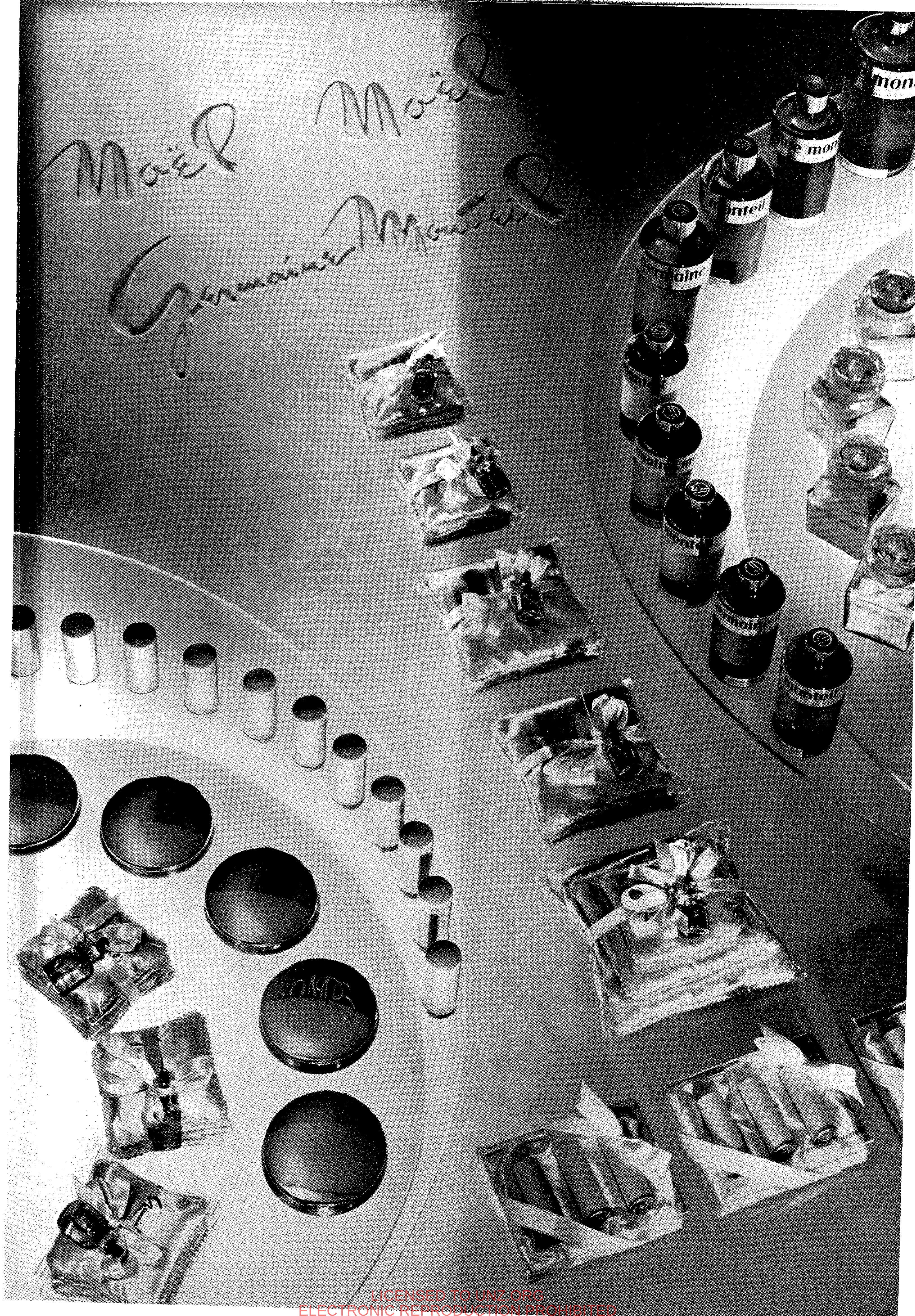
Altman: Skating clothes designed in—you'd never guess—California. A white wool skirt with facings and bloomers of red poplin ($12.95) is accompanied by any one of three jackets: a matching, zippered affair with appliquéd flowers ($19.95), one with red braid panels front and back and red wool balls at the neck and waist ($16.95), and a bolero arrangement ($16.95). For top-notch skaters who can get away with a really short skirt, a blue wool Russian-peasant blouse, braid-trimmed, with a saronglike skirt below; $35. Evening bags: The Koret group includes a saddlebag of jet paillettes with a zipper compartment at each side outlined by jet fringe ($39.75), and a huge, tucked gold-kid pouch that fastens with a large plastic clothespin ($45). A complete handbag, with a compartment for a book, comes in navy, red, black, or brown felt—fine for the woman who reads as she runs; $5. Evening gloves: Black or white suède elbow-length ones are draped at the wrist and outlined in gold kid at one side and around the top ($11.95); others are trimmed with scattered gold paillettes, even on the back of the thumb ($14.95, and more restrained than you'd think). Costume jewelry: Modern imitation-ruby pieces include a long bead necklace ($7.50), double chokers ($5), ball earrings ($1), and a ring with a stone that *can* look like a star ruby, given the proper lighting ($2).

Bendel: Compacts can easily make banal gifts, but not Bendel's. Enamel or gold-metal pancakes are decorated with rhinestone or baguette musical notes and clefs outlined with leaves of simulated semiprecious stones; $5.50 to $15. Imported cashmere cardigans and pullovers in heavenly pastel colors, knitted in a pattern that is all tiny squares, are, by a miracle, Different, for they have tiny moiré buttons and moiré piping; $16 and $20. Scarves: Vast mantillas in Chantilly-type black or white lace, to wear over the hair or around the shoulders; $6.50. Multicolored scarves of striped lamé, to wear under fur coats; $6.50. Our favorite day handbag here is a long, narrow pouch with a double snake-chain handle and make-believe tortoise top; $22 in suède, $35 in lizard. Bendel reports a new vogue for hatpins (to be bought in pairs) with jewelled knob tops combining silver metal and rhinestones, imitation gold and seed pearls, etc.; $3.50 to $5 each. Among the wonderful house coats is one of gold-shot white lamé, full-skirted and with gold-metal knob buttons down the bodice, that could double as an evening coat; $39.75. A warm, very tailored robe, actually made of blanket wool, is $29.75. For heavy women: a velvet surplice gown that has trailing split sleeves lined with satin; $55.

Bergdorf Goodman: A flat envelope bag has a watch in the centre and plaques in each corner of the bag waiting for a lady's four favorite quips (if she has any quips) to be printed on them (this takes ten days); $75. A pet here is a huge, deep fur pouch with a handle made of two clanking gold chains heavy enough for galley slaves; $100 in Alaska seal. A big calf or suède hand-stitched sports envelope has a gold-metal acorn dangling from its zipper and a diagonal slit across one side into which you can tuck your gloves; $15. Their draw-



"Am I still in 'Under Five Dollars'?"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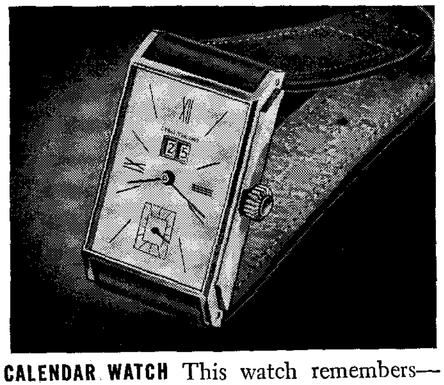
by GIRARD PERREGAUX

SEA HAWK Waterproof—even to the strap! Wafer thin, non-magnetic, cushioned against shock. Ideal for all men in the service. 15 jewels. Stainless steel $29.75.

CHRONOGRAPH For aviators and others in the armed forces, sportsmen, engineers, physicians. Timepiece, stop watch, tachymeter, time recorder— all in one. 17 jewels. Stainless steel from $65; 14K gold from $100.



CALENDAR WATCH This watch remembers—even when you forget. Automatically, every day, new date pops up in red. Dependable timekeeper, masculine case. 17 jewels. Stainless steel $45; 14K gold $100.

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FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791

A Division of Jean R. Graef, Inc., Rockefeller Center, N. Y.
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string cocktail bag of the season is all massed black celluloid paillettes, the size of dimes; $25. Antique chessmen of red, white, or pink ivory, studded with tiny rubies, sapphires, and emeralds and made into clips; $275 and up, for what is practically perfection. Novelty jewelry: Ethiopian-blackamoor clips in imitation turquoise or coral combined with black enamel and gold metal; $30 a pair. Classic heads in white porcelain, two inches high and edged with gold metal, make new clips to wear in the South; $8. For people tired of gold, a silver chain bracelet dangles a watch set in a cube of Lucite; $32.50. Cultured pearls in every possible kind of strand, up to the most massive twisted affair, have baguette- and rhinestone-studded sterling-silver clasps; $15 to $85.

BEST: For sports, they have water- and windproof tailored plaid poplin shirts, nice and loud; $7.95. The famous Nada sweaters appear in a wide range of colors. Slip-ons are $5; cardigans, $5.95. Enchanting furlike white, brown, or red mittens for youngsters have a bag to match, fitted with a tiny mirror (and how little girls love pocketbooks!); $1 for the works. Swell tailored pajamas of brocaded rayon satin festooned with flowers and piped with red braid; $3.95. Satin nightgowns with pinafore influence have biblike lace fronts and patch pockets ($7.95); tailored satin ones have trimmings of tucked chiffon edged with Val-type lace ($7.95). Slips and pants to match; respectively $5.95 and $3.95. Warm but attractive bedroom slippers by Joyce are made of wool jersey in dark shades that will match your flannel bathrobe; they have platform soles and are piped with silver kid. Fancier ones of pastel quilted velveteen trimmed with bunny fur; $3.95, whatever your choice. If you dare think that far ahead, a silver-metal link bracelet has a five-year calendar on its dangling disc charm; $1.95.

BLOOMINGDALE: A slate-blue poplin parka, below-hip length for winter sports, has a trick zipper that holds it snugger than ever about the throat and a hood lined with red flannel and edged with real blue fox; $15.95. A tan gabardine single-breasted raglan raincoat is so masculine it even buttons on the wrong side; $12.50. After-skiing slippers of the usual gay wool-sock variety have leather soles which zip off when laundering is in order; $3.95. Suède beanie caps with matching hand-whipped mitts; $1.98 a set. Bunny hoods for young gadabouts are lined with velvet and have velvet ties; $3.50, and matching mittens are $1.98. Really handsome sets composed of cigarette case ($2.98), compact ($2.98), and comb ($1.50) come in enamel or simulated tortoiseshell, trimmed with gold-enamel gazelle and flower designs. Lots of glass pins, with prancing horses, crowing cocks, alligators, and whatnot; $1. Among the handbags (they start at $2.95, and they're good) is a leather box with simple gold-metal fittings that even include a cigarette-lighter; $12.95.

BONWIT TELLER: Fantasies of Peruvian inspiration, like wool triangles studded with jet, to be worn as a sort of snood, a scarf, or a necklace; $10. Nubbly wool knitted headbands for sports may be picked out in several colors and draped to taste; $2 each. Knit rayon Ascot scarves in bright colors or pastels are $2.50, and you're supposed to buy two or three and twist them together. Wonderful gloves here, as always, all the way from capeskins at $2.95 up to recklessly fur-trimmed suède mousquetaires at $100, which can function as cuffs or be joined to give a muff effect. As convincing a lot of costume jewelry as you'll see in town. Look at a Victorian black enamel-and-gold-metal bangle with a detachable rhinestone-studded clip ($20), and a flexible gold-metal bracelet studded with miniature rhinestone stars ($20). Real ivory-and-gold French chessmen pins come in two sizes; $12.50 and $15. For femininity: a bracelet, clip pin, and earring set, made of moss roses of imitation pink tourmaline and green enamel leaves flecked with rhinestones; $5.95 to $20.

HATTIE CARNEGIE: Realistic pink roses, irises, and jack-in-the-pulpits, on stems and in colors Nature should have been told about, make lapel pins, a good four inches high; made of enamel that looks exactly like porcelain, and absolutely lovely; $10. Earrings to match, too; $5. Earrings just like brass military buttons; $5. Fat handbags ($55) made entirely of sequins, with triangular scarves to match ($35). Plain, long, frameless bags, with concealed zippers, are made of fine dull beads in almost any color; suitable for both day and evening; $55. Velvet mules, to be worn with hostess gowns, have elaborate Bali-type beading across the toes; $15. Carnegie's Blue Room is a shelter for men who are shy about the problems of their extravagant loved ones. Cocktails are served and advice given about such things as how to fill a quilted blue satin stocking that has "Merry Christmas, Darling" spelled out on it in Shocking pink sequins; $15 for the stocking, but that's just a starter; you're supposed to fill it with knickknacks.

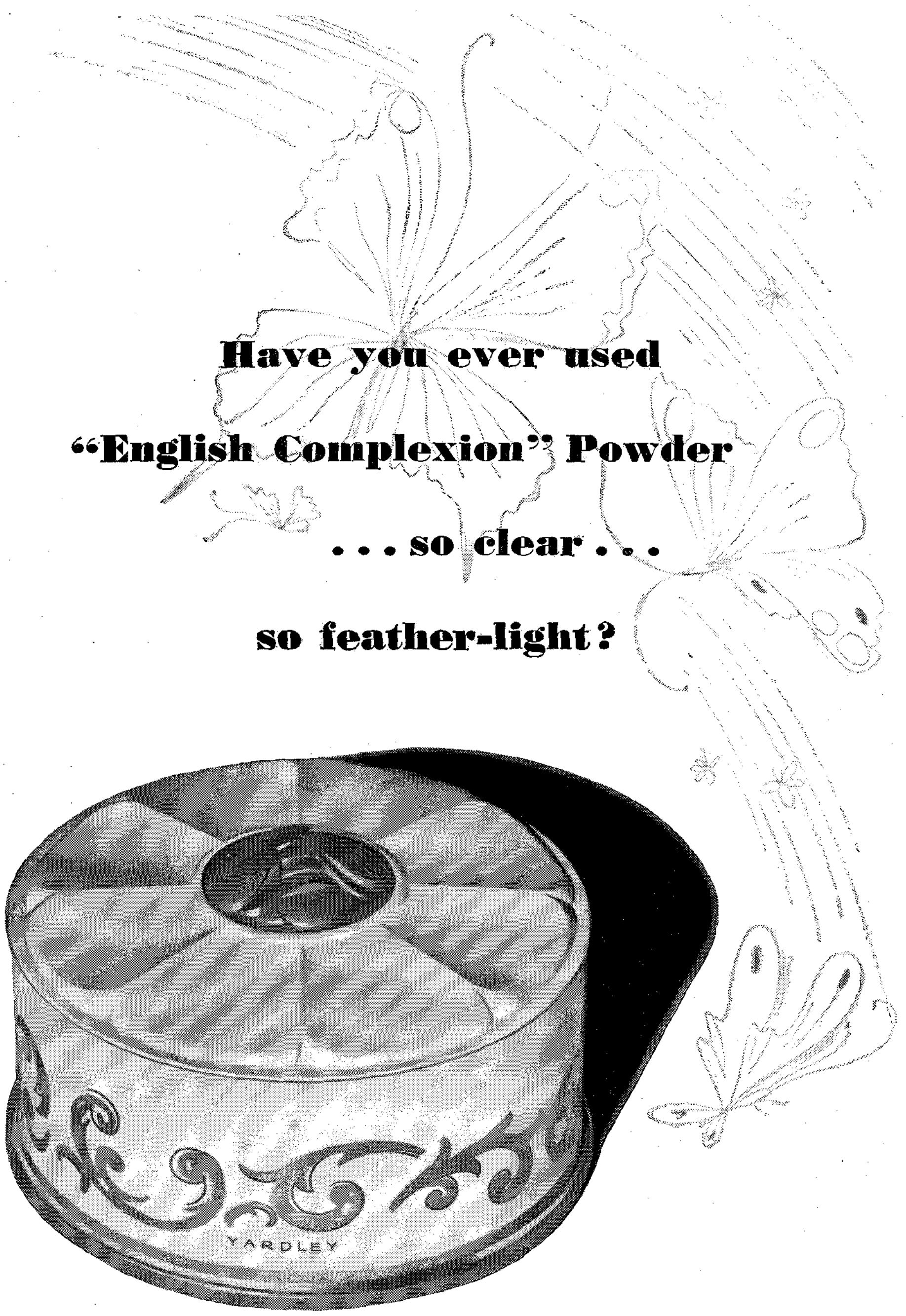
DE PINNA: A large felt pouch with an imitation tortoise frame is not only a complete handbag but unzips at one end to reveal a good-sized umbrella along the bottom; $8.50. A set consisting of an umbrella with a cobraskin handle and cover ($12.75), matching handbag ($22.50), gloves with capeskin palms ($7.95), and belt and vanity ($5 each). The famous white Erminpelz capes and jackets, which look so much like ermine, are still going strong; $35 up. De Pinna's exclusive slip-on suède gloves are washable, they vow, and won't crock;

$3. Costume jewelry: A gold-metal dagger pin with a watch set in the top is $16.50. Twisted rope necklaces of imitation rose quartz, amethyst, and pearls, or of jade, carnelian, and pearls; $12.50.

Franklin Simon: Good, inexpensive lingerie, from $2.98—for a tailored crêpe nightgown with bands of hand-drawn work. A challis fitted robe with a lace-trimmed silk gown to match is $8.98; other sets are as low as $3.98. Two-piece crêpe pajamas with a quilted matching jacket; $7.98. We never fail to be amazed by this stuff. Their $5 watch handbag is a good buy, too—a faille or suède pouch with a zipper closing and the watch face emerging through an opening at the side. Silver-metal earrings like cupid's or angel's wings ($1); a bracelet of funny little Peruvian savages with joined hands ($7.50).

Jay-Thorpe: Swell hand-sewn black suède gloves have a wide strap around the wrist which is fastened by a gold-metal buckle and contains a watch whose face peers out; $15. A wonderful wristwatch for either men or women is handsomely done in chromium on a leather strap, with indicators for the day of the week and the date; $10.95, and looks a million. A huge, flat, day envelope handbag seems to have a gold-metal monogram which turns out to belong to a black suède pancake compact, within, which is revealed through an opening at the bag's side; $16.95 in suède; $39.95 in leopard (two days to order for either one). Bags so finely beaded they look like sharkskin; $15 and up. A sensational clip pin has alternating rhinestone and imitation baguette sapphire strands flopping around like an octopus; $35. Handmade sweaters, fluffily knit in every possible color, are chic and incredibly good value at $4.95. Stockings can be done up in a cerise paper Jack-in-the-box container, with Santa Claus impersonating Jack; seventy-five cents, and you fill it according to your purse. Look at the Mopasins—wool socks to wear instead of shoes when you come into a chilly bedroom or country house, with a contrasting fringe cushioning the sole and gayly spraying out around the feet, just like a mop; $1.25, monogram included.

Lord & Taylor: The new shade for lingerie here is a Nile green called Limelight, which appears in everything, even corsets and brassières. You'll find it in a Grecian jersey nightgown with elastic shirring through the waist ($3.25), and in a sheer gown with matching Chantilly-type lace trimming its bodice and outlining a tucked panel down the front of the skirt ($25). Marabou Limelight bed jackets are $12.95; long, fitted robes, $59.95. Fancy getups do a lot to give practical gifts a holiday twist: two pairs of stockings in a tin-foil Christmas-tree ball ($2); a pair of doeskin gloves and another of pigskin come wrapped to look like an old-fashioned bouquet with a lace-paper frill ($5.50). Handbags: That idea of having the monogram on a metal pancake compact do double duty by showing through the side of a bag appears here, too, in a black wool envelope; $5. Monogram is fifty cents, and takes three days. To test strong nerves, a suède handbag, shaped like a



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YARDLEY "English Complexion" Face Powder . . . famous for its mist-blown delicacy, for a certain lucid loveliness . . . clings lightly . . . and long. Eight exquisite shades. Some glowing with almost tropic warmth. Others delicate with a cool "Snow Queen" charm. Blended to match your own natural skin radiance. And graced with regal "Bond Street" Perfume.

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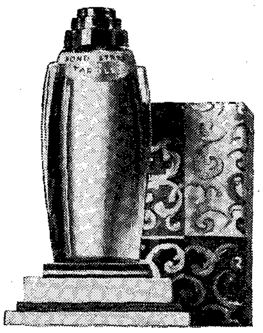

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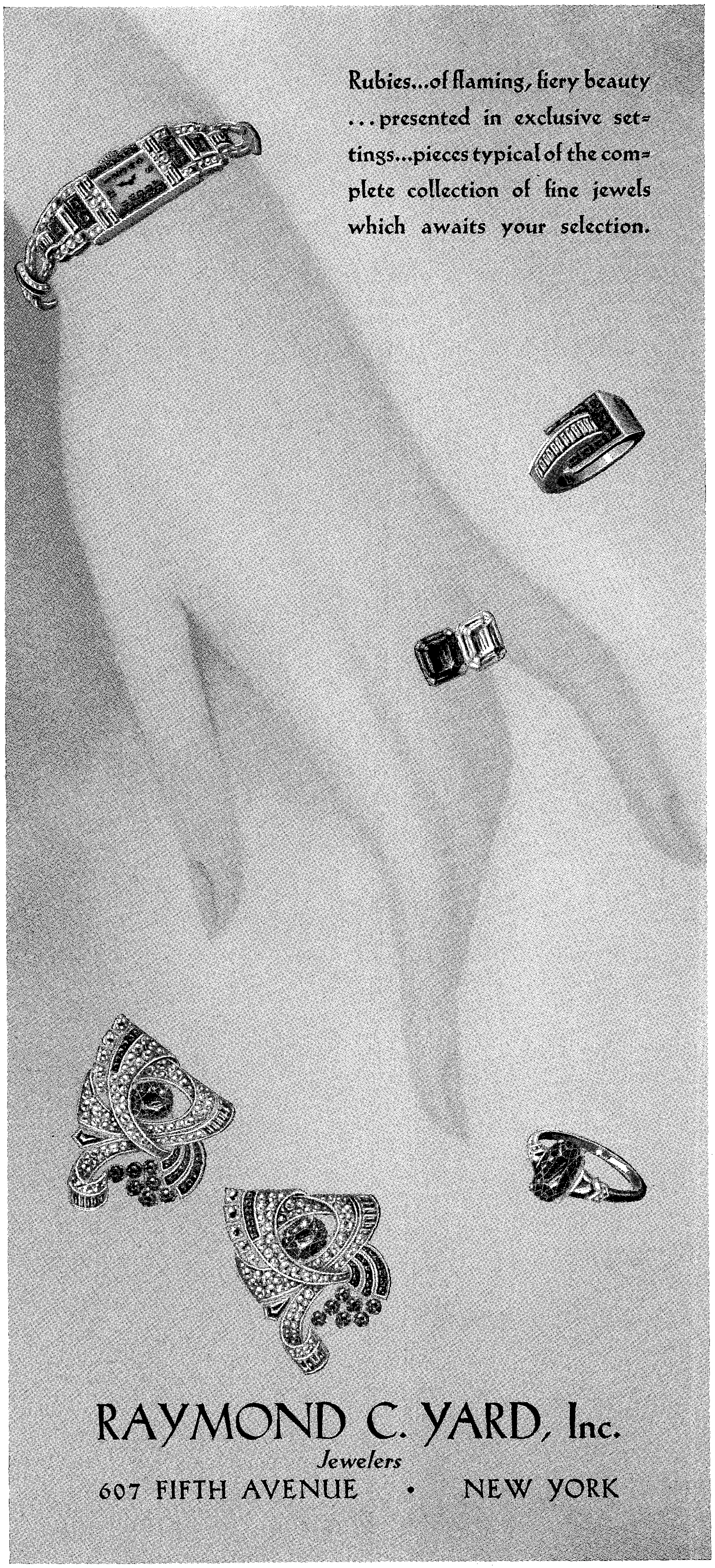

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binocular case, plays a tune when it's opened; $7.50.

MACY: Head straight for the Little Shop. A perfect russet pigskin belt, for sportswomen and college girls, with a big, zipper-topped pigskin heart dangling at one hip ready for change, lipstick, etc.; $3.69. Suède, satin, or fur handbags have big squares of gold or silver kid applied in orderly fashion to give a crossbar effect; $23.49 to $54.75, and you couldn't do better. Our favorite among the muffs is a knockout of black sequins—long, narrow, and limp, so that it may be pulled up one arm to look like a magnificent, glittering cuff on a plain black dinner dress; $23.89. Tops for a gay young thing: "whisper" earrings in gold metal and rhinestones; a devil with pitchfork tempts in one ear, a saint with halo worries at the other; $9.39. Hairpins with gold-metal tips for a pompadour or the knot at the back of a girl's neck ($1.83) have earrings to match ($3.69). Simple, warm robes of puckered Zenana, that dainty rayon crêpe with a wool back; $42.75. A triumphant though matter-of-fact warm house coat that can double as a summer-evening wrap is a full-length affair in red, white, or pastel tweed, cut like a double-breasted polo coat and full length; $19.94.

MCCUTCHEON: Liberty of London silk scarves, happily still with us, include 54-inch Ascots in an old design called Palace Gates that looks to us like stained-glass windows; $4.95. Fleece-lined string gloves, also English and good, are but $1.95. Two-in-one pigskin gloves have woven-wool linings that may be worn separately; $6.75. Bags: A long, graceful envelope made of black rayon-satin cord and looking as sleek as antelope ($7.50); a smaller version outlined in jet, for dressy moments ($5). A brocade envelope evening bag in soft colors, lined with quilted satin, is $7.50, and looks much more.

PECK & PECK: Beautiful white Teddy-bear-cloth coats: a long, fitted evening wrap with short sleeves and a mink-edged hood ($98.50); short, collarless affairs for sports or Palm Beach evenings ($19.95). An attractive chamois sports jacket with a panel back and jersey beneath for added freedom; $14.95. Tyrolian-type sweaters of domestic white wool have hand-painted Christmas trees and skiers marching across them ($8.95); mittens to match ($1.95). Some sweaters made in China have cross-stitched yokes ($10.95); others are knit in squares with tailored flowers appliquéd ($12.95). Matching mittens, hoods, and Ascots all over. Gay

dogs may want to chance sending silk stockings with Army or Navy emblems or Uncle Sam hats painted indelibly above one knee, though there's no saying how they'll be received. Anyway, the price is $1.65.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: *Vie Parisienne* headgear, second to none. Little clumps of black curlicues to sit back of a pompadour and drip a long tulle veil, and pussy-cat bows with short mesh veils; $6.50. A glittering, short-sleeved zipper jacket of net with gold sequins in scroll and medallion pattern; $19.50. A red felt envelope bag, sixteen inches long and eleven inches deep, makes a treasure of a handbag for airplane travellers and commuters who can't seem to get anything big enough; $5, with large metal monogram. More on the conservative side, there's a long, narrow envelope bag of pigskin with a separate compartment beneath its flap containing five gold-metal fittings, including a lighter; $38.50. A draped black antelope muff bag, flat and deep, enormously popular with older women; $22.50. A clip pin of gold metal with rhinestone trimmings has a compartment for four emergency cigarettes ($17.50); a larger one, holding eight, for your belt ($19.75). The watch pin we liked best here is of gold metal in the shape of a duck; lift a wing and there's the watch; $22.50.

WANAMAKER: Handbags for all. Real leather ones with centre change compartments to eliminate groping ($1.85 and up); beautiful pigskin travel bags, leather-lined ($12.50). Their famous English Redleaf bags include many of python or lizard skin—from $10 to $18.50, as long as the supply lasts. They also still have a limited number of French evening bags that are finely beaded and have synthetic-jewelled frames and clasps; $16.50 up. A miniature Redleaf jewel box, velvet-lined, has a removable partitioned tray; $3.95. A bed jacket, particularly nice in peach, is made of quilted velvet with a high turnover collar and tiny pearl buttons ($7.95). Hand-sewn capeskin gloves start at $1.95. Black or brown suède slip-ons, five-button length, with gantlet tops, are $5. Two umbrellas worth investigating: one, almost man-sized, has a Malacca crook handle; the second is smaller and has an alligator handle; $4.85 for either.

Gifts for Men

YOU know all about the warning, trite but true, that you need some knowledge of a man's tastes and crotchets if you hope to get him the perfect gift. We plunge at once, therefore, into this difficult field, pausing only to remark that in putting together the following list, we've tried to keep all types in mind and that we're sorry the burden of deciding between slippers and skis, binoculars and bar ware, must rest on you:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: An emergency auto kit, with two wooden platforms for mired and spinning wheels to grip, a towing cable, folding shovel and axe, canvas bucket, box of roadside flares, and work gloves—just about everything a motor-

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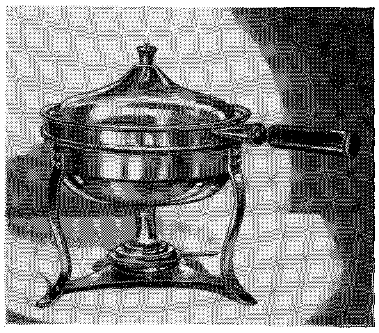

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UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS

Dec. 2–28

WALKER GALLERIES

108 EAST 57th ST.

ist needs to get out of trouble; $9.75. A fitted bag for an officer at training camp contains rubber washbasin, tablets to purify drinking water, and a dozen other practical luxuries; $13.50. A marine speedometer for yachtsmen, which needs merely to be let down over the side in order to register; $22, in mahogany box. For evening, a black silk pipe pouch holding an unusually flat brier; $7.50.

Brooks Brothers: Round decanters of Swedish cut glass, with a nice, substantial look; $15 a pair. Oversized highball glasses with numbers etched on their sides, so there's no getting confused about which's whose while refilling; $5 for a set of eight. For the sedentary: single-breasted smoking jacket in navy or maroon velveteen, with shawl collar and satin facing; $48. For the energetic: sealskin creepers which can be strapped to the bottom of skis, to make climbing easier; $10, in a canvas bag.

De Pinna: A gabardine lounging suit, with, for instance, maroon trousers and gray coat, is lighter than most and just about right for apartments that are likely to get warm as the evening progresses; $28.50. Round-necked pullover sweater of soft natural, blue, or brown English wool; $9.50. Moccasin-style slippers, wearable both indoors and out, for the suburbanite who likes to relax and wander about his grounds when he gets home; $5.50.

Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th: Scotch plaids in wool hosiery that is not too heavy and not too light for winter wear in the city when you're in and out of buildings a lot; $2.50. Handmade black silk braces, edged with white ($6), may be initialled at a small extra charge (two days). A white silk evening scarf with a conservative fringe is $10.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Nice collection of English silk ties in club and regimental stripes, including some you seldom see, like Charterhouse of Cambridge; they lose their significance over here, of course, but not their good looks; $5. Braces to match, in some instances; $7.50. A handsome pullover V-neck Alpaca sweater has vertical stripes of gold on orange or green on white; $18.50. An unfitted leather kit, oilskin-lined, has a set of removable partitions for bottles, shaving brush, razor, and such; $22.50.

Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th: A square clock set between chromium posts has radium-marked hands and numerals and an alarm that is as gentle as it is persistent; $11.75. A living-room tray bar comes with a folding stand and provides plenty of space for ice bucket, bottles, and glasses; $16.50. A chromium shaving mirror, from which science has removed all glare, has an outlet for an electric razor; $12. Crystal ashtrays of the heavy, commodious type a man likes—up to the size of urns, almost; from $1.

Lord & Taylor: Wool challis robes, gaily printed with designs often seen on foulard neckties; $27.50. Satinwood English military brushes set with boar's bristles; $10. For the outdoorsman: wool plaid shirts in seven authentic Scotch clan tartans; $7.95. A sterling-silver coin-clip key ring for a motorist's dashboard makes dimes and quarters easy to get at for the toll booths you encounter every few miles; $2.95.

Macy: Old Dickensian brass fireplace fenders start at $24.89 in the Corner Shop. Advanced camera amateurs might welcome a makeup set of special cosmetics to heighten the photographic clarity of a portrait subject's features; $1.21. A cowhide golf bag for a set of fourteen clubs has two pockets and hood, and costs $14.94. An almost overwhelming selection of Havana cigars—Partagas, Hoya de Monterrey, Upmann, Ramon Allones, and all the rest.

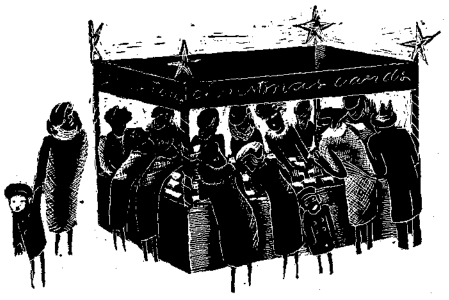
Countess Mara, 338 Park Avenue (51st): Among the soft Shetland pullover sweaters with round necks, we especially admired several in misty tones of brown or blue or gray; $13.50. Hand-knitted wool socks, to roll over the tops of ski boots, have designs of bands, zigzags, and chevrons; $6. And, of course, her ties, which are always something special—one we noted showed a green-shirted very dark Negro dancer going through his paces against a light-brown background; from $5 to $10.

W. A. McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue (54th): Year-round golfers should welcome a Scotch-tweed sports jacket lined with Alpaca wool and fastened down the front by a zipper; $37.50, with good, big, warm pockets. A large natural vicuña muffler here is surprisingly light in view of its size; $18.50. Dark-brown capeskin gloves have chamois lining, to make them considerably warmer than the usual unlined variety; $10.50.

Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Binoculars for bird-lovers weigh but sixteen ounces and are equipped with sun shades; $12, with leather carrying case and strap. A pedometer makes a good gift for men who go in for strenuous walking ($2.50); an auto altimeter should be just the thing to give a motorist with a weakness for dials and gauges ($6).

Saks-Fifth Avenue: White wool shirts woven so finely they feel like taffeta; in fact, Saks calls them that with a capital "T;" $12.50. A suitcase of steerhide leather, marvellously sturdy and mellow-looking even when new, has a rack in one of its halves on which two suits can be folded so they're not likely to wrinkle; $150. Something mighty fancy: a blank door key of gold, which any locksmith can file to specifications; $12.50 and up. The nine-pound Hermes portable typewriter, said to be one of the lightest in the world, for writing men who have airplane baggage allowances to consider; $39.50.

Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Ice skates with shoes fitted by experts, who suggest that you send just any pair as



a token and tell the recipient to stop in after Christmas to be measured; $14.95 and up. The new Bobby Jones golf irons, out this November, come matched in sets of six for $50, or eight for $67. The Jack Purcell Autograph badminton bat has a larger head than most, and is used a good deal for tournament play; $12, strung with gut.

SULKA, 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd): From a number of unlined lightweight silk dressing robes in exclusive patterns of French twill, we singled out one with a maroon-and-white flame motif on a blue ground; $85. The ties here are far above average, especially some Macclesfield silks with small patterns superimposed on conservative blues and grays; $5. A black cummerbund, for the man who gets South a lot, is $15.

TRIPLER, 366 Madison Avenue (46th): A navy or natural cashmere lounging robe, soft and warm, for the slippered stay-at-home; $50. A silk-sheathed umbrella with a gold identification band, ready for engraving, on its Malacca handle is $18.50. A pigskin travelling case with three chromium-topped bottles for cologne, shaving lotion and hair lotion, if you know a man who uses all three; $6.50.

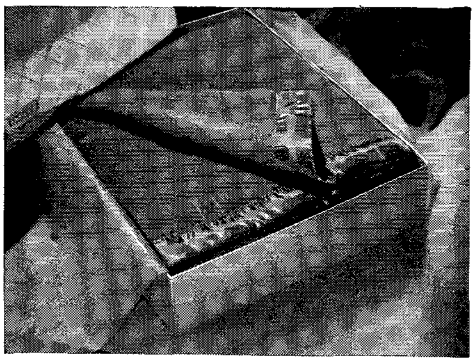
WANAMAKER: Sports strap watch, self-winding in a chromium case; guaranteed to be not only waterproof but shockproof; $25. Pullover poplin sports shirts which keep out wind and rain; $2.50. Adjustable mahogany shoe trees, something few men have enough of, are $1.75 a pair. A circular walnut rack to hold eight pipes makes a fine addition to the table beside a man's favorite chair; $5.

YOUNG BOOKS, 714 Madison Avenue (64th): Things for a den, such as bookends carved into Down East characters ($17.50 a pair); old duck decoys wired as table lamps, with old game-bird prints on the shades ($45); old leather hatboxes lined with worthless bonds and turned into scrapbaskets ($20); and a kidney-shaped end table with a leather top, just the right height to hold a drink beside an easy chair ($11).

NOW for just a few notes on certain specialties and specialists: The Fifth Avenue Cutlery Shop, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), has fine imported stainless-steel game shears, to help a man with obstinate poultry joints; $10.50. . . . David T. Abercrombie, 311 Broadway (Duane), shows a canvas bag, with leather handles and sole, that is roomy enough to hold all the equipment a man would need for the average hunting trip, including rod or demountable gun; $12.50. A pair of heavy mahogany bookends—one realistically carved as a fox head, the other as a hound's head—is $60 at the Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street. . . . James Robinson, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th), has simple silver trays, both antiques and reproductions, that would do nicely for calling cards in a bachelor's foyer; from $22.50. . . . Andre, 49 East 47th Street, knows everything

For the night before Christmas and every night after

Give a Kenwood Famous Blanket



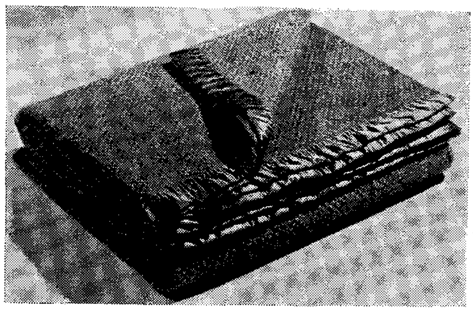
Gloriously big, soft, fluffy, and warm—it's a gift of beauty and of sleeping comfort for the years to come. Woven of selected wools for a lifetime of wear, deeply napped, and luxuriously bound with all-silk striped satin ribbon. In pink, light blue, peach, white, green, rose, maize, gold, copper, oriental blue, rose tan, wine. In smart silver-patterned gift box.

66 x 90 72 x 90 80 x 90 (Except pink and light blue)

Give a Kenwood Slumber Throw

Companion piece to the Kenwood Famous Blanket. A handsome throw of soft, warm wool in sturdy, basket weave, light weight, yet warm and very durable. Bound in rayon satin ribbon. In peach, green, rose, gold, copper, oriental blue, wine, rose tan. Grand gift for "the girl who has everything."

60 x 72



Other Kenwood Blankets and Throws for every name on your Christmas list.

In New York • B. Altman & Company • Bloomingdale's • Gimbel Bros. • Lord & Taylor
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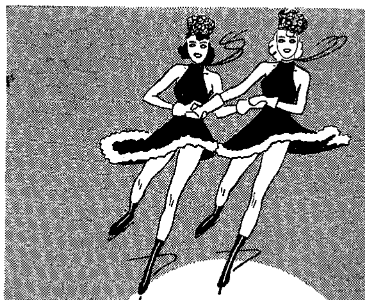
KENWOOD BLANKETS
for Sleeping Comfort
KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS



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TERRACE ROOM
Dancing nightly to
ABE LYMAN
and his Californians
De Luxe dinners from $2.00. Cover after 10 P. M. 75¢, weekdays, $1.50 Saturdays & holiday eves.
——NEW YEAR'S EVE——
Woody Herman's Orchestra
Reservations $10.60 per person, tax included.
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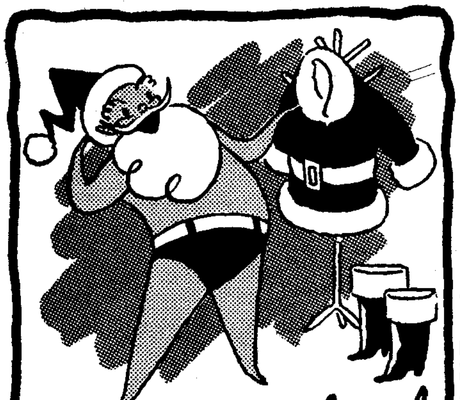
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue
Frank L. Andrews, President
2500 Rooms from $3.50



For a Complete Change TRY PALM SPRINGS
"Rest or play the desert way" over the holidays... plenty of old-fashioned Christmas cheer ...for holidays-PLUS, try the desert's favorite hostelry...
El Mirador
HOTEL AND BUNGALOWS
Palm Springs, California
WARREN B. PINNEY Managing Owner

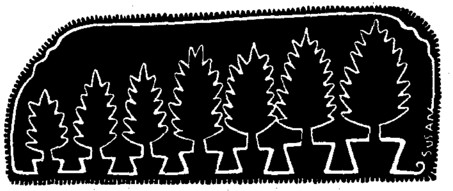
there is to know about skis; he is currently recommending Splitkeins, which are guaranteed for a whole season; $22.50.... A new Schaeffer fountain pen (to be found all over) for air travellers is somehow not affected by the low pressure at high altitudes, which causes ordinary pens to leak; $10.... Another new idea which is everywhere is the Schick electric razor designed by Raymond Loewy; $15, and it works on either A.C. or D.C.... Budd, 590 Fifth Avenue (48th), will put a cut-out monogram in white crêpe mufflers in a week; $15 for the works.... Alex Taylor, 22 East 42nd Street, shows a squash racquet with a cane insert in the handle to give it that whippy feeling players like; $10.50, strung with gut.... S. J. Feron's racquet shop, at 55 East 44th Street, has branched into bowling equipment this season and will sell you a ball done up in Cellophane with the understanding that it will be adjusted to the recipient's grip after Christmas; $17.95. ... A huntsman might appreciate a half-pint flask in a cowhide case, with straps for attaching it to his saddle, which is being shown by Kauffman, 139 East 24th, who makes a specialty of catering to riders; it's $16.50.... Eastman has brought out the Kodak 35 with a built-in range-finder and an ƒ3.5 lens; $47.50; in a leather field case, $54.50.... And, of course, Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), and Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Avenue (40th), offer just about everything a smoker could desire.

Games for Adults

IF you have a substantial number of game-lovers on your list, you may consider yourself lucky, for they are about the easiest people in the world to please. In general, with them, a game's a game, and if it happens to be a new game and a catchy one, that's just the extra bun in a baker's dozen. Among those we've come across in surveying this season's crop is one called Tactics. It consists of a board on which the Mediterranean, Baltic, and North Seas and the Atlantic are mapped out, together with a number of seaports, some of which each of the two, three, or four players who can participate is supposed to defend. The moves are controlled by a pack of instruction cards, which dictate how counters representing battleships, transports, airplanes, and gold reserves are to be maneuvered about. Realistically enough, players who win get all the gold-reserve counters, which are credited to their final score. We won't attempt to go further into details, but it may be helpful to point out that the rule book isn't as specific as it might be about what happens to the airplanes after they go out on a flight. We finally found out that they're supposed to return to their bases each time. We came across Tactics at Bloomingdale and Macy, for about $2, but it's probably all around by now.

Then there's Circle-Gammon, an offspring of backgammon and something like its parent, except that the number of players, instead of being limited to two, can be as high as four. We'd recommend the de-luxe edition, which F. A. O. Schwarz and Macy, for instance, are selling for around $7. We also admired a new dice game called Spare-Time, which is rather like bowling. It's neatly got up as a little tenpin containing a dice cup and ten dice, each with a tenpin engraved on one face. Each player is given two rolls in which to make all the dice lie so not a single tenpin is visible—the strike-and-spare principle. Scores are kept just as they are in bowling. You'll find this at Gimbel, Macy, and Bloomingdale, among others, for $1.

Your more active friends might be grateful for a game called Ski-Bol, a parlor adaptation of Skee Ball, that favorite pastime of boardwalks. The ball is rolled over a carpet, instead of the familiar alley, toward a target which is divided up into the customary scoring partitions; a ramp serves as a springboard to loft the ball into or over the partitions, depending upon your skill. We came upon this at Schwarz and Macy. Abercrombie & Fitch show the Putt Master, for golfers who want to practice indoors. It consists of a hole with a turntable device in front of it that can be swung to present nine different hazards, and has the added advantage of an inclined trough which returns the balls to the player; $15. Abercrombie, too, showed us the Marble Bowling Alley, a good combination of pinball and bowling. Ten balls, set in shallow cups, take the place of the objectives in the usual pinball game; you try to dislodge them by shooting a master ball with a plunger. Only two tries, just as in bowling, and you score the same way. It comes in a case small enough to set up on a card table; $5. Macy has a dart board with a regulation twenty-point English layout on one side and an



Gifts in the Grand Manner
LEROUX Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST
IMPORTED BASIC FLAVORING INGREDIENTS
LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Phila. • Brussels, Belgium • New York City
70 proof
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

HARLEQUIN*
Better Looking . . . All Ways
Insist on genuine Harlequins*. The name HARLEQUIN* is stamped on the inside of the temple piece. For the names of genuine HARLEQUIN* dealers write to:
THE HARLEQUIN CORPORATION
30 Broad Street New York City
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RCA
Now Everyone Can Enjoy The World's Finest Music by The World's Greatest Artists on
Victor Records
Prices Reduced As Much As Half!
SEE YOUR VICTOR RECORD DEALER

arrangement of spaces marked with the names of drinks—Bronx, highball, Manhattan, etc.—on the other. Naturally, you don't *have* to have what you hit. It's $1.69.

Among the quantities of jigsaw puzzles we've inspected, we thought very highly of an opaque plastic one sold by the Par Company, at 18 East 53rd Street. It is a map of the United States cut up along the boundary lines of the states, and it's not nearly as easy to put together as you might think, for, although you should have no trouble with Florida and Texas and other strangely shaped sections, you're likely to find yourself stumped when it comes to such virtual parallelograms as Colorado and Wyoming. The puzzle costs $10.

LOOSE ENDS: Macy has a pigskin kit containing the equipment for nine familiar games, roulette and cribbage among them; $79.95. . . . The same shop shows an unusual set of antique ivory Chinese chessmen carved to resemble figures of the Tartar invasion; $99.50. . . . A well-made bridge table at Abercrombie may be turned into a poker table for eight by hooking on chip racks that come with it; $25. . . . Dominoes, it appears, is becoming popular as a gambling game, and Abercrombie is right on hand with an excellent set of plastic pieces that have mother-of-pearl spots and are done up in a gold-tooled cowhide case; $25. . . . Bezique is being revived, too, judging from the quantities of cards and counters for the game shown in nearly all the shops. . . . Gimbel has an eight-leg tennis table with sturdy plywood top; $16.98. . . . Plastic poker chips stamped on both sides with a monogram (give them two weeks) are available at Lord & Taylor; $3.50 a hundred. . . . "Information, Please," a compilation of sticklers and answers from the radio program, is just out. . . . So is the fiftieth "Crossword Puzzle Book" and, new, to help solve it, a "Crossword Puzzle Dictionary," grouping synonyms frequently used by the puzzlemakers. . . . "Betcha Can't Do It" is a compendium of parlor tricks to stop those smarties you meet at parties.

Christmas Trimmings

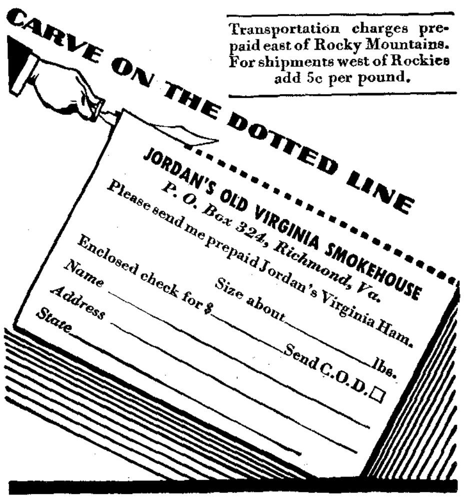
THE big swing back to tried-and-true Christmas symbols and colors, which we first encountered this year while investigating wrappings for gifts, has had its expected effect upon trimmings for table, mantel, doorway, and tree. Everywhere the sharp, pinewoods fragrance of real Christmas greens and the tinsel glint of old-time red and green

Well this IS a CHRISTMAS—with

JORDAN'S Genuine VIRGINIA HAM

Christmas bells! Christmas cheer—and to top everything—Jordan's Genuine Virginia Ham! The ideal Christmas gift . . . just the thing for those holiday buffet suppers. Slowly cured, smoked over aromatic hickory fires, then oven-baked with wine . . . the choice for the holiday feast! Jordan's Genuine Virginia Ham is expertly cooked—ready to serve cold or hot. For a Christmas that IS a Christmas—order for yourself and friends a Jordan's Genuine Virginia Ham.

AVERAGE WEIGHT 7½ to 10 lbs.
—PRICE 90c a lb.
★
FREE If you enclose check with order we will send with each ham a FREE sample of genuine Jordan's Virginia Bacon



Transportation charges prepaid east of Rocky Mountains. For shipments west of Rockies add 5c per pound.

CARVE ON THE DOTTED LINE
JORDAN'S OLD VIRGINIA SMOKEHOUSE
P. O. Box 324, Richmond, Va.
Please send me prepaid Jordan's Virginia Ham.
Enclosed check for $____ Size about ____ lbs.
Name ____ Send C.O.D. ☐
Address ____
State ____

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THE
BELMAR
ON THE OCEAN AT 26th ST.

Modern, new—invariable choice of the "right people" because they know that only the Belmar's wholesome environment and perfect facilities can bring fullest enjoyment of *all* the many pleasures which Miami Beach affords.

Early reservations advisable.
For booklet, rates, details:
BRUNO WEIL, *General Manager*

A Holiday Treat
from Tropical Puerto Rico!

Give the holiday season a tropical touch by giving and serving delicious Don Q! Superb in Daiquiris, Punches and all other rum drinks.

WHITE LABEL
for cocktails
GOLD LABEL
for tall drinks
Product of
DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc.
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Don Q
PUERTO RICAN
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The Spirit of Puerto Rico
DON Q
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Schieffelin & Co., N. Y. C.
Sole U. S. Agents • 86 Proof

and gold triumph over the chichi of recent holiday seasons, and in all the town there is scarcely a white ostrich-plume Christmas tree to be found.

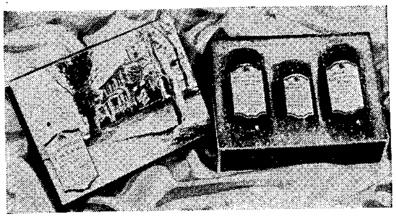
This back-to-nature movement has florists working overtime to make clusters of old-fashioned pink mistletoe hung with bells; evergreen sprays and wreaths, garlanded, Della Robbia style, with brilliant imitation fruits and berries; and yards of roping woven from fresh-cut yew, laurel, hemlock, and scented boxwood. One new idea amid these revivalistic goings-on appears at Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th), and at the Hawthorne Flower Shop, 286 West 11th Street, at both of which there are little nosegays and boutonnières made of holly, to tuck into the tops of Christmas stockings or to use as place favors at the holiday dinner table; $1 up. We're in favor of them. If you're one to whom Christmas isn't Christmas without sprigs of the rare and beautiful pink mistletoe around the house, the shop called The Whole World, 104 East 56th Street, is taking orders for picnic hamper baskets filled with the lovely stuff; $5.

Hayes offers an especially Christmasy table centrepiece in which evergreen branches, clustered in tree form and decked with tiny Santa Clauses, are enclosed in a white iron framework holding candles; $7.50. As a door decoration, she suggests a small silver-birch log, gay with a spray of long-needled pine, a red ribbon, and a string of Javanese cowbells, to tinkle sweetly whenever the door is opened; $7.50. She treats cone-decked pine logs ($2.50) with chemicals to create dazzling northern-lights effects as they blaze in the fireplace on Christmas Eve, scenting the whole house. Hawthorne has trained potted philodendron vines to grow in wreath shapes, and ties them with big, bright-red ribbon bows, to dress mantels and windows for Christmas and all through the winter.

At Constance Spry, 322 Park Avenue (50th), where ostrich-plume elegance once reached an all-time peak, fragrant New Hampshire evergreens and pine cones now prevail. Her mossy baskets filled with masses of cone-bearing evergreen sprays can be hung on your front door by a rope handle twined with greens; they make one of the most attractive decorations of this kind we've seen; $7.50.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, famous for Jack Horner pie centrepieces, has new ones in cornucopia, Santa's-sleigh, and rustic-cart shapes. The cornucopia, filled with toys and snappers

TREASURE FROM EARLY VIRGINIA
A Delicious • Delightful
Distinguished Gift



The Bedford Package
of Celebrated Early Virginian
TABLE DELICACIES

A beautifully designed box, festively packed with the largest size jars of
COUSIN HELEN'S CUCUMBER PICKLE
MISS LUCY'S MUSTARD SAUCE
MISS JANE'S GREEN TOMATO PICKLE
And a Booklet of Approv'd Virginian Recipes
(Net weight of contents: 4 lbs. 3 ozs.)

Wonderful Old-Fashioned Favourites
of Superlative Quality
At Good Merchants, Reasonably Priced

SPECIAL NOTE: If your store has not yet secured the Package or the individual products, we'll be glad to send The Bedford Package direct to you. Only $1.35, prepaid, east of the Miss. ($1.55 between the Miss. and Denver, $1.85 west of Denver)

Famous Virginia Foods, Inc., Lynchburg, Va.
"At the Sign of the Cornucopia"

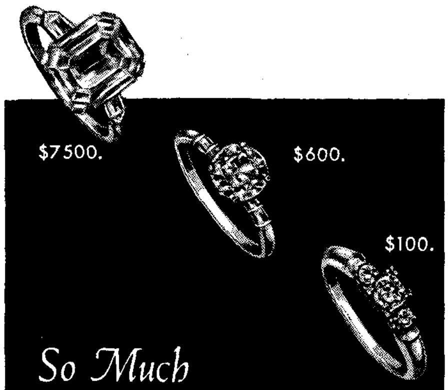
Luggage
for Gifts

Travelling cases with new modern lines

Also depot for genuine
VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore
INC.

A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT
Buys HER that HOME FOR XMAS!
Built before recent construction cost increases, these charming houses are wonderful bargains! 5 available models on large plots. Spacious living rooms with gorgeous Fieldstone fireplaces, roomy bedrooms, modern baths, screened verandas, all conveniences.
PRIVATE BEACH ON LONG ISLAND SOUND
Superlatively Beautiful Small Private Community
Homes priced from $2995—Long Easy Terms
OWNER—25 W. 74th St., N.Y.C. Tra. 7-3711



So Much
or So Little!

Whether you soar into the upper brackets or keep to down-to-earth budget figures, know that whatever you spend for an Engagement Ring is well spent here. For at Udall and Ballou *Quality in every price range is the rule*... and flawless beauty and sound value the result!

Udall and Ballou

Jewelers Since 1888
Fifth Avenue at 57th St., New York, N.Y.
Bellevue Avenue, Newport

A variety of inexpensive gifts in our "Budget Case"

A Christmas Scoop!

Couldn't be gayer or more novel than this wooden one, handsomely bound 'round and filled with an assortment of Alice H. Marks famed biscuits and candies, $10.50. Other packages from $3.50; baskets from $5.50; chests from $4.50.

Mail and telephone orders filled promptly

Alice H. Marks
6 East 52 St., New York Plaza 3-7282

The HEARTHSTONE
Dine Delightfully
Fine food, restful surroundings, and dinner music combine to climax the day and start the evening—properly.
Open Sundays
15 East 48th St. near 5th Ave.

for a children's Christmas table seating eight, comes with real lollipop place cards and costs $18.50. A modern version of the Jack Horner idea is an electrically lit Christmas-bell centrepiece (no other illumination needed), with place cards and favors for eight adults; $35.

AT Gerard, 48 East 48th Street, decorations full of genuine Christmas sentiment have been wrought out of materials as modern as shining metal foils and that pearly plastic Lumarith (familiar in lampshades). We love the candle sconces of bright sheet metal cut out in Christmas-tree silhouettes, each with a pocket for greens and holders for two candles ($4.50), and a snowy, sleepy village covered by tall cones of stiff Cellophane, just as Victorian glass bells used to cover bouquets of wax flowers ($3.50). This year's most unusual candle is an eighteen-inch white one with waxen angel wings tipped with gold swooping up from the base; $5 a pair.

Of course, good Christmas candles are all over town, from the endless Woolworth assortments through scented bayberry beauties at specialty shops like Can-Dle-Luxe, 542 Madison Avenue (55th), and Evelyn Reed, 524 Madison Avenue (53rd), to the costly, churchly, lovingly handmade creations of Antonino Ajello, 100 East 50th Street. Can-Dle-Luxe has a wax holly spray with a candle in its centre (fifty cents), to float in a bowl while it lights the holiday table. This is rather nice, and there are similar arrangements of wax Jerusalem berries for finger bowls. Alban Conway, of 68 East 55th Street, shows a twenty-five-inch mahogany-colored candle which he says will burn for a mere matter of 2,300 hours—almost smack into April; $3.

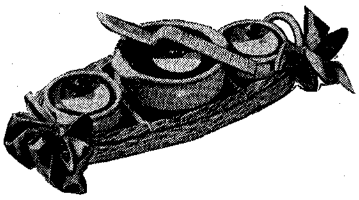
Shackman, at Madison Avenue and 34th Street, and F. A. O. Schwarz, at Fifth Avenue and 58th, are two spots in which you may be sure of finding just about every kind of Christmas-tree ball and tinselly decoration, as well as reliable tree stands—both silent and musical ones, at Schwarz. And we hope you won't forget that candy canes (now hygienically Cellophane-wrapped) from the five-and-ten and homemade popcorn festoons still make gay tree trimmings and are invaluable for keeping the children busy stringing them up while they wait for the Glorious Day.

•

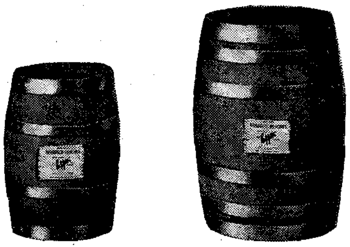
PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT
[*Headline in the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

NORTH PROVES HE
IS ELECTRIC FAN

THREE SHORT CUTS TO *Christmas Kisses*



★ **IMPORTED CHEESES AGED IN WINE.** Tickle a gourmet's taste with this delightful selection of the rarest fromages. Wicker basket, with specially designed knife, contains 1 lb. crock aged English Stilton cured in Port Wine, 6 oz. crock aged English Cheddar cured in Sherry, and 6 oz. crock genuine imported French Roquefort in Brandy. Complete . . . **$5.95**



★ **BRANDIED PEACHES.** Luscious, whole Georgia peaches packed in delicious imported liqueur by Raffeto. The pièce de résistance of any dinner! Give this gift and *you'll* be invited—again and again!
½ gallon, **$5.50** . 1 gallon, **$8.50**

★ **OLDE ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.** The supreme climax to any dinner—St. Ivel's Plum Pudding made from an old West of England recipe with the finest ingredients including rich, old ale and brandy. It comes direct from Veovil, England, packed in beautifully colored and decorated china bowls.
1⅝ lbs., **$1.40** . . 3 lbs., **$2.50**
4½ lbs. **$3.25**

Send for your copy of our new Gift Booklet "N". Also send for our new Connoisseurs' Food Booklet "N".

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER
145 East 57th Street
New York City

Winter in Town

Let Mayfair House assume the role of being your town-residence during the winter months. A wood-burning fireplace in your apartment is just one of many fine traditions of town-house living that Mayfair House so carefully maintains.

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PARK AVENUE at 65th ST.
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THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE FURRIER IN *OLD NEW YORK SPECIALIZES IN

LABRADOR MINK COATS
$3,500.

Trencher Mink Masterpieces each pelt personally chosen for its fresh, rich, natural beauty.

*277 Grand St., N. Y.

For LOVELY Rooms Wool "O" RUG Ensembles

Those who seek distinction and charm in their homes are now more than ever using Wool "O" Rug Ensembles. These attractive rugs—oval, round, oblong, square—are available in a wide variety of modern colors to blend with every style of furnishing. Always lie flat, won't slip. Reversible, same both sides. Unusually long wear. Easily cleaned. Ideally adaptable to apartments, city and country homes. Ensembles as low as $14.85. Also sold singly. All throw sizes. Room sizes up to 9' x 12' and larger. Modern, colonial, and antique effects. Can always be matched. A guaranteed product sold in leading stores. **Write for booklet.** Wool "O" Studios, Department N—1100 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Wool "O" RUGS—Wool Thru and Thru

THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Again

HERE it is December and, more or less on the dot, here's another Whitney Annual to give us our yearly survey of contemporary American painting. To be sure, as a survey it's neither complete nor conclusive. As I've frequently pointed out, art's a shy thing and hard to pin down, and no amount of sampling and poll-taking, however conscientious, can be quite certain of capturing all its aspects or of rendering its exact contemporary flavor. The Whitney polls, however, are better than most. If they seem to be weighted in favor of the East (of the hundred and sixty-three artists in the group being shown, less than thirty are from west of the Alleghenies), that's at least in part due to the concentration of painters in the New York area. If the shows lean toward the "polite" in their atmosphere, they are certainly not conservative, for they have maintained a constant high level of liberalism through the years. And though almost any visitor could name offhand a half-dozen other artists he thinks should have been included, each exhibition, on the other hand, always presents a fair proportion of newcomers (more than forty, for instance, in the present one), and anyway it's hardly ever likely that your list of "outrageous omissions" and mine would coincide.

What it all comes down to, I guess, is that the Whitney does the best it can with a tolerably thankless task, and if I've been rambling along, taking first one side and then the other, it's mainly in an effort to explain away the feeling I so often get at the Annuals—that American painting just can't be so unexciting as this, and yet here it is, and it *is*. The current collection does little to diminish that impression. Sound competence there's plenty of, but not much innovation or daring, while the really exciting pieces, the ones you turn back to again and again—well, beyond Stuart Davis's "Report from Rockport," surely a masterpiece of controlled stridency; Max Weber's calm "Landscape," Ben Shahn's lonely harmonica player called "Pretty Girl Milking a Cow," and Lebduska's fine "Jungle Tapestry," there are mighty few indeed.

I liked too, though less wholeheartedly, Lucile Blanch's big, warm "Vacationist," as well as Michael Klein's spacious "Stony Island," Francis Criss's crisp little exercise in rooftop geometry called "Words and Music of Two Hemispheres," and Philip Evergood's small but beautifully painted "Two Fishermen." Gregorio Prestopino's semi-abstract "Fulton Fish Market," if somewhat repetitive in design, has some excellent passages in it, and there's nice painting, too, in such pieces as Louis Ribak's "Midsummer" and Frank Osborn's "Marble Remainders." But by now we're leaving the level of brilliance and inventiveness and approaching that of mere competence, and of this, as I've hinted before, the show has enough and to spare. Among the more established painters, Alexander Brook has a canvas called "Pasture at Elk" in which he continues that vein of mistily suggestive landscapes he's been exploring lately, and Gifford Beal shows a brisk, sunny "Newburyport;" the others—Marsh, Benton, Curry, Sheeler, and so on—are represented by paintings that are, on the whole, best called "typical."

I confess that I tend to blame the Whitney for the disappointments I sometimes find in the Annuals, and this may be unfair. Furthermore, the "mere competence" I've been talking about is not so despicable a quality as all that. In itself, it usually signifies that an art movement has ceased experimentation for the moment and has entered on a period of consolidating its gains. It may be that this is the position American painting is now in, and if true, that is all right too. Certainly no one can look back on the course of our art in the past few decades without realizing that its advance has been considerable, or look at the state of the rest of the world without hoping that those gains may be maintained. All this may be so, but I can't quite convince myself that this is the whole of it, or that vital advances aren't still being made in American art. Good as the Whitney Annuals are, I can't help feeling they could be better and that it's caution which keeps them from being so. Sometimes I wish that for every dozen "good" painters the Whitney invites, it would make a practice of inviting one who was, in its opinion, resoundingly "bad." That would certainly liven up the shows a good deal. And, human fallibility being what it is, the custom might produce some impressive surprises.

PIERRE MATISSE has a show of oils by Loren MacIver that's decidedly worth seeing. These are bright, witty, highly imaginative paintings, and Miss MacIver's debt to the late Paul Klee, both in style and in feeling, is apparent in such things as the patterned "Blue Dunes" and the "Votive Table," the latter almost too reminiscent of Klee's "Votive Tablets." Her approach, however, though less acute than Klee's, is broader and more direct, and in the majority of her pictures there's a fresh, easy play of purely personal fantasy that's completely charming. She likes the surprises that can be found in familiar objects when viewed from odd angles or in unfamiliar surroundings, as witness her "Etruscan Vases, Case #40," or "The Sidewalk," in which a child's hopscotch diagram, seen from above and from a child's-eye level, is made to appear like some ghostly undersea growth. In others, such as the anecdotal "Snail Maze," her approach is more literary, while in the brilliantly organized "Ashe Street Blooms" (to my mind, the best thing in the show) she seems to be experimenting playfully with abstract techniques. But wherever her fancies lead her, the results are almost invariably delightful.

THROUGH this Saturday, the Arden Gallery is showing wax sculptures by Luis Hidalgo. Done in color, and with an amazing minuteness of detail, and mounted in shinily ornate tin frames, they've a combination of folk feeling and genially satiric humor that I found immensely appealing. . . . At the Kraushaar, they've a retrospective of works by Mahonri Young that extends from the first years of the century to the present and includes oils, water colors, and drawings, as well as sculptures. Honesty and a forthright intention are to be found in all departments of the exhibition, but it's in sculpture, of course, that Young's touch is consistently surest, and several of the bronzes—his "The Branding Iron" and a couple of the studies of boxers—have a solidity and sureness of pose that quite make up for their now slightly dated technique. I liked too, for their briskness and clarity, a number of the small water-color sketches, in particular his "Place Dauphine" and his "Second Class on the Majestic," both done in the early nineteen-twenties. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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—*Adv. in the Times.*

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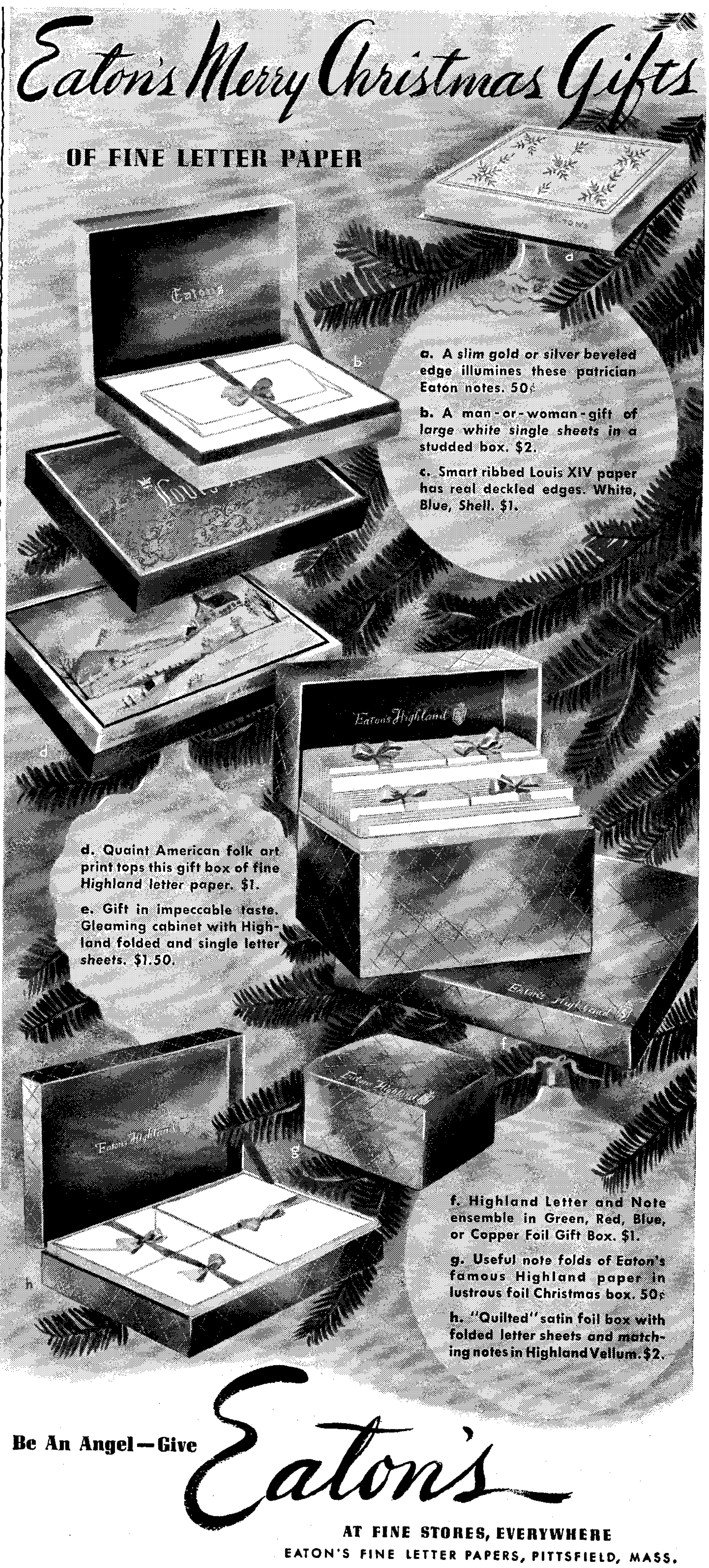
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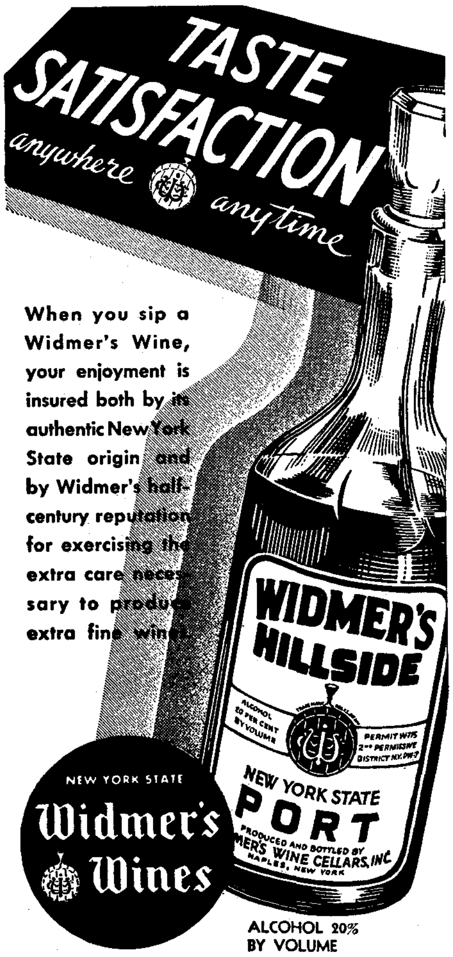
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THE RACE TRACK

Last Words

It would be pleasant to be able to report that Bowie wound up with a last-minute, unexpected blaze of hoop-la, but the best I can offer you is just another surprise, and not a big one at that. The way Shot Put won the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap last Saturday was almost a repetition of his race in that $50,000, two-mile-and-a-quarter go-as-you-please, the New York Handicap at Belmont. He started slowly, although he had only a mile and three-sixteenths to go, settled down to running when he was halfway from home, came around Rosetown, the pacemaker, in the stretch, and won by lengths. Birch Rod's poor showing astonished all the people who didn't remember that he is an every-other-time horse and that he had won the week before.

Shot Put, as you know, belongs to Mrs. Marie Evans, a young woman who owns a small chain of restaurants in Chicago and a small stable of racers, and does well with both. Shot Put earned $69,695 this season, though it took him thirty-three races to do it. Sentimentalists interested in the caprices of thoroughbreds might like to learn that Shot Put has a companion, a police dog almost the size of a small pony, who lives in the stall with him and leads him at exercise; when the two go walking, the horse's halter is fastened to the dog's collar. Amusing as this may be, I don't believe the practice is going to solve the problem of walking hots, as grooms call the monotonous business of cooling out animals after races.

This being the end of the season, and time to be leaving town anyway, I might as well snarl a few last words, with which you probably won't agree. I still think Bimelech is the best three-year-old. Nothing less than a superior colt could have run so well with all the handicaps that he had to contend with, and I'm not thinking only of that broken bone he had in one of his feet, either. Incidentally, if prize money means anything, and lots of people estimate the worth of horses by how much they win, he earned $110,005, and nothing can top that this season. Fenelon is next best in my book, although Mioland

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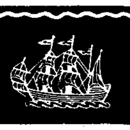

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ran the most spectacular race I saw all year—the one at Jamaica in which the stall gates held him back for a time after the start. I like Eight Thirty best of the older ones because he never ducked out of a race when his weight was too high. I daresay my errors in judgment of the two-year-olds (after all, who didn't make any?) were the result of prejudice, and a certain amount of muzziness. I was a pushover for Whirlaway the first time I saw him, and I still am, a little. On the other hand, I don't know what got into me that I didn't like Our Boots. Everyone else did—after he won The Futurity, at any rate. Now, out of plain peevishness, I'm going to predict that he won't win the Kentucky Derby.

I SUPPOSE it's part of my job to mention that for the first time since 1932 Hirsch Jacobs won't be the leading trainer. I wonder if he thinks that someone put a hex on his stable—he's superstitious enough to—or that his horses simply went to pieces? Whatever happened, he has won only ninety-five races since the beginning of the year. The leading trainer for 1940 will be Daniel Davis Womeldorff, a short, red-faced man who looks a bit like Ambrose Clark. He has saddled 108 winners this season for Mrs. Emil Denemark, who lives in Cicero, Illinois, and whose husband has the largest General Motors agency on the South Side of Chicago. Red, as horsemen call Womeldorff, started as a rider, and later became a trainer at bush meetings; then, moving up to the big tracks, he campaigned small stables in the Middle West. He doesn't mix much with other trainers, but spends most of his time at his stable. Even when he runs a horse, he seldom watches the race from the grandstand, but prefers to stand in the infield.

JAMAICA's new grandstand is going to be all that is elegant and swell, Colonel Martingale, the old blueprint-reader, reports, but the track will still have the sharp turn and double-banked curves it has always had. —AUDAX MINOR

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

(VICIOUS CIRCLE DIVISION)

[*From the Hollywood Citizen-News*]

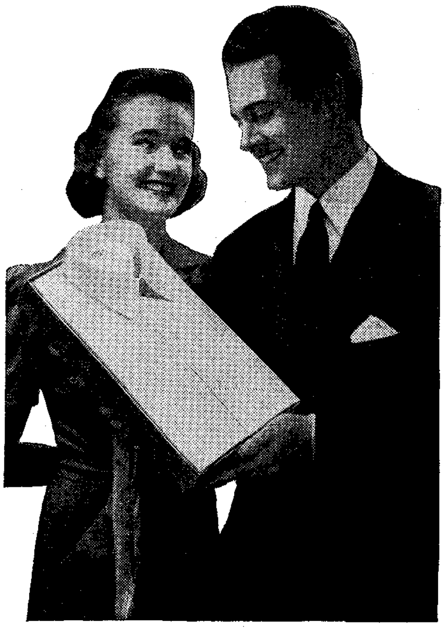
He [Charles Laughton] is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs over 200 pounds. He is sensitive about his weight. He hates to step on the scales. His wife has a weight machine in the house and coaxes him to step on it by placing a piece of cake on the machine.

St. Nick previews 1940 gift shirts

1. SOME FELLOWS' gift shirts will shrink so, they'll fit my little drum majors. These shirts won't be Arrows, for Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage guaranteed less than 1%.

2. OTHERS WILL get shirts cut for a Teddy bear's shape. Not Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit has sloped shoulders, curved waist, tapered arms—the way *men* are built!

3. STILL OTHERS will get shirts whose collars seem tricked up by my Staff Clown. Not Arrow Shirts—their famous Arrow Collars are perfectly tailored in the smartest, new styles.



4. LUCKY MALES will get such handsome shirts as Arrow Dart ($2.25) and Dale ($2.50) both lustrous broadcloths with non-wilt collars. Other Arrows, $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

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Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Santa Claus will want to
STAY AND PLAY!
He'll forget his other errands if there's a fascinating
Novachord addressed to
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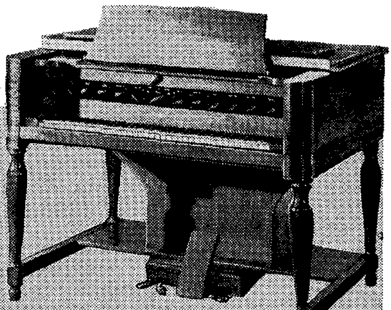

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OF ALL THINGS

OLD Doc Hitler's New Order is being plugged among the Balkan states and guaranteed to produce happiness, prosperity, and peace. Look at what one bottle did for Rumania.

•

Lorraine has been formally incorporated into the Reich and purged of all Frenchmen. The province will be German forever, or at least for a war or two.

•

When Italy entered the war last June, Mussolini solemnly promised that Greece need have nothing to fear from him. We begin to suspect that Il Duce had something there.

•

Contrary to general belief, Italy's part in the war has not been a total failure. Her valiant armies have won at least four dollars' worth of African sand.

•

The Norwegians deny the ugly rumor that they have been pushing mountains over on their Nazi guests. We still think, though, that the idea had merit.

•

The President has asked Chairman Dies to make one slight change in his technique. When he finds a Fifth Columnist he had better tell a cop, not the world.

•

During October, the American people took in $6,671,000,000, a ten-year record. Furthermore, good old Uncle Sam will let us keep enough for carfare and lunches.

•

Plans are brewing to organize a Willkie Birthday Ball Fund. The proceeds would be devoted to the relief of the unfortunate G.O.P.

•

The American Communist Party has severed all relations with the Soviet Union. Our Comrades will never speak to Moscow again, except perhaps to say "Oh, yeah?"

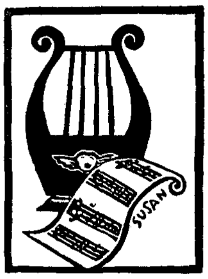
•

Southern planters, we read, are beginning to lose their fear of the way the mechanical cotton-picker might affect conditions down there. At least the thing will never demand the right to vote.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

MUSICAL EVENTS

Plenty to Hear



THE Philharmonic - Symphony was on tour, and the out-of-town ensembles weren't visiting New York for the time being, so Carnegie Hall had about a week in which there was only one orchestral concert—the first of the season's Ossip Gabrilowitsch Memorial events by the National Orchestral Association. This was a Brahms program, and it won special credits for Leonard Shure, who played the D-minor piano concerto with the alert coöperation of Leon Barzin and the orchestra.

In the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, which has become one of the city's most popular auditoriums since being refurbished and fixed up with some of the most comfortable chairs in town, Miss Jeannette Scheerer and her Women's Chamber Orchestra began their third year of musicales with Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture. This deceptive and troublesome composition tripped up some of the wind instruments; after that, the group found itself, and played neatly under Miss Scheerer's knowing guidance. Among the novelties was a "Symphonie Spirituelle" by Asger Hamerik, once director of the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. It turned out to be an agreeable essay in—quoting from the program notes by Miss Virginia Coy—"a strong, clear style, straightforward, enjoyable, and without affectation." Miss Coy supplemented her literary contributions with a performance of a viola concerto which, according to her notes, may or may not have been written by Handel. Whoever composed the work, it's pleasant music, although no smashola.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS's Carnegie Hall recital had about it the usual air of a man singing for the pleasure of his friends. Usual when the man is Mr. Thomas, that is. Mr. Thomas could get by, to understate it, simply on his voice and his instinct for singing, but he also seems to enjoy what he's doing, and he never takes old-fashioned concert conventions too seriously. He doesn't mind whistling, talking, gesturing, or making faces if such doings help a song along. He doesn't, however, supply these accessories to music that shouldn't

It cleanses .. it softens .. all in one smooth creaming!

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DOROTHY GRAY

American design of Beauty

have them, and he never indulges in the artificial appreciation of his material that sometimes is called "relish."

There were half a dozen new songs on Mr. Thomas's menu, among them John Sacco's setting of Arthur Guiterman's "Strictly Germ-Proof," which is likely to have general circulation.

THE last week in November must have been a wow for piano-movers, for there were piano recitals going on everywhere. There wasn't much news in these concerts, though, because many of the artists, such as Josef Lhevinne, Simon Barer, and Artur Rubinstein, were familiar personalities who played with their accustomed excellence. Vytautas Bacevicius, a débutant, although no beginner, applied a good technique impartially to his own writings and to the works of other composers. Pianists looking for novelties may find Mr. Bacevicius's "Capriccio" of interest. Harrison Potter, one of our well-known resident musicians, demonstrated not only his musicianship but also his enterprise by including American music in his program. This may have surprised some people who have been going to concerts for years without suspecting that any American ever had composed anything for the piano.

One of the many piano concerts was a commemorative affair—the tenth anniversary of Sascha Gorodnitzki's first appearance in Carnegie Hall. The most impressive part of this celebration was Mr. Gorodnitzki's tackling of the complete Paganini-Brahms variations, which have thrown plenty of pianists. Mr. Gorodnitzki won handily, and never seemed to be having any uncommon difficulties with the celebrated finger-breaking composition.

THE Ballet Russe, at the Fifty-first Street Theatre, has found this city so hospitable that it is extending its visit at least into January, but skipping the eight days ending on Christmas. If you're figuring on taking the children, look for a program that includes "Cinderella" or "Graduation Ball," or both. —ROBERT A. SIMON

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS

WHEN you buy records for gifts, it's a good plan to arrange things so your friend can make an exchange if he wants to. Even if you have a pretty good idea of what he likes or what he already has in his collection, you can make his happiness certain by leaving him in a position to swap your present for records he'd been hoping to get or to

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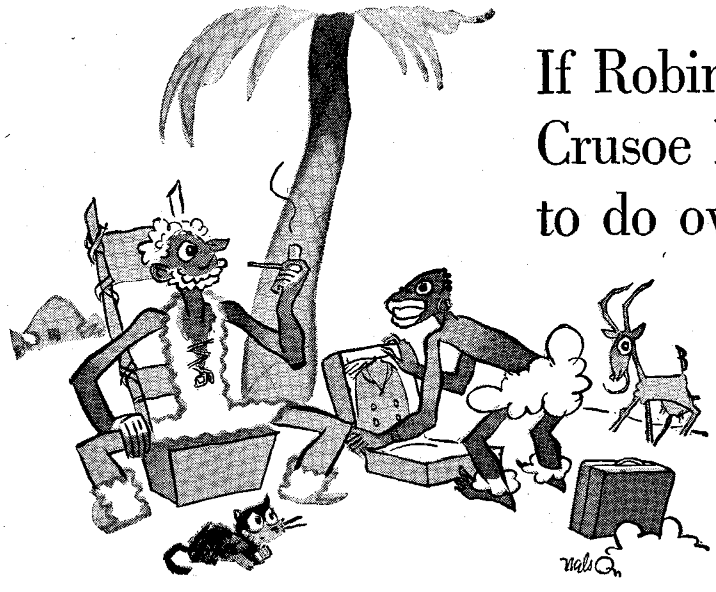

If Robinson Crusoe had it to do over . . .

His Man Friday would have had a cinch. For "Robbie", no doubt, would be travelling with a Hartmann Wardrobe Case. You know, there's nothing in the world like a Hartmann for keeping either a goatskin reefer or a whole fussy wardrobe absolutely shipshape. This Christmas, why not spread yourself a bit and give someone a gift they'll appreciate for a lifetime . . . Hartmann Luggage. All sizes, shapes, styles . . . sensibly priced. See them.

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dispose of duplicate gifts. Most shops will readily agree to such an arrangement. In fact, they're quite used to the idea.

The suggested concert-music records have been grouped in bundles, and each bundle is a unit that should appeal to a specific taste. Many famous compositions have been omitted because it's likely that they'd be duplications for the recipients. Most of the units represent one composer; some are based on related musical interests, or on the performances of one artist. Further on, you'll find a few albums of popular music. To start, here are the concert records:

American Music for Orchestra: Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Hanson conducting; $4.50. (*Victor M-608*)

Bach: Concerto (violin) in D-minor. Szigeti and members of the New Friends of Music Orchestra, Stiedry conducting; $3.50. (*Columbia M-418*)

"Clavier Music." Wanda Landowska; $4.50. (*Victor M-323*)

Bartok: Rhapsody No. 1. Szigeti and Bartók; $1. (*Columbia 11410-D*)

"Contrasts." Goodman, Szigeti, and Bartók; $2.50. (*Columbia M-X-178*)

Quartet No. 2. Budapest String Quartet; $4.50. (*Victor M-320*)

Beethoven: The four overtures for "Fidelio": "Fidelio" overture; B.B.C. Symphony, Walter conducting; $1 (*Victor 11809*). "Leonore" overture No. 1; B.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting; $1 (*Victor 15945*). "Leonore" overture No. 2; London Symphony, Weingartner conducting; $2.50 (*Columbia M-X-96*). "Leonore" overture No. 3; Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting; $2.50 (*Columbia M-X-173*).

Brahms: Sonata for 'cello and piano, No. 1. Piatigorsky and Artur Rubinstein; $3.50. (*Victor M-564*)

Variations on a theme by Haydn. Bartlett and Robertson; $2.50. (*Columbia M-X-181*)

Chopin: Mazurkas. Artur Rubinstein. Three volumes; $5.50 for the first two, $4.50 for the last (*Victor M-626, M-656,* and *M-691*)

Copland: "El Salón México." Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting; $2.50. (*Victor M-546*)

Debussy: "La Mer." Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting; $3.50. (*Victor M-643*)

"Nocturnes." Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting; $3.75. (*Victor M-630*)

Fantasies: Grace Castagnetta playing short piano works by Haydn, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Scriabin, and Shostakovich; $6.50. (*Timely Recordings 5-CF*)

Gershwin: Concerto in F. Sanromá and Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Fiedler conducting; $4. (*Victor M-690*)

Gershwin collection, including piano excerpts played by the composer; $2.50. (*Columbia M-X-95*)

Heifetz: Two great concerti, played by Heifetz. The Brahms, with the Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting (*Victor M-581*) and the Beethoven,

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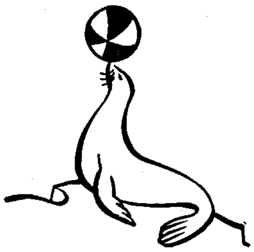
LUCIEN LELONG
PARFUM Jabot $28
FOR THE DUCHESS IN YOU



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"Don Giovanni" fantasy (Mozart-Liszt). Simon Barer; $2.50. (*Victor M-577*)

MacDowell: Concerto No. 2. Sanromá and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Fiedler conducting; this also includes Ibert's "Divertissement;" $5.50. (*Victor M-324*)

Indian Suite. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting; $4.50. (*Columbia M-373*)

Mendelssohn: Piano concerto No. 1. Dorfmann and the London Symphony, Goehr conducting; $2.50. (*Columbia M-X-124*)

"Reformation" Symphony. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting; $4.50. (*Columbia M-391*)

Mexican Music: A program of it, conducted by Carlos Chavez; $4.50. (*Columbia M-414*)

Mozart: Quartet in B-flat. Worthington Quartet; $4.25. (*Technicord T-4*)

Symphony No. 34, in C. London Philharmonic, conducted by Beecham; $3.50. (*Columbia M-123*)

Prokofieff: "Peter and the Wolf." Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting; $3.50. (*Victor M-566*)

"Lieutenant Kije" Suite. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting; $3.50. (*Victor M-459*)

Ravel: Introduction and Allegro for harp, with accompaniment by string quartet, flute, and clarinet. Stuyvesant Quartet, Newell, Wummer, and McLane; $2.50. (*Columbia M-X-167*)

Sonatine for piano. Robert Casadesus; this also includes the minuet from "Le Tombeau de Couperin;" $2. (*Columbia M-X-179*)

Schubert: Symphony No. 2. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting; $3.50. (*Columbia M-420*)

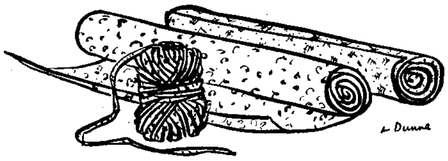
Symphony No. 4. New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting; $4.50. (*Victor M-562*)

Symphony No. 5. London Philharmonic, Beecham conducting; $4.50. (*Columbia M-366*)

Sibelius: Sibelius Society album sets Nos. 5 and 6. London Philharmonic, conducted by Beecham: $7.50 each. (*Victor M-446* and *M-658*)

Stravinsky: "Le Sacre du Printemps" and "Petrouchka" suite, both by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Stravinsky conducting; $4.50 and $2.50, respectively. (*Columbia M-417* and *Columbia M-X-177*)

Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty" ballet.



Sadler's Wells Orchestra, Lambert conducting; $3.50. (*Victor M-673*)
Album of songs, sung by Mme. Maria Kurenko; $4. (*Victor M-678*)
Toscanini: Two great symphonies, directed by Toscanini with the N.B.C. Symphony. Mozart G-minor, No. 40 (*Victor M-631*), and Beethoven No. 5 (*Victor M-640*); $3.50 and $4.50, respectively.
Wagner: "Three Famous Scenes." Flagstad, Melchior, and the San Francisco Opera Orchestra, McArthur conducting; $5.50. (*Victor M-644*)
"Wagnerian Characterizations." Thorborg and Victor Symphony, Riedel conducting; $3.50. (*Victor M-707*)

If you're giving popular records, you'll probably want your present to be one of the new albums, which consist of a number of related discs. Here, ranging from swing and boogie-woogie, through blues and sweet music, to Latin-American numbers, are some of the notable sets of the season:

Boogie-Woogie Music—Several orchestras and several solo pianists; $2.60. (*Decca Album 137*)
Boogie-Woogie Solos—Jimmy Yancey, pianist; $2. (*Victor Album P-25*)
Congas—Played by the Oscar de la Rosa, Casino de la Playa, and Havana Riverside orchestras; $2.75. (*Victor Album S-29*)
Dixieland Jazz—Bob Crosby and his orchestra; $2.60. (*Decca Album 132*)
Favorite Melodies of Sigmund Romberg—Harry Horlick and his orchestra; $2.25. (*Decca Album 98*)
From Bach to Boogie-Woogie—Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichordist; $3.50. (*General Records Album G-13*)
Hildegarde Album of Vernon Duke Songs—Hildegarde, accompanied by the composer and Leo Kahn at the pianos; $2.75. (*Decca Album 149*)
Let's Dance—Six famous waltzes, played by the Troubadours, conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret; $2. (*Victor Album P-37*)
Show Tunes of Jerome Kern—Al Goodman and his orchestra; $2.50. (*Columbia Album C-34*)
Tropic Nights—Mexican and Cuban melodies sung by Elvira Rios, assisted by José Morand's orchestra; $2.50. (*Decca Album 143*)

Finally, for those who are looking for collector's items, quite a few of the record shops—H.R.S. Record Shop, at 827 Seventh Avenue (53rd), and the Commodore Music Shops, at 136 East 42nd and 46 West 52nd, for example—carry early recordings of jazz masterpieces or reprints of them.

•

CLOCKWORK

Time is such a tiny thing
Ticking fancily away,
I can't believe an aeon is
Stacking up from day to day.
—Charmé Seeds

Tzigane
For the Gypsy in Your Soul
TZIGANE
CORDAY
PARIS
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Captured in Fragrance
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FROM THE ATELIERS OF toujours Moi

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

MR. MOORE OF SYRACUSE

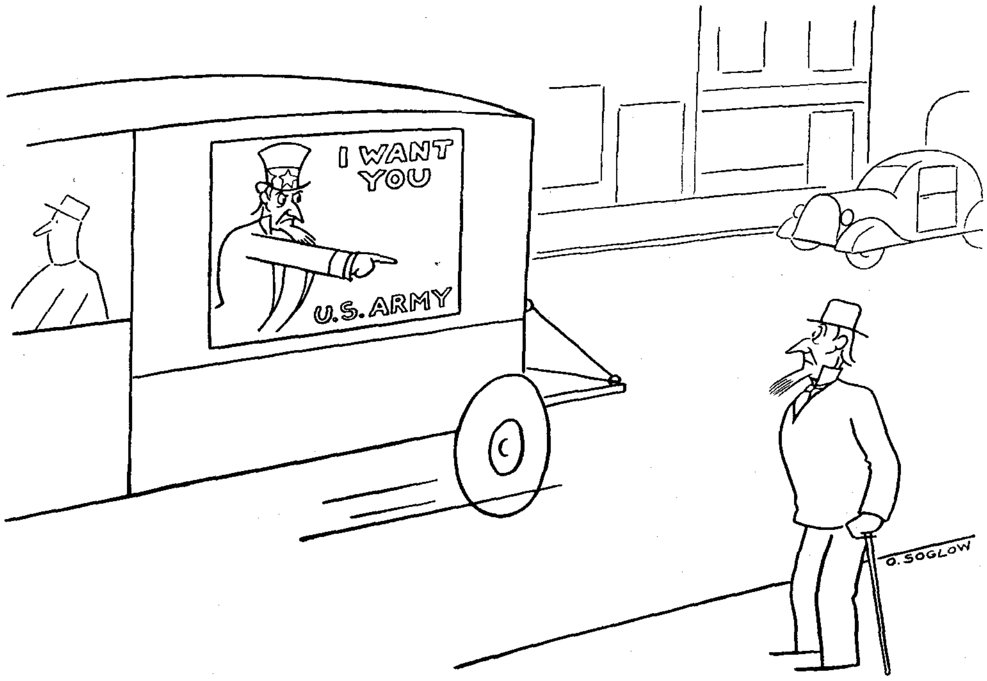
LATE in 1930, a stocky, dark young man who called himself John Montague arrived in Hollywood, bringing with him a set of golf clubs heavy enough to discourage the strongest caddie. The wooden head of his driver was twice the size of that of an ordinary driver and his irons would have fetched a good price as scrap metal. He was equipped to set out on the most grotesque career in the history of American golf. He rented a room in a lodging house and started hanging around the municipal links, proposing matches with anyone who had money to bet. In a very short time he had succeeded in puzzling nearly every golfer who played the course. Montague's game was punctuated by activities as amazing as they were eccentric. Spying a sparrow perched on a telephone wire, he would stop between shots and wager his companions that he could hit the bird with a ball driven by his midiron—something which a golf champion might accomplish once in a thousand tries. We have the word of unromantic witnesses that Montague performed this feat successfully on several occasions. He used singular tactics in sand-trap play. After driving a ball into a trap with such force that it was buried under two or three inches of sand, he would knock it out with a brassie instead of the conventional niblick, striking the sand so hard that a considerable portion of the trap usually followed the ball onto the green. He liked to bet large sums of money on each hole, and he seldom had trouble finding takers, because of the seemingly favorable odds he offered. He usually won.

The film colony quickly heard about Montague's bizarre talent and began taking up with him. He was invited to play on the fashionable Lakeside Country Club course, and he forsook the municipal links. In company with Bing Crosby, Guy Kibbee, Oliver Hardy, Richard Arlen, Johnny Weissmuller, Andy Devine, Otto Kruger, and Al Jolson, to name a few of his new-found friends, he continued to play his unique kind of golf. His fame spread and he bettered his standard of living, moving in as a house guest of Oliver Hardy. Word came East that his drives were frequently fifty yards longer than the longest drive Bobby Jones ever made, that he could chip to within ten feet of the pin from any distance up to two hundred yards, that he could knock a ball three-quarters of a mile in five shots, and that his putting had never been equalled. While skeptics were wondering, Montague, playing, as one sportswriter put it, "in an offhand, indifferent manner," lowered the Palm Springs course record four times on four successive days, finally turning in the emphatically low score of 61. Relaxing after these efforts, Montague used a shovel, hoe, rake, and baseball bat in a round against Bing Crosby, who played with the customary set of clubs. Crosby is said to have lost a thousand-dollar wager to Montague on that match.

Montague's accomplishments, during this fruitful period of his life, were not limited to golf. He maintained modestly that he was one of the strongest men on earth and stood ready to prove it at the drop of a putter. He was a powerful performer in the locker room of the Lakeside Club. His locker-room activities consisted of playful scuffles in which he would take on whatever part of the membership happened to be around, often grappling with as many as six men at a time and subduing them with the greatest of ease. During one of these frolics, which played hob with the furniture, he picked up George Bancroft, a two-hundred-pounder who impersonates roughnecks on the screen, and stuffed him bodily into a locker.

Even with his intimates at the club, Montague was curiously reticent about his past and where he had come from. Everyone in Hollywood, of course, talks money, but Montague would not discuss his source of income. Occasionally he disappeared for three or four days at a time, explaining upon his return only that he had gone into the desert "to see about my mining interests." Montague was, in fact, downright averse to any invasion of his privacy, often taking a poke at some photographer who tried to snap his picture. If the man succeeded anyway, Montague would smash the camera and then offer a hundred-dollar bill in payment. Wherever his money came from, he always had plenty of it. He owned two Lincoln-Zephyrs and a Ford with a supercharged engine, bought innumerable rounds of drinks for his friends, and otherwise kept up his end in Hollywood social life.

IT was natural under these circumstances that Montague should attract the attention of celebrated sportswriters, some of whom showed considerable enthusiasm. Grantland Rice played one round of golf with him and issued the following bulletin: "The winner of the current [1936] amateur tournament will not be the national champion because John Montague is not entered." Other writers were similarly impressed. It remained, however, for George Von Elm, the national amateur golf champion of 1926, to make the definitive statement on Montague's game. "Montague," he said, "is the best golfer in the world." Montague began to be known variously as Mysterious Montague, the Sphinx of the Links, the Garbo of Golf, the Gargantua of Golf, and the Paul Bunyan of the Fairways. Westbrook Pegler labelled him a "combination of



John Henry, Paul Bunyan, Popeye the Sailor, and Ivan Petrovsky Skovar."

This publicity would have been gratifying to any other golfer, but in Montague's case it led to a visit to Hollywood in July, 1937, by Sheriff Percy Egglefield of Essex County, New York. The Sheriff brought with him a warrant for Montague's arrest on a charge of robbery and two New York State troopers, bearing sidearms and handcuffs, who said they had heard about Montague's great strength and were taking no chances. Their arrival was the result of the enterprise of a free-lance photographer at whom Montague had not had a chance to take a poke. This man had disguised himself as a bush on the course of the Lakeside Country Club and had snapped Montague with a telephoto lens. The picture was circulated widely in newspapers, and among the persons most interested in it were the Essex County peace officers. They recognized Montague as La Verne Moore of Syracuse, wanted since August, 1930, for a holdup in a tavern owned by a Japanese named Kin Hana near the town of Jay, New York. They charged that Moore, with three companions, had bound and gagged Hana, his wife, and three daughters before taking $800 from Hana's safe and driving off in two automobiles.

Montague was arrested and locked up in the Beverly Hills jail. He admitted he was Moore, gave his age as thirty-two, his height as five feet ten, and his weight as two hundred and fifteen pounds. His film friends stood strong behind him. Bing Crosby declared, "We're with Monty a hundred per cent." Hardy, who had been Montague's host, indignantly told the press, "He's one of the finest fellows that ever lived," and offered to go the golfer's $10,000 bail. Montague said he would waive extradition, and his friends gave a great farewell banquet for him at a hotel in Los Angeles. Then he was turned over to the Sheriff and the troopers, who accompanied him aboard a Union Pacific train at midnight. The prisoner took with him twenty bags and suitcases, and a cheering crowd was on hand to see him off.

ELIZABETHTOWN, New York, where the trial was held, is in the Adirondacks. Word got around among the villagers and people vacationing at resorts nearby that Clark Gable and Bing Crosby were coming with Montague, and most of the community, including practically all its women, turned out when he arrived. Gable and Crosby

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Ernest McDonald, *Mgr.*

failed to show up, but Montague put on quite a successful show all by himself. His pastel-shaded clothes were in the best Hollywood tradition and he smiled into the cameras with the self-assurance expected of a hero. He wore no handcuffs. Sheriff Egglefield and the troopers reported that their prisoner had been "most entertaining" all the way, and escorted him to the courthouse through a gantlet of autograph-seekers.

Montague, now La Verne Moore again, was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. While waiting for the trial to commence, he rented the sixteen-room annex of a big summer hotel in the community and settled down to make his stay as comfortable as possible. Many famous sportswriters were present to cover the trial, and there was a brisk rivalry among them to discover new wonders in Montague. One scored a clean beat with a story telling how the Gargantua of Golf, while idling about a hotel room, had chipped golf balls into a water glass on a table and into the drawers of a bureau, and how he had then taken his driver and sent a ball out of a window opened only three inches. Other reporters entertained their readers with stories of Montague's brawn. "He took off his shirt," one wrote, "and allowed everybody to strike him on the chest. They only bruised their knuckles. He then lifted a reporter off the floor by the scruff of his neck and held him there, kicking and clawing like a cat." Not long before the trial started, Montague made a quick trip to Port Washington, Long Island, to play in a golf match with Grantland Rice, Clarence Budington Kelland, and Alex Morrison, a well-known golf instructor. Montague was low man with a score of 65, one stroke above the course record, five under par, and six up on Morrison.

The trial was held in October, 1937, before County Judge Harry Owen. The defence submitted a stack of depositions from movie actors and producers who swore that Montague was a man of good character. Montague's mother and sisters testified that he was at home in Syracuse and asleep on the night of the crime. A state trooper told the court that he recognized Montague as one of two men he had stopped in an automobile near Jay just after the robbery. Kin Hana, the tavern proprietor, turned out to be unfamiliar with the English language, and myopic besides; he had little to contribute to the proceedings. The jurors got bored one evening, engaged a company of fiddlers, and held an all-male square dance in their rooms.

The jury retired late on the eighth

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THE St. Regis
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day of the trial, took five ballots, and came back with a verdict. The courthouse bell was tolled and the audience reconvened. The Judge asked for the verdict. "Not guilty," said the foreman, and then everybody stood up and yelled, "Hooray!" A moment later Montague jumped to his feet and began, "Gentlemen of the jury . . ." The Judge interrupted him with his gavel. "This is no show!" he said irritably. Montague apologized and sat down.

At this stage in the life of the Gargantua of Golf, things looked rosy. He came to New York, visited a few night clubs, hired an agent, and prepared to branch out. There were all sorts of announcements and rumors about his plans. He was going to play in the National Open; he was going to appear with Bing Crosby in a picture called "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon;" he was going to drive a car in the Indianapolis Memorial Day Race, to manufacture golfing equipment, to go into vaudeville. Possibly as a demonstration of his drawing powers, he agreed to play a match for charity with Mrs. Sylva Annenberg against Babe Ruth and Babe Didrikson at the Fresh Meadow links in Flushing. The show was a success as far as the crowds it drew were concerned, but it did nothing to bolster Montague's reputation as a great golfer; he and Mrs. Annenberg were two down at the end of nine holes, when the match was called off because the audience was all but crowding the players off the course. Montague explained his poor showing by saying that he hadn't had room in which to swing his giant clubs. Several newspapers predicted that he would make a million dollars out of golf before he was through.

TODAY Montague, thirty-five and somewhat portly, is still playing golf, but unless he has been lucky at betting, he has made practically nothing out of the game. After the match at Fresh Meadow, his plans for a public career were quietly dropped. Why, he won't say, but his subsequent activities make it appear likely that he is better fitted for an easygoing country-club life, in which he can impress a small circle of friends with his special talent for trick shots, than for tournament play. In any event, he presently left New York almost as unnoticed as when, seven years earlier, he had set out from Syracuse, and returned to the Coast, where he had previously found things more to his liking. Before long, he had picked up the routine of his old life there, playing golf with his friends in Hollywood and Los An-

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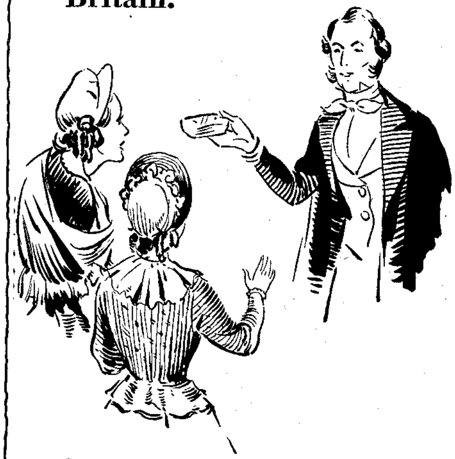
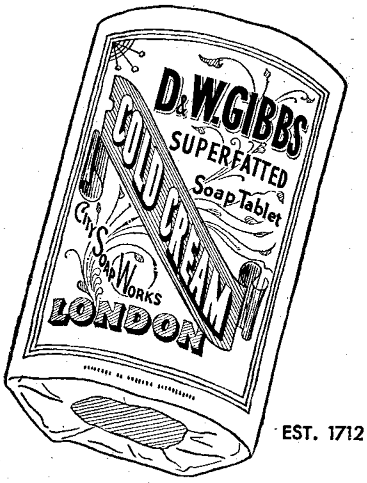


Soap was looked upon somewhat skeptically in those days. But now ladies everywhere cheer the tenderness of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap—gladly pay the extra toll exacted to get assurance of the purity that has been maintained these six long generations.



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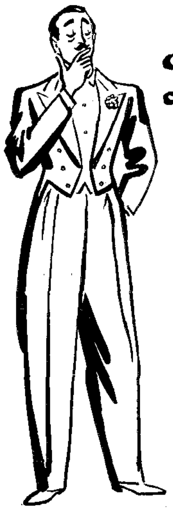
geles and showing off for their benefit.

In November, 1938, just a little more than a year after his trial, Montague married Mrs. Esther Plunkett, a widow with some standing in Los Angeles society, who owns a comfortable but by no means large home in the correct section of Beverly Hills. Montague and his wife have been living there since their marriage. The former Mrs. Plunkett's two children—Jack, who is just entering his teens, and Faith—who is four years younger—live with them. The youngsters have become devoted to their stepfather, who is often seen playing games with them out on the lawn. The house is an eleven-room structure of Spanish architecture and the grounds are carefully landscaped. Unlike most of their friends, the Montagues have no swimming pool, but they seem to do all right without one; they entertain and are entertained by practically the same movie and golfing clique which Montague went around with during his bachelor days. Among those who drop in regularly when they are in Hollywood are Andy Devine, Dan Topping, Guy Kibbee, Oliver Hardy, William Frawley, George Von Elm, and Al Jolson. In such company, the Montagues sometimes visit the Beverly Hills Tropics and other nearby night clubs, but not often enough to be considered bona-fide members of the community's night-club set. Montague has given up his Joseph's-cloak wardrobe and now wears conservative, custom-made clothes. Mrs. Montague dresses well and the two make a handsome couple driving along the Beverly Hills boulevards in one of her two automobiles.

Many of those who know Montague are inclined to believe that he still has no business occupation. He has not been into the desert to see about his mining interests in some time, though his wife says that he "has business connections." Income-tax officials in Los Angeles have told reporters that they have no more interest in Montague than in any other citizen. He still refuses to talk with strangers about any of his activities except golf. He continues to enjoy demonstrating that he is a strong man, and, if his stunts are occasionally lacking in finesse, they at least are to the point. Not long ago, he joined some friends on a yachting trip to Santa Catalina Island and, en route, someone in the party bet him he couldn't wrench a washbasin from its moorings. Montague led the way to the washroom, seized the basin, and ripped it loose, together with a part of the wall. While he was receiving congratulations on this accomplishment,



Lucius had seen everything!

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a member of the crew rushed into the room to report that a couple of pipes had been broken below deck and that the captain was putting in to shore for emergency repairs.

Montague has retained his old knack with golf clubs, too. At a houseparty in Reno some months ago he placed a matchbox on the nose of a sleeping dog and knocked it off with a driver, and repeated the performance a few minutes later for guests who hadn't seen it the first time. The dog slept right through it all. Montague says that his drives are still consistently three hundred to five hundred yards long, but his short game has struck a new low. He regards this slump as temporary. His usual excuse is that he just happens to be off form, but from time to time he confesses that he is having some trouble with his back. Montague receives frequent invitations to play in exhibition matches up and down the Coast and accepts most of them. He doesn't mind being known as a freak shot, but, as he said recently, he does wish people "would also give me credit for being a great player."

His recent scores, however, do little to substantiate this picture of himself. After a number of unsuccessful tries in the preliminaries of various big tournaments, he finally managed to place among the starters in the National Open held this spring in Cleveland. Blasting his way viciously around the course on the opening day, he turned in a score of 80—thirteen strokes behind the leader—and quit the tournament the next afternoon. He was out of bounds twice on the last hole of his farewell round, finally taking an eight, against a par of four. Then he went back to California.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

The wealthy outlook for the Middle Atlantic States from today through November 13:

Precipitation, mostly moderate. Sunday and Monday. Temperature mostly below normal. Moderately cold at beginning of period with rising tendency followed by colder latter part of period.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

And it will probably rain on the poor.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Montreal Gazette*]

The amount of proof spirits is based on the Sykes English measure, which means that, to find, for example, that alcohol bears notice it is 90 per cent. overproof, this means French measure, and it works out at 65 per cent. over proof on the English system, which is the federal English taxation basis.

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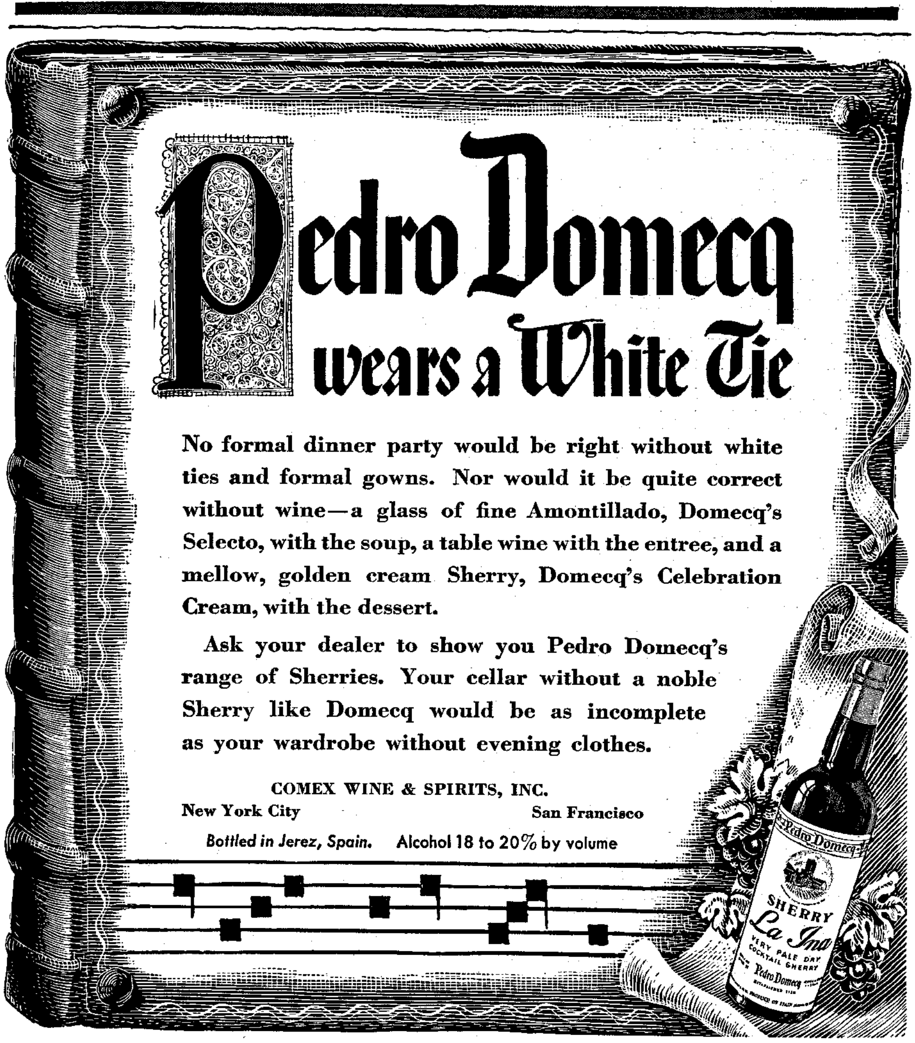

Pedro Domecq wears a White Tie

No formal dinner party would be right without white ties and formal gowns. Nor would it be quite correct without wine—a glass of fine Amontillado, Domecq's Selecto, with the soup, a table wine with the entree, and a mellow, golden cream Sherry, Domecq's Celebration Cream, with the dessert.

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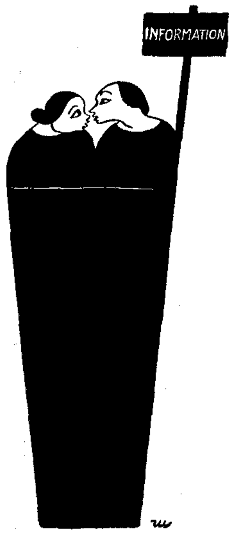
PROBATIONER

THE meeting came to order when Mrs. Harper had found her ball of beige wool. “ ‘The Life and Works of William Piper,’ ” read Mrs. Elliott, the hostess for the day, gently and for the third time.

Miranda sat on a straight chair near the couch, with her long legs crossed and her skirt carefully pulled down. Ever since she was a little girl she had heard her mother speak of this reading club, the New Haven Alternate Fridays. “I can’t have my hair done *that* morning—Alternate Fridays, you know,” or “They were saying at Alternate Fridays last week . . .” And now here she was, at a meeting herself. It had taken a long time to grow up, but apparently she had at last accomplished it. Her mother, drawing on gloves in the hall before they left the house, had looked at her speculatively. “It doesn’t mean anything *definite*, being asked to a meeting,” she had said, “but they must be considering you, so be as good about names and faces as you can. Now that you’re home from school and will be around New Haven, it would be the nicest thing I can think of to have you in.” She added, “They’ll like it if you take an interest in the paper. You know what I mean; ask a question or so to show you’re listening.”

When they got there, everyone had been so kind. Mrs. Elliott had taken her by the arm and led her around the room to the various members, some of whom she knew, some of whom she didn’t; they had all beamed on her and said it’s so nice for Mother to have her girl home again, isn’t it? And some of them had mentioned luncheons that they must have soon, and bridge. Then Mrs. Elliott had taken her to the chair she was to sit in, confiding cozily that she *hoped* the paper was going to be a success; quite frankly, she had never worked so hard over anything in her life, reading the Encyclopædia Britannica and so many poetry books. Miranda said sincerely that she was sure it *would* be interesting and that she thought herself lucky to be able to hear it, and now here she was, sitting listening to it.



A little woman in brown ran in from the hall and scuttled into a seat. “I hope we’re beginning soon,” she panted. “I have to leave early.”

Mrs. Elliott lifted the papers from her lap once more. “ ‘The Life and Works of William Piper,’ ” she read, high and clear, “ ‘1552 to 1587.’ Are you comfortable in that chair, Mrs. Harper?”

Mrs. Harper said she was, quite.

“ ‘William Piper was born in Boscastle, on the Cornish coast, of poor but upright parents in 1552. His father made a scanty living mending walls and occasionally netting the small fish which abound in the nearby waters. It was doubtless of those humble days that young William was thinking when he wrote—’ But I guess I won’t read that to you yet,” Mrs. Elliott said in her ordinary voice, though her hand had moved toward the small table beside her, where lay the dark-blue “Oxford Book of English Verse” and various other anthologies, all of them bristling with white paper place marks. “I guess I’ll read that later. Here’s a water-color postcard of Boscastle, though. Will you please pass it on, Miranda?” Miranda sprang up.

“There’s a terrible tide at Boscastle,” contributed Mrs. Harper, and everyone else said, “I *know*.”

“Did he write any poems about the tide?” Miranda asked, but instantly she realized that she had started showing an interest too soon and that the others felt that particular question to be beside the point. They all smiled at her reassuringly, though, as she passed the postcard on to the member next to her and sat down and crossed her legs again.

“No, I don’t think he did write about the tide,” Mrs. Elliott answered. “Not in anthologies, anyway. I don’t know why not, exactly. Maybe there wasn’t—but I suppose, of course, there *was*, even in those days. Well, I’ll go on. If you’ll just hand the picture of Boscastle across to Mrs. Vance, please. ‘His mother seems to have been a rather unusual woman, and while it is extremely doubtful if she was able to read or write, still her influence can be felt throughout the poet’s work. Possibly it was of her he was thinking when he wrote “My youth, which is soe farre.” But, of course, that was later. He was a delicate boy and frequently ill, but from his seventh to his fourteenth year he was fortunate enough to be a member of the household of a wealthy man who resided near Boscastle. This would have been from 1559 to 1565.’ ”

A beautiful peace settled upon the members of the New Haven Alternate Fridays Reading Club. The winter-morning sunshine flooded through the windows upon their navy-blue silk or brown tweed shoulders and laps, upon Miranda’s mother in dark-gray wool. Clearly it was a comfortable thing to be a member of Alternate Fridays. They knitted, slowly; Mrs. Vance’s petit point lay untouched on her knee. Miranda’s face felt hot from the warm room, but no one else appeared to mind the warmth. The lines around their mouths smoothed out; they looked so very relaxed that Miranda wondered if they really heard Mrs. Elliott reading away there from her papers all about William Piper. Every once in a while one of them would remember to beam at their member’s daughter, and she would smile quickly back. She could feel them thinking “New blood” to themselves. She hoped they liked her; she wished her legs wouldn’t go to sleep. From regions beyond the dining room came a delicious smell—coffee, and something buttery, perhaps. Mrs. Elliott read for a long time. Miranda’s mind slipped sideways, away from Mrs. Elliott, and rested on William Piper himself and his faraway, faraway life and times. How very different they must have been. She didn’t mean to be criticizing her mother’s friends, but it seemed wrong, almost, to be sitting here in all this warmth, among all this furniture—so much furniture, so many pictures and hangings—pretending to study the life of that long-dead poet. He had lived from day to day, close to the earth, been up early mornings, loved many people, been ill and poor. His slight figure was the centre of a flood of radiance, his own radiance, and nothing a reading club could say about him could matter much. Miranda thought, I know what he looked like; I bet I’m the only one here that does. When Mrs. Elliott read “ ‘Because despaire is such a lovely word, My griefe is lesse,’ ” Miranda’s eyes filled with tears. She would have gone out and bled and died for William Piper.

She uncrossed her numb legs, blinked, and looked slowly about upon the Alternate Fridays. Pretty damn comfortable. Blue silk, brown tweed. Waistlines gone who knows where ten years or more ago. Husbands successful, children in college, a new car in January, new guest-room curtains in March. But what about the spring? What, indeed, about spring and all its disturbing powers? When spring came, would she be a full-fledged member herself, still listening politely at an Alternate Friday? Could she face that every other Friday

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until spring, every other Friday until forever?

"This isn't Boscastle!" trumpeted Mrs. Harper suddenly. "It's Lyme Regis!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Elliott's fingers scurried through the papers on the small table. "Of course. How stupid of me. My sister sent me postcards of her European trip. Here's Boscastle."

Mrs. Vance paused in her embroidering, leaned toward Miranda, and whispered, "I suppose you learned all about this man when you were in school?" Miranda turned toward her eagerly. "Oh, yes! We spent a week at least on him last year. I think I like the lyrics better than the long ones. Don't you?"

Mrs. Vance drew back coldly and started embroidering again. "Really? Interesting. I never heard of him, myself."

The new card went round. In the fireplace burning coals dropped silently; the sunlight had moved halfway across the piano and nearly reached twelve pink roses in a tall glass vase.

" 'While in London he boarded with the family of a tinsmith in Cheapside, where he fell deeply in love with the tinsmith's daughter. In fact, he appears to have been attached to numerous ladies, if the titles of his poems are any indication. They were apparently no more than poetic attachments, since he never seems to have married at all, which was unfortunate for his own happiness and for the benefit of posterity.' "

"But he had lots of children!" Miranda exclaimed. Mrs. Elliott's papers crackled in her hands and the knitting stopped all over the room. "I mean he—I mean in those days there was—"

Mrs. Elliott cleared her throat. "Unfortunate," she said again, and went on reading.

THE sun was full upon the roses now, but no one was smiling at Miranda any more. Her mother's face was tight shut and she wouldn't look up when Miranda gazed at her. From

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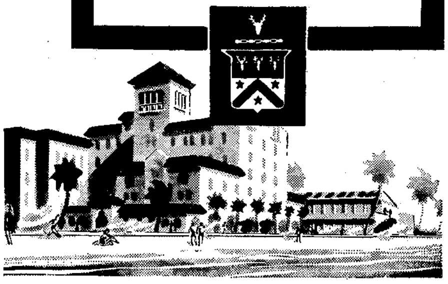


the dining room came the muted click of plates being discreetly placed upon the table. The door to the kitchen swung back and forth. In the spring, Alternate Fridays would perhaps meet at her mother's house, and instead of hot coffee there would be iced tea and little chicken-paste sandwiches. In the spring, would Miranda be the newest member, taking an interest and passing napkins?

"'. . . which proved to be his final work,'" Mrs. Elliott read. "'And there are few compositions which so delightfully conceal the workings of a profound intellect.'" She laid down her papers, flushed, obviously very tired, but content. Everyone stirred and stretched. "I *think my Phyllis had hay* fever last summer," Mrs. Vance said to the member next to her. "She sneezed terribly all August." The secretary expressed the thanks of the entire reading club to Mrs. Elliott for her delightful paper and hospitality and announced "Four Famous Troubadours of Provence" as the subject of their next meeting. Her eyes flickered over Miranda and she asked if there was anything further for her to do, any letters to be written, perhaps.

"I think not," said Mrs. Harper coolly, rolling up her knitting. "No, I *think* definitely not."

Mrs. Elliott stood up and began making little herding gestures. "Shall we go into the dining room now? Annie has made us some cheese trifles and we all know they aren't *anything* if they're cold." —LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

The couple in the Carroll county jail . . . are said to have held up Roy Dougherty, of 2nd St., Brewster, at the point of a pun.—*Massillon (O.) Evening Independent.*

Did they have a licence to carry it?

•

DOCTOR or dentist. Good location in thriving town. Rooms were occupied by deceased dentist for twenty years. Write K-442, Register and Tribune.—*Adv. in the Des Moines Register & Tribune.*

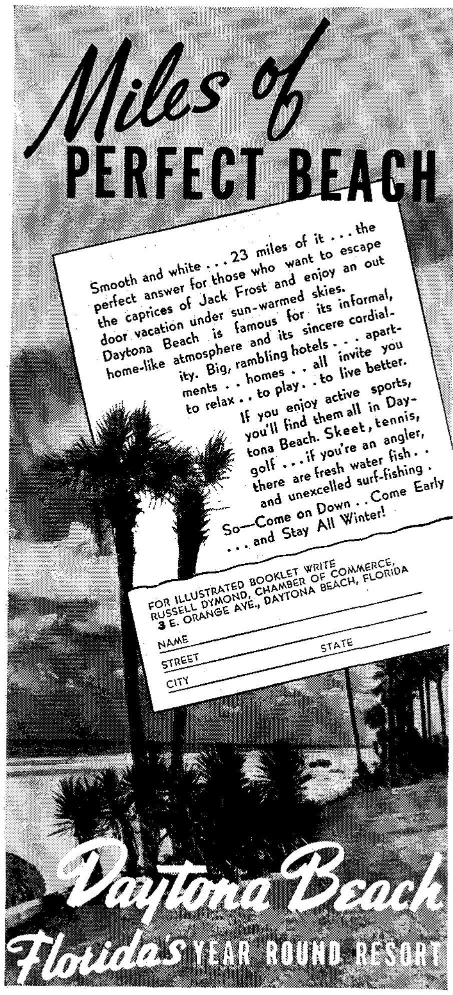
Peachy location, if you like that sort of thing.

•

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*From an article by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in Script*]

During the night at Kingman, I awoke. Felt chilly, so pulled up a blanket. Glanced at thermometer. It was 88! But the difference from 121 and 88 is 37 degrees.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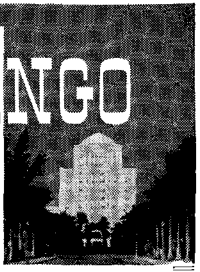
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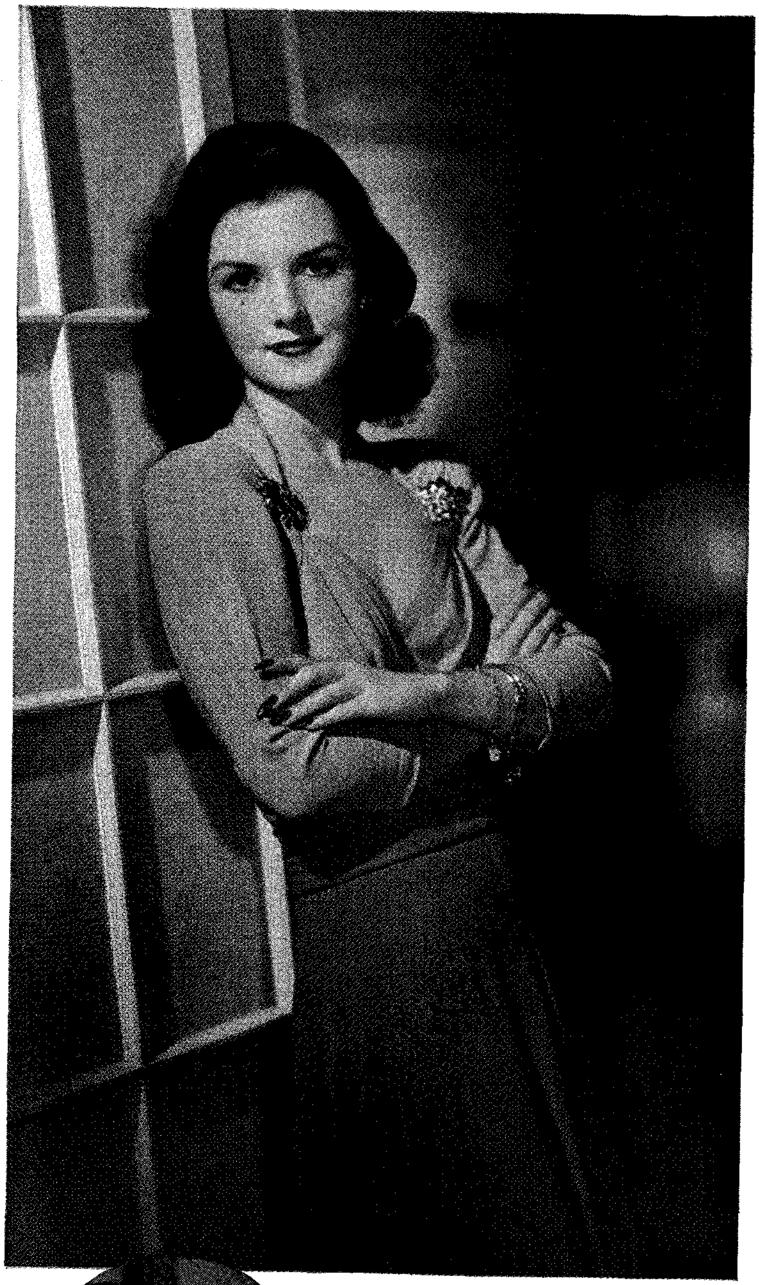

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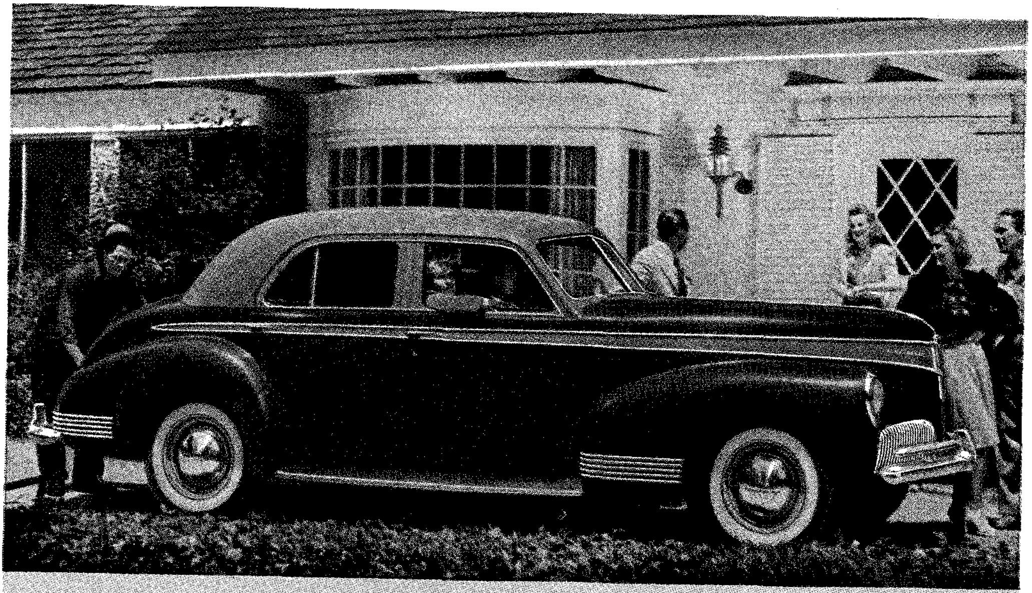

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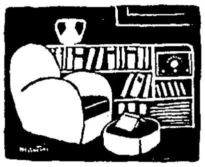
BOOKS

Miss Cather



Willa Cather bucks the trend, swims upstream, walks by herself, and does very nicely, thank you. "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" (a peach of a title, by the way) is about as remote from the main stream of current fiction as you can well conceive. For one thing, it's brief. Miss Cather is the sort of writer who says to herself, "To tell this story as I want to tell it should require no more than three hundred pages"—and no more than three hundred pages it turns out to be. Such self-control practically puts her in a class by herself these days.

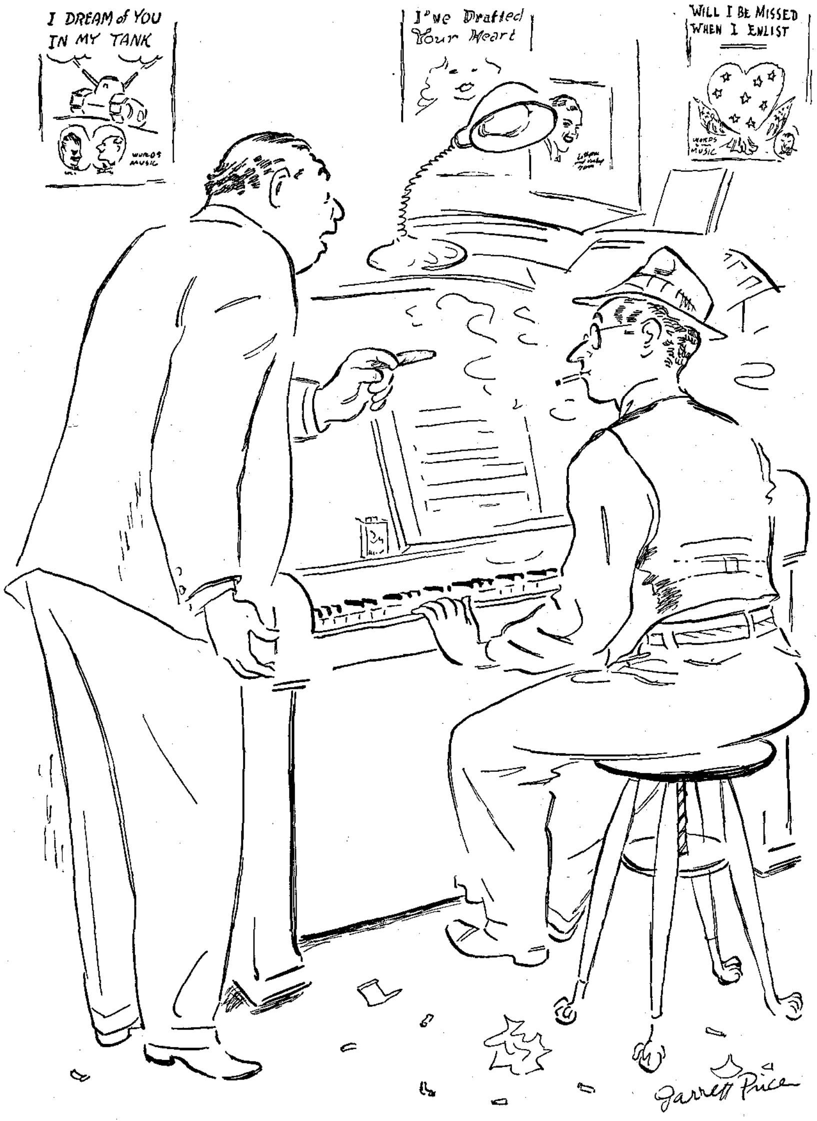
Her work is spare, even austere. As a careful housewife chooses one skein from a basket of yarn, Miss Cather selects the single right detail from the mass at her disposal, and lets it go at that. Accuracy rather than richness of imagination is her hallmark. She has another quality shared by few of her contemporaries. Most writers, some of them greater than Miss Cather, make up their stories; she seems to remember hers. (Thomas Mann, though his arc is much wider, gives you the same feeling.) Perhaps the scenes of her novels are set in the long ago not because she wishes to evade the present but because the motor of her imaginative power can be set going only by throwing the switch of memory. For her, narrative *is* recollection.

"Sapphira and the Slave Girl" will not, I think, rank with her finest books, such as "My Ántonia" and "A Lost Lady," but it has more edge and vigor than its predecessor, "Lucy Gayheart," which, on laboratory analysis, showed more than a trace of sugar. The scene is a new one for Miss Cather: the hamlet of Back Creek, just west of Winchester, Virginia. The time is 1856, and there is an epilogue—a favorite Cather device—dated twenty-five years later. The characters are in no way startling or dramatic, nor is their story unusual. Yet the relationship which binds them is studied in such a way as to give the reader a fresh insight into an old problem—in this case, the problem of master and slave. Do not expect from Miss Cather's cool and level art the black-and-whites of Margaret Mitchell's hot partisanship, much less the melodramatic "Uncle Tom's Cabin" view of slavery. Her book is not a study of servitude as a system but a consideration of the different ways in which different, very different, human beings act when that system impinges on them.

In the centre of the tale are Henry Colbert, the miller, a sturdy, conscientious, deeply pious man, and his dropsical wife, Sapphira, four years older than her husband and superior to him in background and breeding. Quite unjustifiably, the strong-willed, imperious Sapphira is seized with jealousy of Nancy, a mulatto slave girl, makes her life miserable, and invites Martin, Henry's nephew, to the plantation in the hope that Martin—the only banal character in the book—will seduce Nancy. Things don't work out according to plan, for Nancy, driven to desperation, escapes to Canada by the underground railway.

Sapphira and Henry are both well done, the sense of the social distance between them being especially neatly conveyed. Though, as indicated, the rakish seducer Martin is straight out of the stockroom, the other whites—Rachel, the Colberts' daughter, an unconfessed abolitionist; and Mrs. Ringer, who "was born interested"—are clearly drawn. But the main effectiveness of the characterization rests upon Miss Cather's ability to do Negroes. The special clarity with which they stand out comes, I think, from the circumstance that she is not trying to prove anything through them. She shows the Lutheran conscience of Henry wrestling with the problem of how to be a good man and a slaveholder at the same time. But she herself does not pass judgment, except by quiet implication, and her Negroes are therefore allowed to be persons rather than shaped up to be object lessons.

Each of the blacks, whether it be the passive Nancy, or her genteel mother Till, or Till's "capon man," Uncle Jeff,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or the fat, malicious cook Lizzie, or the self-respecting head millhand Sampson, or old, jungle-born Aunt Jezebel, who, as death nears, desires nothing but a taste of a pickaninny's hand—all these are not only separate and distinct characters but their relationships to their master and mistress vary subtly, as the relationships of children to their parents would vary in a large family.

One reads "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" with pleasure and admiration, never with any great heightening of interest. The emotion, as is true of many of Miss Cather's later books, has been recollected in too much tranquillity. But this undercharging of the atmosphere bears with it its own compensation. Out of this book, designedly minor in tone and content, is exhaled a flavor rare nowadays, when the rhetoricians seem to dominate—a flavor of cool, almost austere gravity. I do not know how long this flavor will persist in the mind and memory of the reader. I know only that as you read, you cannot help sensing it. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE, by Jules Romains, translated by Germaine Brée. A curious personal history, the story of a distinguished French novelist who served in the World War and resolved to become a diplomat of peace. Tenaciously, often naïvely, he pursued his aim to its eventual defeat, pursued it in contacts with Daladier, Gamelin (who apparently understood everything and did almost nothing), Leopold III, several of the English, Abetz, Ribbentrop, and others. Some extraordinary sidelights on contemporary events and persons. First printed in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

GERMS AND THE MAN, by Justina Hill. Brilliant and thoroughgoing exposition of the findings of bacteriology, "the infant science": what the bacilli, cocci, and other germs are and do, who discovered them, how the body fights them, and how wounds heal. Also, an account of germicides, antiseptics, and disinfectants, including sulfanilamide and its derivatives. A witty and perfectly readable humanization of a very abstruse subject. Diagrams and photographs.

PAN AMERICA, by Carleton Beals. Criticizing both interventionists and isolationists as nineteenth-century thinkers, the author argues that our strategy, like the strategy of other major nations, must be oriented in relation to the sources of essential raw materials in which we are deficient. Many if not all of these, he says, can be secured in Latin America and would provide the base for a sound reciprocal economy and hemisphere defence. Pretty hard on "our Anglomaniacs" (see below). A stimulating book, thoroughly documented. End-leaf maps.

AMERICA'S LAST CHANCE, by Albert Carr. Mr. Carr regards any prospective "world organization" with a patient, skeptical smile. He holds that we should take liberal and practical measures to get up a democratic head of steam at home; declare war now, send the air force and Atlantic fleet to help Britain, and collaborate in the Far East; work out a short-term strategy of hemisphere defence and a long-term strategy, in case, as he says, it becomes necessary to invade Europe; and prepare for "world leadership" in the postwar world. Not too strong on military theory but vigorously written. Fine maps and charts.

AMERICA'S DILEMMA: ALONE OR ALLIED?, by Norman Angell. The author of "The Great Illusion" restates the American isolationist position and suggests that it is untenable in the face of Nazi expansion. By entering the war, he says, America can make peace in an exhausted Europe and become the senior partner in a British-American union. This last idea approximates Mr. Carr's view of postwar developments.

THE CITY OF MAN, by Herbert Agar, William Allan Neilson, Thomas Mann, Lewis Mumford, and thirteen others. In part an eloquent reaffirmation of the principles of religious (non-sectarian) humanism and world democracy, in part a program looking toward a new world state, which the authors say we must help to bring into being by negating Fascism and assuming "leadership among the nations" as an "inevitable mission." First of a series of studies of the democratic mores.

SPEAK UP FOR DEMOCRACY, by Edward L. Bernays. A noted public-relations expert maps out a detailed campaign by means of which you may promote the democratic idea in your own community. Takes up speeches, forums, holiday celebrations, newspapers, pamphlets, radio, and other media. Clearly written, and seems practical. The appendix comprises patriotic documents, bibliographies, addresses of associations and societies, etc.

GOLDEN GATE, by Felix Riesenberg, Jr. Popular maritime history of San Francisco, a rich and gala record that carries us along from the early explorers, through the Gold Rush and the clipper-ship period, to the earthquake and the labor battles of the present century. The author apparently inherited his late father's seamanlike touch and his gift for rapid and telling narrative. Some careless proofreading, but excellent photographs.

BRITAIN SPEAKS, by J. B. Priestley. Thirty-nine essays on England in wartime, based on the author's radio talks from London between May 30th and September 24th of this year: an airplane factory, night raids on London, Churchill before the House of Commons, and so on. Memorable writing, both humorous and grim, and solid Yorkshire all the way through.

WALT DISNEY'S FANTASIA, by Deems Taylor, foreword by Leopold Stokowski. A unique book that tells the story behind the making of the film, renarrates in gay and often original forms the plots of the musical compositions, and is dressed up with reproductions of the best of the Disney "paintings in motion." As daring an experiment in bookmaking as the film is in the arts of music and design.

REASON, SOCIAL MYTHS, AND DEMOCRACY, by Sidney Hook. An evaluation of conflicting social philosophies, rather dense going but quite fundamental. Gives you one heavy thinker's idea of what is alive in Marxism and what is dead.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEADLY SUNSHADE, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Asey Mayo is, as usual, momentarily baffled again; this time, though, the details are almost

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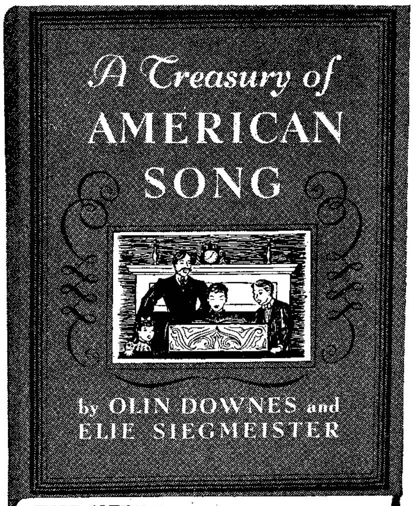

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by Richard Llewellyn

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AND SO TO BATH
by Cecil Roberts

In this wholly delightful book, the author of *Victoria, 4:30* conducts a merry tour of a famous highway. He presents a vivid pageant, peopled with famous people out of the past, and describes historic points as passed. $3.00

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too much to believe. The action is still in Cape Cod, but a plot like this won't do. If you adore Asey Mayo, go right ahead and read this; if not, be wary.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THIS autumn's children's books provide, for once, an embarrassment of riches, and the following lists cannot pretend to cover completely all the good books of a happy publishing season. The selection made is an individual and, occasionally, a random one, and for lack of space many excellent books have had to be omitted. Every book mentioned is illustrated, and when only one name is given the author is also the illustrator.

The first group of books consists of those in which the pictures are fully as important as the text. All but the last half-dozen in this group are for the very youngest readers:

A COUNTRY ABC, by Clarke Hutton. An unusual alphabet book. Its subject matter is taken entirely from farm, garden, and the animal world, and its pretty yet vigorous colored pictures are accurate nature studies.

THE HOUSE THE PECKS BUILT, by Helen and Alf Evers. Pleasant elementary nonsense about a house which grew, room by room, until the Pecks had to take a train to get from one end of it to the other.

ANIMALS EVERYWHERE, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. An ingenious picture book which unfolds to make a double-faced panorama of wild beasts shown in their native setting—from the tropics to the Arctic. On one side of the folder the animals face you, on the other side the same animals turn tail.

APRIL'S KITTENS, by Clare Turlay Newberry. Mrs. Newberry is the paragon of cat portraitists. Here she has written a story about a little girl and her kittens to warm the heart of any child, and has interlarded it with many of her loveliest cat pictures.

THE DOG CANTBARK, by Marjorie Fischer, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. The pictures are funny and decorative, and the story of the dog who cannot bark, and his musician friends, is good entertainment. (Happy ending: the dog barks on the next-to-last page.)

THE RABBITS' REVENGE, by Kurt Wiese. One of the best juvenile illustrators has this time written his own story. The result is a humorous tale about the rabbits' revenge on a disagreeable old man who wanted a suit of rabbit fur.

FIFI, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Bemelmans is a versatile fellow. This year's book tells the surprising story (in rhyme) of Lady Fample, who "led a foreign service life in a house with a veranda and a poodle, in Uganda." Parents, as well as children of all ages, will welcome the nonsensical pictures which illustrate the jungle adventures of Lady Fample and her Fifi.

HORTON HATCHES THE EGG, by Dr. Seuss. Another nonsense rhyme, with highly appropriate pictures, about an elephant who obligingly hatched out a bird's egg. Not Dr. Seuss's best, perhaps, but fair enough fun.

PETER AND THE WOLF, by Serge Prokofieff, foreword by Serge Koussevitzky, illustrations by Warren Chappell, and calligraphy by Hollis Holland. The folk tale of Prokofieff's humorous orchestral narrative is told by a small amount of hand-printed text and many delightful pen-and-ink-and-color pictures. The music of the principal themes is given and a graphic chart explains by what instruments the characters of the story are represented. A charming and original book.

THEY WERE STRONG AND GOOD, by Robert Lawson. Here is the illustrator of "Ferdinand" and the author of "Ben and Me" in a new mood. In a book which is more than half big black-and-white pictures, he proudly tells the stories of his four grandparents and of his father and mother—proudly, not because they were great or famous but because they were strong and good, and typical of most American forebears. Done occasionally with humor, and always with emotion.

THE PLEASANT PIRATE, text by John B. L. Goodwin, pictures by Warren Chappell. The gay story of the softhearted pirate and the Dooley family of Sequonnet is told in rhyming prose (as if Ogden Nash were writing for children), and the pictures in color and wash are beautiful as well as funny.

THE STORY OF ALASKA, pictures by C. H. De Witt, text by Clara Lambert; and THE LITTLE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Mable Pyne. Two unusual picture books of information. The stylized full-color lithographs of the first volume are big and spectacular. On the other hand, tiny pictures in color are sprinkled lavishly through the big pages of the "Little History," while the surrounding text breezes through a comprehensive, fast-moving narrative which puts United States history into far better perspective than most school courses are able to give in a year.

MY FIRST HORSE, by Will James. Will James remembers his first horse—a rocking horse—and his two smaller toy horses and their homemade corral. The pictures, in pen-and-ink and water color, prove Mr. James to be as much the master artist of the toy horse as he is of the real cow pony. Fine for budding cowboys.

THE next six books are just a few of the many good ones about children of foreign lands. They are written for readers from five to eight years old:

PEPPER MOON, by Esther Wood, pictures by Laura Bannon. Here the familiar theme of the small boy whose hardhearted family will not allow him to own a dog is given a new twist—the setting is Chinese and the substitute pets are very curious creatures indeed.

AUNO AND TAUNO, by Marguerite Henry, illustrated by Gladys R. Blackwood. The school and home life of an appealing pair of Finnish twins is made thoroughly real in this pleasant story of a foreign countryside.

MANUELITO OF COSTA RICA, by Zhenya Gay and Pachita Crespi. Unusually interesting pictures in brilliant color and

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TRELAWNY

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With all the sparkling vigor which distinguished her *Fanny Kemble*, Miss Armstrong has here portrayed the amazing career of Edward Trelawny, adventurer-extraordinary and friend of Byron and Shelley. "A life virtually without equal in fact or fiction." —*New York Sun*
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LET the EARTH SPEAK

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This strangely fascinating novel by a new writer is being hailed as having the quiet richness and wisdom found in the stories of Mary Webb, Constance Holme and Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Set on a Kentucky farm, it is rich with sights and sounds of country.
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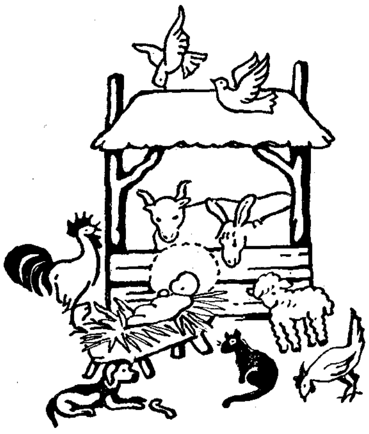

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black-and-white illustrate a simple narrative about a small Costa Rican boy, an ox-cart contest, and a Costa Rican Christmas.

Paco Goes to the Fair, by Richard C. Gill and Helen Hoke, illustrated by Ruth Gannett. This straightforward tale of two Ecuador-Indian children, of their wool-dyeing, and their happy encounter with white visitors from the north, is one of the best of the many South-American-background books of the season. Ruth Gannett's handsome pictures in color are refreshingly unprettified.

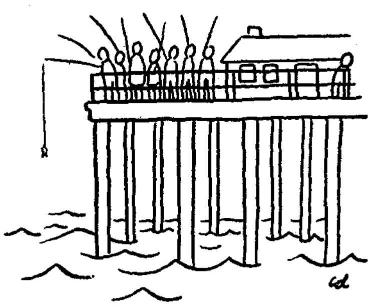
Happy Times in Czechoslovakia, by Libushka Bartusek, illustrated by Yarka Bureš, foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. An authentic picture, in both text and illustrations, of a year in the life of happy, pre-Munich, Czechoslovak children. The village homes and holidays will seem very odd to small Americans, but pleasing nevertheless.

Kersti and Saint Nicholas, by Hilda Van Stockum. A happily amoral Christmas tale about a small Dutch girl who was so exceedingly naughty she even persuaded Saint Nicholas to give his presents, for once, to the bad children instead of to the well-behaved ones. No one has done better by Holland than this author-illustrator, and again her pictures in color are as charming as her text.

THE list of stories which follows begins with books for readers under ten and works its way up gradually to fiction for those of high-school age:

Thee, Hannah!, by Marguerite De Angeli; and Katy's Quilt, by Ruth Holbrook. Two American-history-background books whose only similarities are that both have a particularly feminine appeal and that in both, to an exceptional degree, the pictures, end papers, and story seem all of a piece to make a harmonious book. "Thee, Hannah!" concerns a little Philadelphia Quaker before the Civil War whose heart is troubled by vanities no true Friend's should harbor but who comes to appreciate her drab Quaker bonnet when it helps her save a fugitive slave. In "Katy's Quilt," the locale is the eastern border of Maine, the time 1870. Katy's patchwork gets all mixed up with a forest fire and with the ceremonies when President Grant comes to open a bridge between Maine and Canada.

The Fair American, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Helen Sewell. A young Royalist escapes the canaille of the French Revolution and takes refuge aboard an American sailing ship. There the New England children of Miss Coatsworth's "Away Goes Sally" and "Five Bushel Farm" befriend him. Well told, and with more action than the earlier books.



A Book for Jennifer, by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Katherine Milhous and by old cuts. Author and artist have combined to make this one of the most exquisite books of the year and in it have created a memorial to John Newbery, the first children's-book publisher. The story concerns well-to-do children—very human children—in eighteenth-century London and introduces not only John Newbery and his "Juvenile Library" but also such interesting characters as Dr. Samuel Johnson and his cat, Hodge.

Blueberry Corners, by Lois Lenski. Written for somewhat younger children than Miss Lenski's previous books with an early New England background, it is perhaps her most appealing. It tells a comfortable, family-life story about the lively children of a poor country parson, and is humorous and readable. The Connecticut of 1840 is brought to life by both text and illustrations.

Don't Blame Me!, by Richard Hughes, illustrated by F. Eichenberg. The author of "High Wind in Jamaica" can write as well *for* children as *of* them. This witty volume of short stories—fantasy, fairy tale, and highly logical nonsense—should prove a boon to families who read aloud.

On Arctic Ice, by Frederick Machetanz. A sequel to the popular "Panuck, Eskimo Sled Dog" and great stuff for boys under ten. The factual detail of life among the Alaskan Eskimos is excellent, the pictures are decorative, and Andy and his lead dog Panuck make highly acceptable heroes for a story of Arctic adventure.

The Bells of Amsterdam, by Ruth Holberg, illustrated by Richard Holberg. An interesting if slightly sentimental book about an orphan boy in seventeenth-century Amsterdam. He learns to be a bell-ringer, comes to know Rembrandt van Ryn and his son, and his mild adventures give a good idea of the period. Many pictures in color.

Children of the Sea, by Wilfred S. Bronson. This accomplished writer is known to children as the man who can make the multitudinous curious facts about the creatures of the sea read like fairy tales. Here he has told in absorbing detail the history of a young dolphin and, in the latter half of his book, for the first time fictionizes his science by describing the friendship between the dolphin and a boy. It could have happened, the author believes.

The House Across the Way, by Eliza Orne White, illustrated by Lois Maloy. The books of Eliza Orne White have given happiness to generations of children. In this, her twenty-sixth, she is able to make a family of eight lively and highly individual young people seem more real and more truly modern than most younger writers can, and her gallery of adults is almost as good.

Blue Willow, by Doris Gates, illustrated by Paul Lantz. This touching story of Janey Larkin, whose father follows the crops in the San Joaquin Valley, might almost be called an infant "Grapes of

Wrath." Janey's one treasure, a blue willow plate, becomes the symbol for her of the permanent home she never has known. The ending is happy without being sentimental. All in all, an unusual children's book.

THE LONG WINTER, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, illustrations by Helen Sewell and Mildred Boyle. One cannot be too grateful for Mrs. Wilder's series of books, which started with "The Little House in the Big Woods" and of which this is the sixth volume. In them the author is writing of her frontier childhood in fictionized form. The new book tells of the Ingalls family's blizzard-bound winter of 1880-81 in a prairie town of the Dakota Territory. It is a dramatic story which children from eight to high-school age will read and reread.

BRITTANY SUMMER, by Kathleen Coyle, pictures by Richard Floethe. The Brittany of the book is still peaceful and idyllic; thus this is a story of Only Yesterday. It is written with humor and a novelist's gift of characterization and concerns as amusing a group of people—peasants and fishermen, visiting archeologists and painters, American and Breton children, and a lively Polish governess—as anyone could ask for.

PARADISE VALLEY, by Valenti Angelo. A book about a happy group of Mexicans living in the Nevada desert country. Although not writing autobiography, as he did in his fine "Nino" and "Golden Gate," the author seems to know intimately the boy of this book: his friendship with a freight engineer, his relationship with an eccentric uncle, his emotional conflict over trapping coyotes. The background of desert sheep ranch and railway outpost is richly given both in the text and the author's red-chalk illustrations.

SMOKY HOUSE, by Elizabeth Goudge, illustrated by Richard Floethe. This novelist's first book for not very young people is perhaps for a special audience—certainly not for the literal-minded. To those who like the sound of a story about smugglers on the English west coast a hundred years ago, with talking dogs, the pointed-faced Good People, and a spirited set of children all taking a hand in events, it will be a delight.

THE YEAR OF JUBILO, by Ruth Sawyer, illustrated by Edward Shenton. The heroine of Miss Sawyer's Newbery Medal "Roller Skates" begins to grow up. The new book is a family story in the Louisa Alcott tradition, and in spite of a few mawkish passages and a series of totally incredible literary letters which the fourteen-year-old Lucinda is supposed to have written, the events and emotions of the city-bred Wymans' year

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of poverty on the Maine coast are described with real perception.

Clear for Action!, by Stephen W. Meader, illustrated by Frank Beaudouin. Meader has written better books, but boys from ten up will gallop through this one, nevertheless. All the proper ingredients are there—the War of 1812, two New England boys impressed from a cargo schooner into a British frigate, their escape to an uninhabited Caribbean island, buried treasure, countless battles at sea, their safe return.

Call of the Mountain, by Cornelia Meigs, illustrated by James Daugherty. A sombre but stirring book about a nineteen-year-old Vermont country boy of 1830. The story of his struggle against primitive hardships on his mountain farm and against man-made forces of ill will goes far below the surface.

FROM the many new "juvenile biographies" the following half-dozen have been selected (and an unusual animal book is thrown in for good measure). All but the first two are written for older children:

Edward MacDowell and His Cabin in the Pines, by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher, illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. The fifth in an excellent series by these collaborators—the lives of composers in story form. Contains eight examples of MacDowell's piano compositions.

Boat Builder: The Story of Robert Fulton, by Clara Ingram Judson, illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. A good, brief, but complete biography, for the intermediate grades, of a man whose life is sure to interest any boy.

Wings for Words, by Douglas C. McMurtrie, with the collaboration of Don Farran, illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. Here the story of Johann Gutenberg and his invention of printing is well told by an American authority on typography. The handsome format and illustrations are worthy of their subject matter.

Animals Nobody Knows, by Ivan T. Sanderson. There are twenty-one chapters on twenty-one of the most exotic and fantastic creatures who roam the earth, chosen to represent eleven of the twelve major groups of mammals. How much do you really know about the aye-aye, the dik-dik, and the three-toed echidnas? Pictures and text are equally absorbing.

Young Hickory, by Stanley Young, illustrated by Robert Fawcett. No imagined tale of adventure could make more exciting reading than the facts of Andrew Jackson's frontier boyhood and youth, and the author does full justice to them. Interesting illustrations in the manner of old woodcuts.

Leonardo da Vinci, by Leo Lerman, illustrated by Robert Ball. A workmanlike biography of one of the most astounding men who ever lived. Good reading.

Introducing Dickens, by May Lamberton Becker, illustrated by Oscar Ogg. Referring constantly to the novels as it does, this book will perhaps be most liked by confirmed Dickens readers, but it is written with so much vitality and

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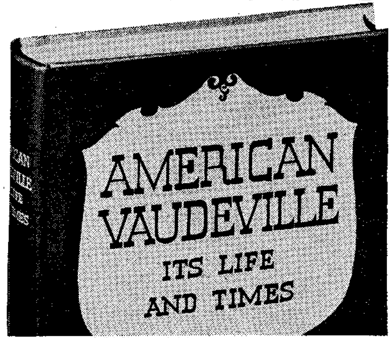

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contagious affection that very possibly it may serve, as the author hopes, to introduce Dickens to older young people who no longer read him as a matter of course.

AMONG the scores of fact books not previously listed, there is space to mention only a few. For children under eight: "The Tale of the Whitefoot Mouse," by Henry B. Kane—fine wild-animal photographs; "Flight 17," by Henry B. Lent, illustrated by the Haumans—all about commercial aviation in story form; "This Is the Way We Build a House," by Creighton Peet—everything that happens when a house is constructed, illustrated by splendid photographs. For older readers: Harold H. Booth's "Book of Modern Airplanes," Major Bernard A. Law's "Fighting Planes of the World," and "Uncle Sam's Navy," by Hawthorne Daniel, illustrated by official Navy photographs—three picture books of wartime interest; "The Sons of Vulcan," by Thomas Hibben—all about tools and metals; "The Story of Cookery," by L. Lamprey, illustrated by Arthur Townsend Lougee—a history, not a cookbook.

Among the many how-to-make-and-do books, some of the best are: "The Doll House Book," by Helen Dean Fish, illustrations and diagrams by Hilda Richman—fascinating advice on making and furnishing a doll house; "The Story of Old Dolls, and How to Make New Ones," by Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn, illustrated by Corydon Bell—just what the title promises; "Model-Theatre Craft," by Ruth Vickery Holmes, drawings by Elizabeth Holmes—directions for a new sort of miniature theatre, plus four usable one-act folk plays; "Holiday Cards for You to Make," by Edith Flack Ackley, drawings by Telka Ackley—useful suggestions for Christmas and the year round; "Making Models of Famous Ships," by Ray J. Marran—a practical book from which a boy can construct inexpensive and shipshape models of nearly every type of craft, from a Twelfth Dynasty Egyptian sailboat to a clipper ship.

REPRINTS and new editions include "The Tenggren Mother Goose"—a notable Mother Goose, both for its ample selection of verses and its gay, colored pictures; "The Story of the Teasing Monkey," by Helen Bannerman—reprinted after thirty years, and almost as much fun as its author's classic "Little Black Sambo;" "Punch and Judy," adapted by Margaret Wise Brown, il-

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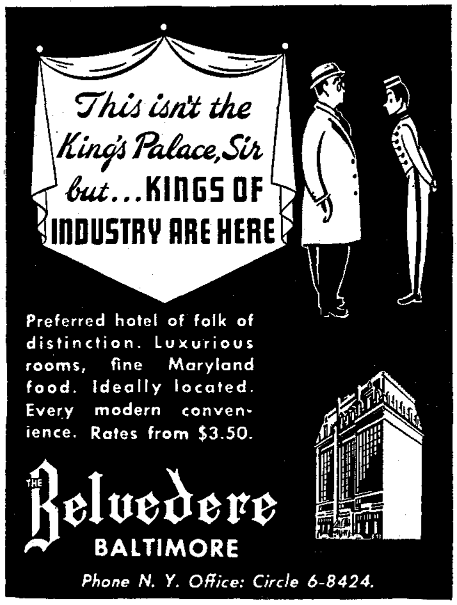

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lustrated by Leonard Weisgard—the traditional whack-whack, slam-bang comical tragedy, told in dramatic form, with many pictures, a book jacket which can be converted into a stage, and figures which can be cut out to make the actors; "The Tumble-Bug and Other Tales," by Hans Christian Andersen, translated from the Danish by Paul Leyssac, illustrated by Hertha List—a lively new version of eight of the tales; "Stories of the Gods and Heroes," by Sally Benson, illustrated by Steele Savage—a handsome book with readable text which simplifies and retells some of the myths from Bulfinch's "Age of Fable;" "Heroes of the Kalevala," by Babette Deutsch, illustrated by F. Eichenberg—a fine prose version of the Finnish epic.

There are three bulging anthologies of children's literature to choose from, each one well edited and in itself a one-volume library: "Story and Verse for Children," selected by Miriam Blanton Huber, decorations by Boris Artzybasheff (graded for age and reading ability); "Anthology of Children's Literature," edited by Edna Johnson and Carrie E. Scott, illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth; "A World of Stories for Children," collected by Barrett H. Clark and M. Jagendorf.

Three of the best of the tiny stocking-size Christmas books are "The Rabbit's Nest," by Elizabeth Morrow, illustrated by Howard Willard—another of Mrs. Morrow's pleasant family stories; "Cherished and Shared of Old," by Susan Glaspell, pictures by Alice Harvey—a modern Christmas parable with an Iowa background; "All Through the Night," by Rachel Field—the Christmas legend movingly told by the birds and beasts of the stable in Bethlehem.

—K. S. W.

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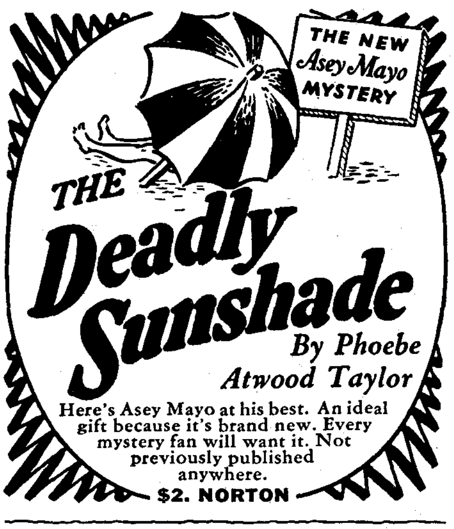

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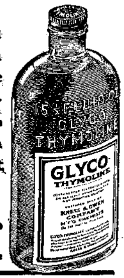

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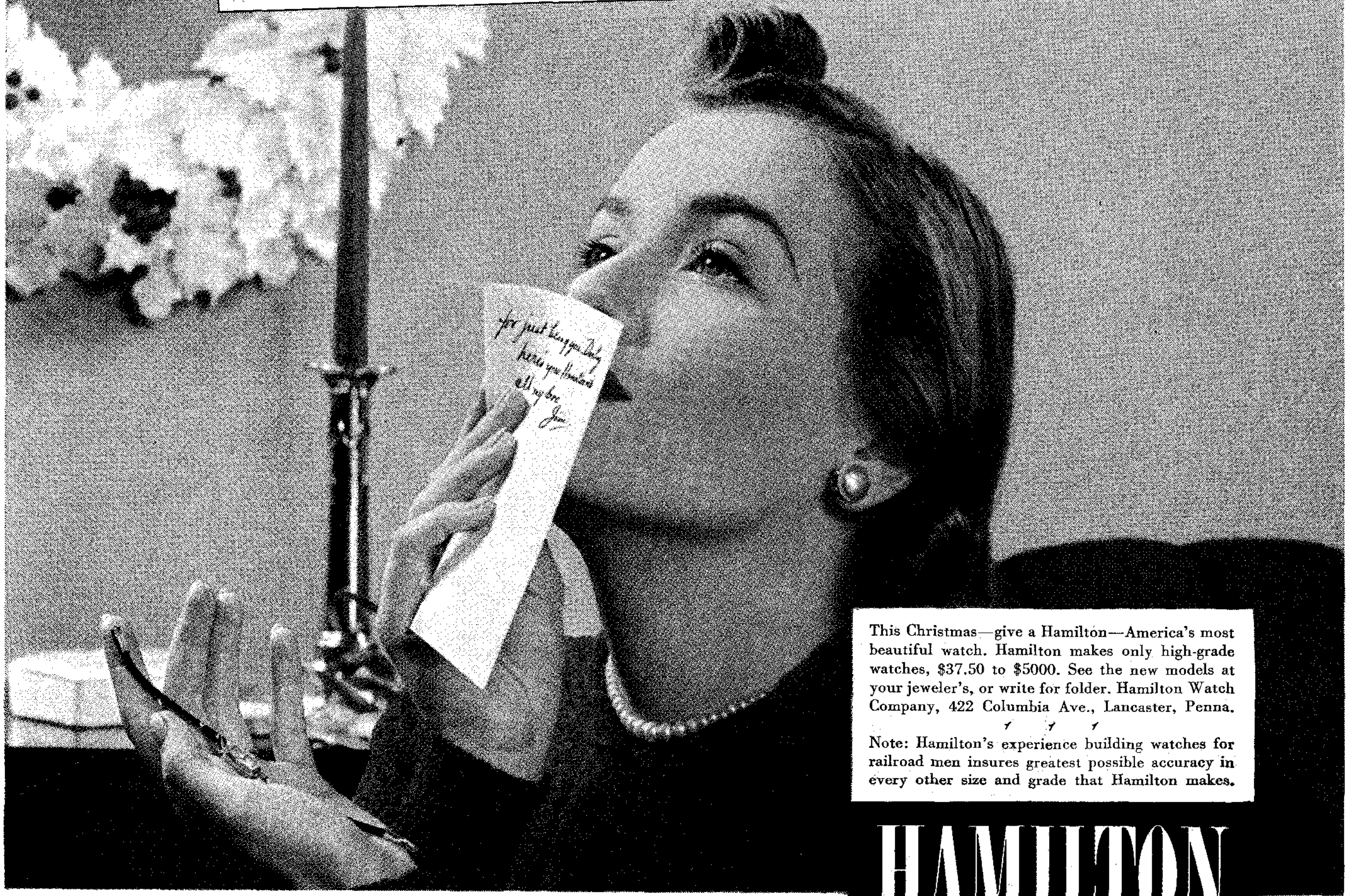

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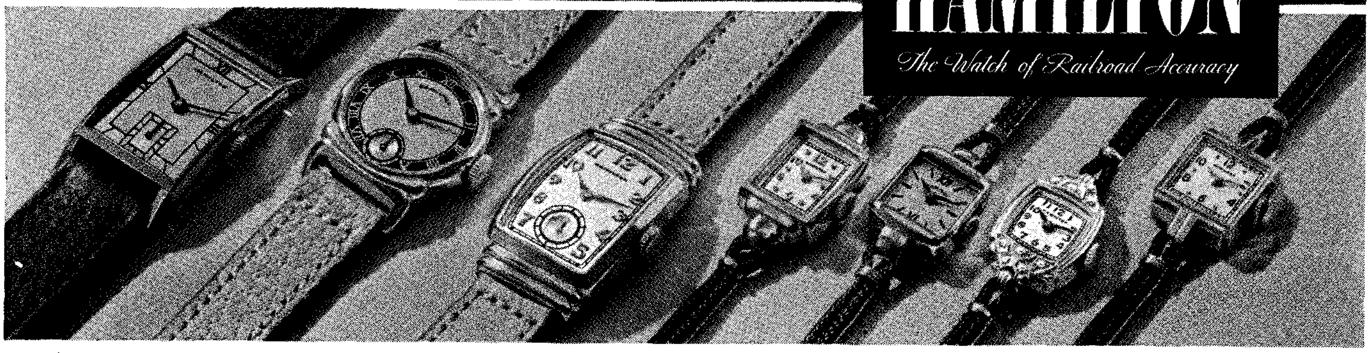

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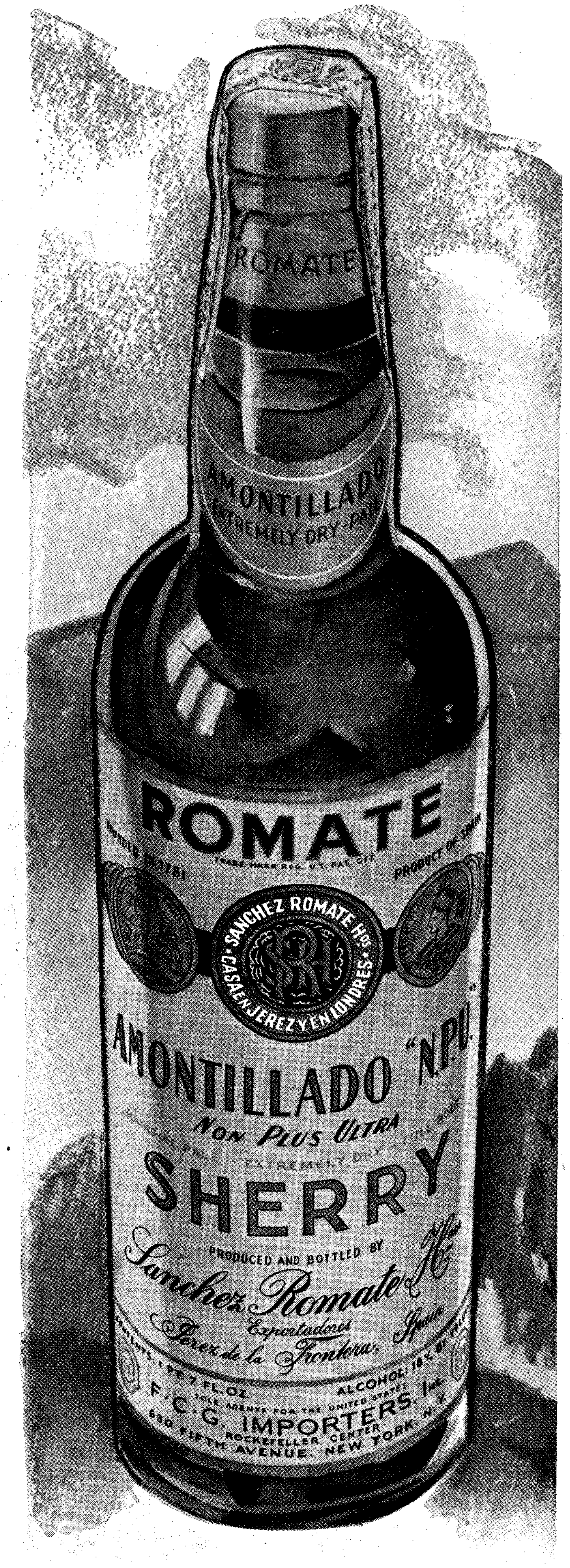
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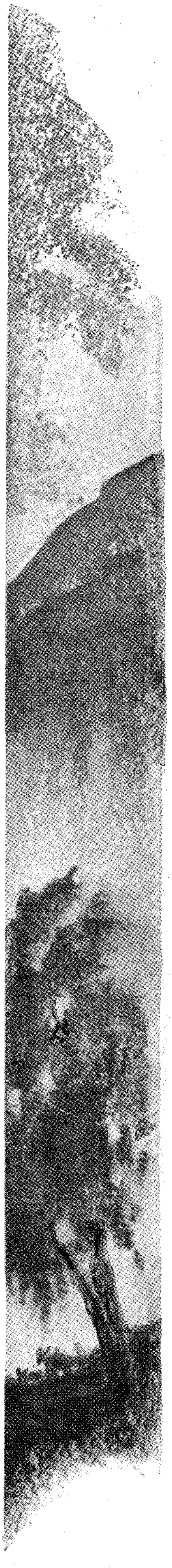

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